JOHN MARTIN'S LETTERS TO CHILDREN

VOL. ONE.
FIRST SIX MONTHS.

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Class PZ7

Book .S543

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Morgan Shepard



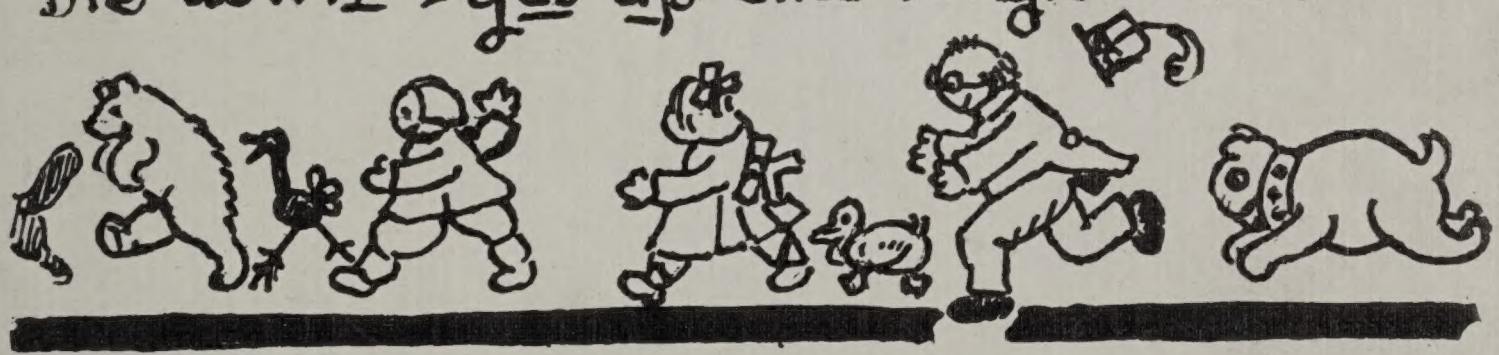
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42 WEST 39TH ST., NEW YORK

Fineday the 5th

My dear

How do you do? I hope you are very well, and as happy as can be. My NAME is JOHN MARTIN. I love little Boys and Girls and I play with them too. I have had quite a good many Birthdays, but I never grew very old - my heart stayed YOUNG, I can run fast and if I tumble down I get up and laugh some.



I like to write letters to Children because I have lots to write about - (so many things happen all the time) - besides, it's FUN.

"SOMEBODY" who loves you asked me to write a letter to you every month: I said I would - I WILL. You will get some nice long letters from me - but you will get letters from FAIRIES and cozy GIANTS and lots and lots of other people, who say that they want to write to you -- (they all write plainer and prettier writing than I do -) Poor old TEDDY BEAR says he

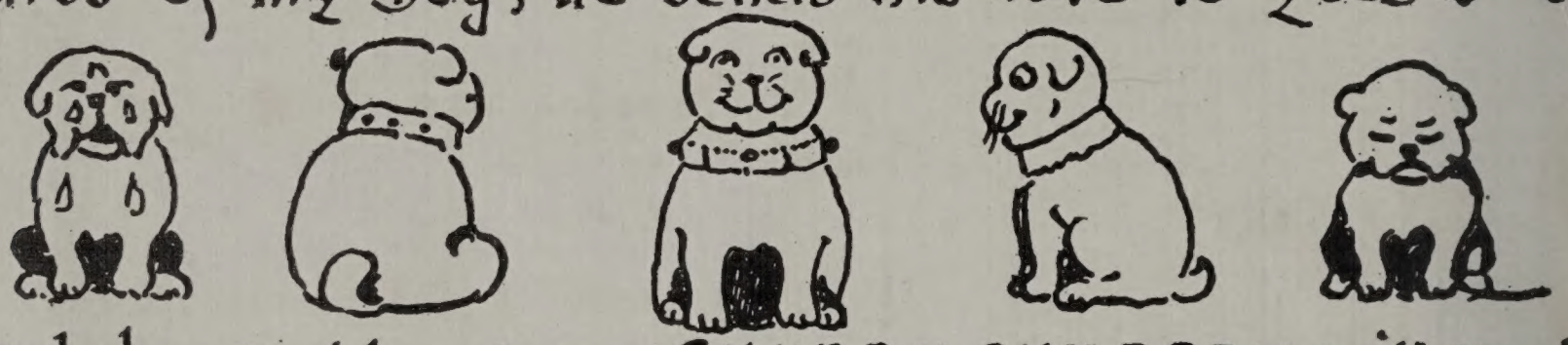
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wants to write to you too (Teddy's feelings are hurt, he has the notion that Children do not love him as much as they did a year ago. Teddy says he thinks that silly, grinning "BillyKyn Baby" has been saying foolish things about him (It isn't bright or polite, or pretty to GRIN like that all the time, besides, it makes my face tired just to look at him.) Teddy was always a LITTLE GENTLEMAN: BILLYKYN is *not a Gentleman*. Here are some pictures of my Dog, he sends his love to you



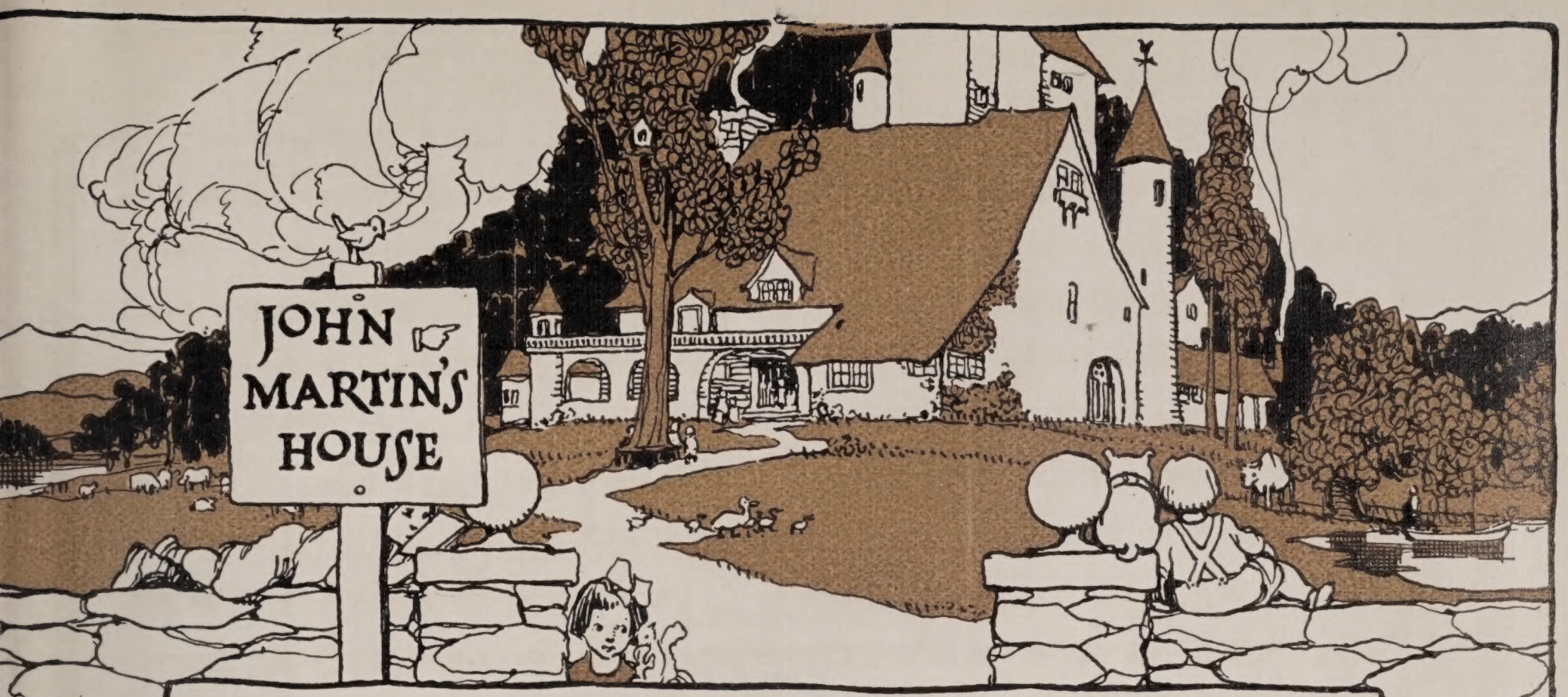
and by and by some CHUBBY CHILDREN will send you a letter. Here are some CHUBBY *Boys & Girls*; they are always happy. ONE Chubby is a KING.



very, very soon you will get a BIG, *long, nice, new* letter, the Postman will give it to you. - just ask him to. GOOD BYE! *for now* - Your affectionate John Martin.

The good 'SOMEBODY' who told me to write to you, is - my writing isn't very good, but I try hard. The other people write plainer (O' dear!)





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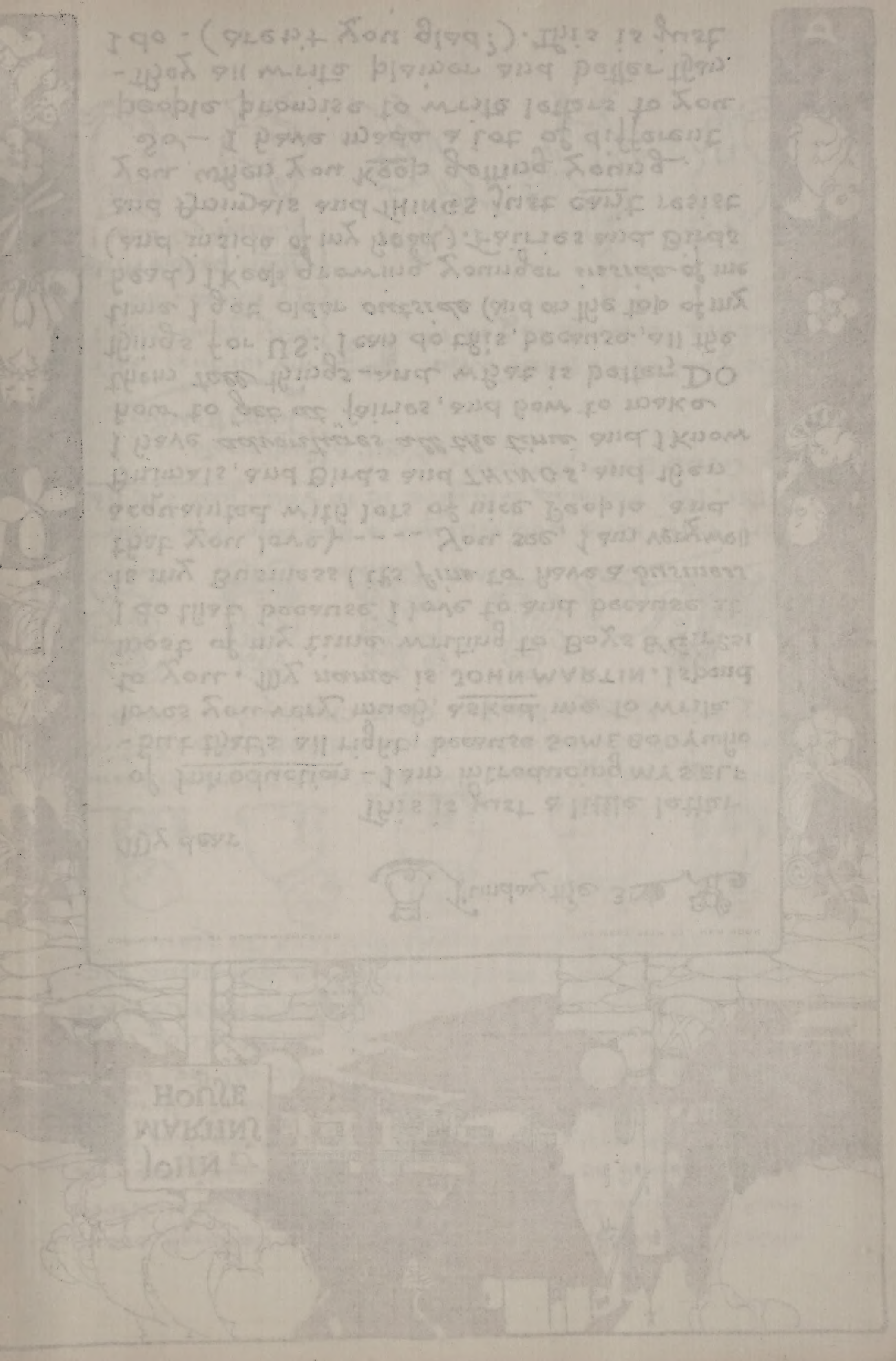
42 WEST 39TH ST., NEW YORK

Sunday the 31st

My dear

This is just a little letter of Introduction - I am introducing MYSELF - but that's all right, because SOMEBODY who loves you very much, asked me to write to you. My *name* is JOHN MARTIN. I spend most of my time writing to Boys & Girls: I do that because I love to and because it is my Business (it's *fine* to have a *business* that you love) ---- You see, I am very well acquainted with lots of nice People and Animals, and Birds and *THINGS*, and then I have *adventures all the time* and I know how to "*get at*" fairies, and how to make them *tell* things - and what is better; DO things for US: I can do this, because, all the time I get older *outside* (and on the top of my head) I keep growing younger *inside* of me (and inside of my head). Fairies and Birds and Animals and THINGS just can't resist you when you keep getting young.

So - I have made a lot of different people promise to write letters to you - they all write plainer and better than I do - (aren't you glad?). This is just


HOUSE
PAINTING
JOHN

2} a short letter to tell you about the other letters that you are going to get - there will be one a month (and maybe more). the letters will be good and long and they will have pictures in them - I wish you would write to me someday and tell me who you would like most to get letters from, that will help me to send you the right kind of letters.

Do you like Animals? are you good to them? I wonder if you believe in FAIRIES, I do. My House has a very big room in it and when ANYBODY goes inside that Room - every-thing is easy to understand - everybody talks *~~ Birds, and Animals, and Giants and all sorts of People in Story Books and History Books.* We all "get acquainted" in that Room. We have GREAT times there, and it is there I go to ask for YOUR LETTERS. You will get lots of nice letters, but nobody will write about *killing, and hurting and things like That.* ooo

I must close now, there is so much to DO, and SOME FOLKS are pokey about getting at the letters they have promised YOU - *GOODBYE* JUST FOR NOW - Your affectionate friend

John Martin

THE KIND "SUMEBODY who told me to write to you is -



A *KNIGHT* will write to YOU



BING-BIE says he wants to write to YOU (Bing-bie is an ELF.



Mr *LION* has something to say about *Mr ROOSVELT*



PETER PAN says he *must* write to YOU

A VERY HAPPY BIRTHDAY

ONE and one make TWO,
Two and two make four;
If I should keep going on,
That would make some more.

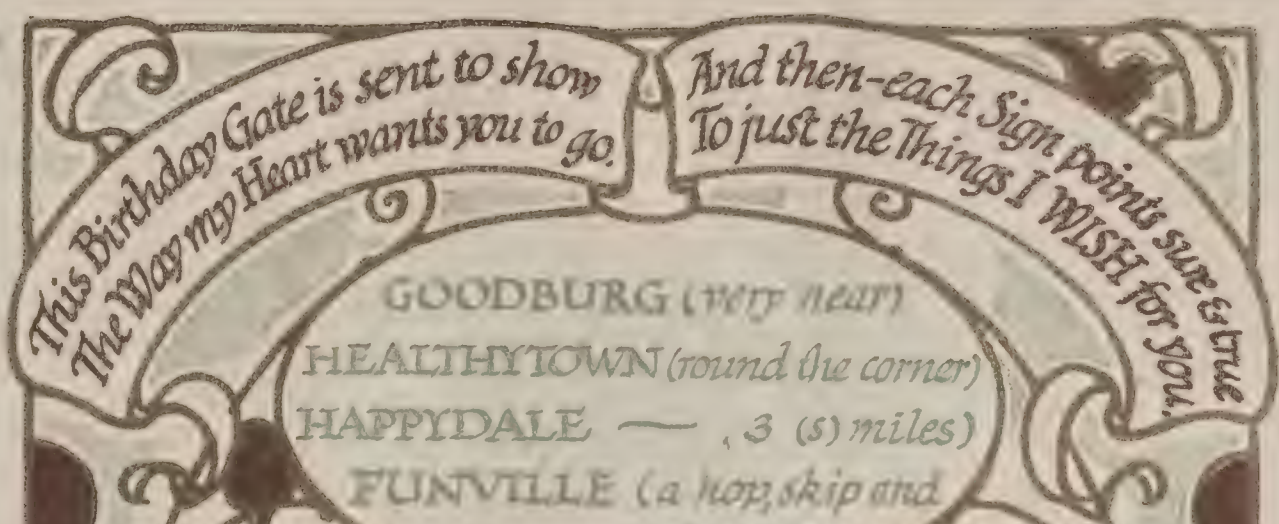
Birthdays come and go
Just like other days,
But each birthday leaves behind
Something GOOD that stays.

And this BIRTHDAY, Dear,
Will just COME, and GO,
But there are lots more to come—
Waiting in a row.

So I tell the days
Never to forget
That you *must have all the things*
That you *ought* to get.

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THE BIRTHDAY GATE

THIS Birthday Gate is sent to show
The *Way* my Heart wants you to go.
And then—each Sign points sure and true
To just the Things I WISH for you.

Go first to GOODBURG and you'll see
The kind of folks we want to be.
You'll find a lot of People there
That know just how to *Do* and *Dare.*

Then march right on to HEALTHYTOWN
Where folks are ruddy, tall and brown.
Somebody there, will surely tell
How you can *keep* both strong and well.

To HAPPYDALE then run along;
This is a town of Smiles and Song.
Just watch and listen here awhile.
And learn the way to *love* and *smile.*

Then FUNVILLE comes all bright with sun,
And *noisy* with great romps and *fun.*
For here are Games and Books and Toys
And EVERYTHING for Girls and Boys.

Please visit FUNVILLE every day;
Stay there and laugh and run and play
Because it's FUN, *good* Fun I know,
That helps to make us grow and *grow.*

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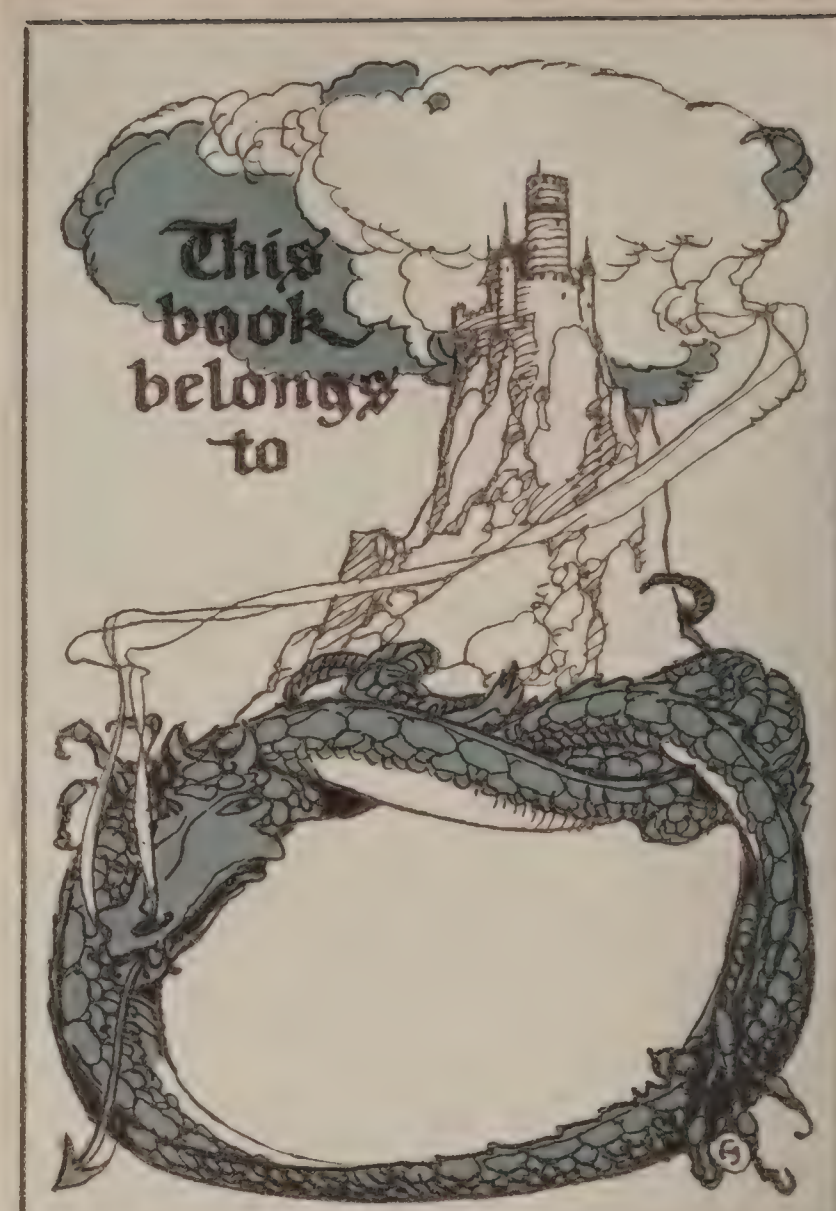

MY BOOK


This book belongs to




MY
BOOK




This book belongs to


THIS IS MY
BOOK


THIS IS MY BOOK

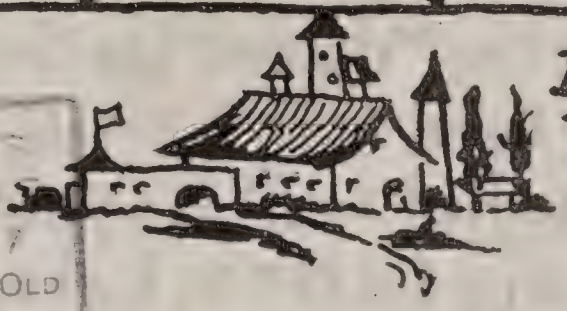

MY
BOOK


MY BOOK


MY BOOK


MY BOOK

JOHN MARTIN'S LETTER (TO YOU)



My House,
FUN-DAY, 16th.

SERIES
5 TO 7
YEARS OLD

My dear

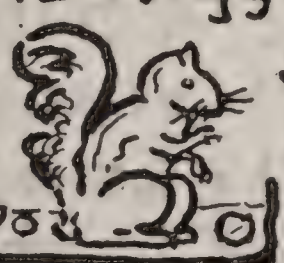
You know I said I would write to you <u>soon</u>. *HERE I AM WRITING* as I said I would. It's fun. It took me a long time to learn to write. I do not write a very pretty writing, but I TRY very hard. ☺ O, there are so many things I want to tell you. I don't know where to begin. EVERYBODY is sitting and standing around. First comes my little YELLOW DOG, his NAME is SMILER.



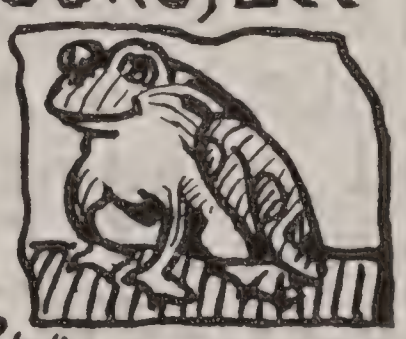
HE wants to write to you. Next comes a funny little fat DUCK,



and he says "QUACK." *HE*, wants to write to you. Then comes Mister SQUIRREL

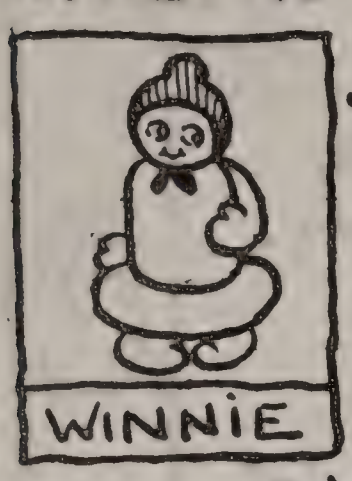


HE wiggles his mus-tache and says, "I want to write to <u>that</u> little BOY." Then, right over THERE sits big, chunky, lumpy, croaky Mr. FROG, and he croaks: "Let *ME* write, if you don't let me write I will just jump into your INK BOTTLE, and then I will HOP all over your letter." *FROG* was quite SAVAGE and I knew if he did what he said he would, <u>YOUR</u> LETTER would be all INK SPOTS,— that would make a <u>MUSSY</u> letter.

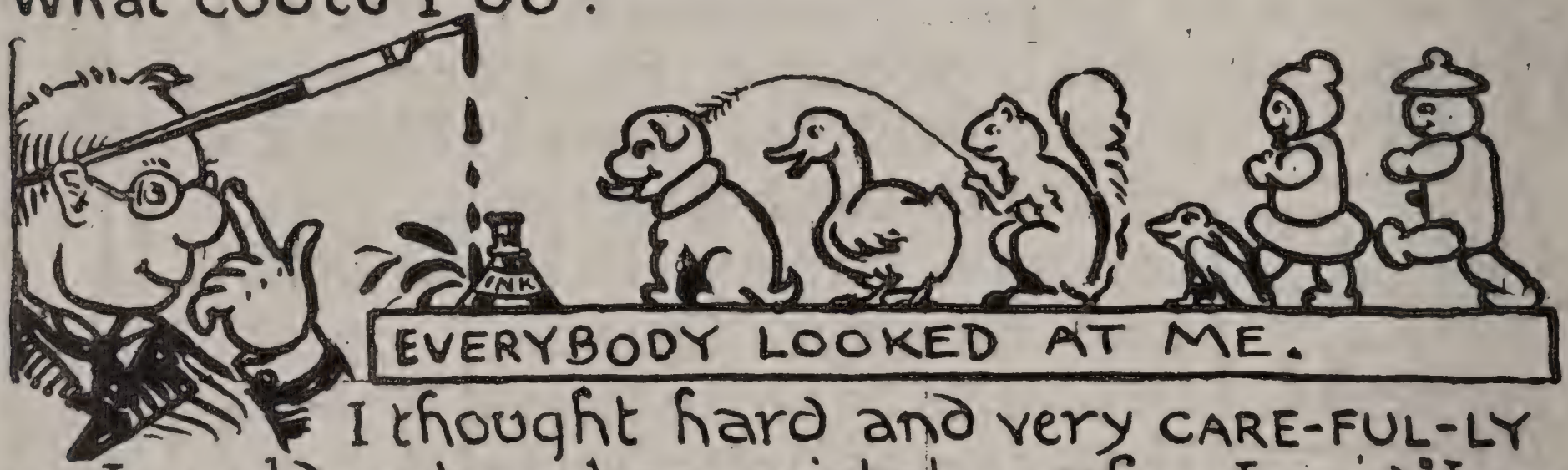


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Next to FROG, right near my ELBOW, are two CHUBBIE CHILDREN, WINKIE (that's the Boy) and WINNIE (that's the girl) They say, "Mister Martin; Mister Martin; let us have your PEN: Winnie, Winkie, inky sprinkle, What will happen then? Ink Spots, big BLOTS, Letters in a row; Everywhere the Inky WINKIE Pen might Go." When WINKIE and WINNIE sang that, I got a little more frightened, because I could see that Everybody wanted to write to you, and I know per-fect-ly WELL that there would be a very BAD MUSS of INK over your letter_ that would never do_ so I rubbed the END of my Nose and THOUGHT. What could I do?





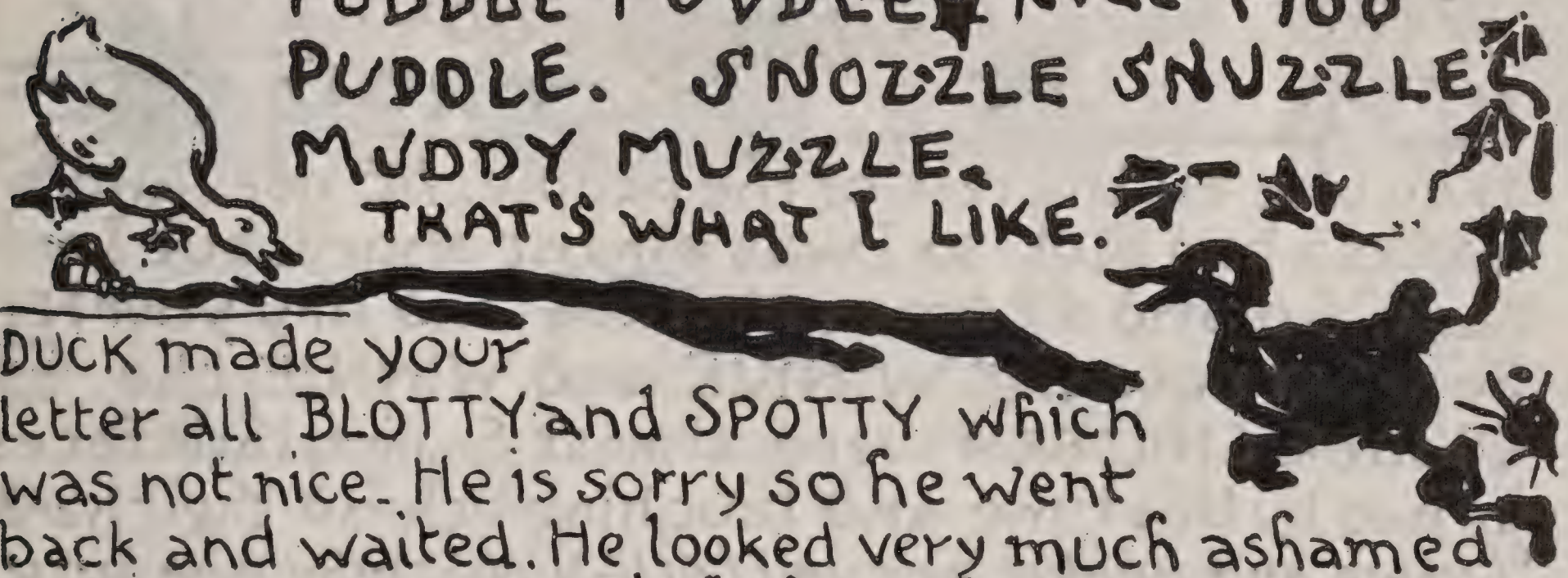


I thought hard and very CARE-FUL-LY so I would not make a mistake_ Then I said-I was writing a letter all myself to a friend of mine, but if you will all be CARE-FUL, I will let you all help, but you must keep your hands and feet outside of my INK BOTTLE. So NOW MISTER SMILER DOG, "You spell your name and say what you like best." SMILER waqqed his tail so fast that I couldn't see it any more a this is what he wrote-"DOG. my NAME iz SMILER, I like BONES AND CATS here is a CAT

So SMILER sat down and looked very PROUD, but I



do not think his writing was very good, besides he got Ink all over his nose and on his PAWS and he made that BLOT on the other page. *THEN* I said. "Come along DUCK. See what you can do". So DUCK waddled up to the INK BOTTLE with a broad smile and a loud *QUACK*. He stuck his YELLOW bill down into the INK and "CHOP-CHOP CHOODLED", down in the Ink. O! *SUCH* an INKY BILL he pulled out- then he SNEEZED. with a funny BROKEN QUACK and this is what he wrote.

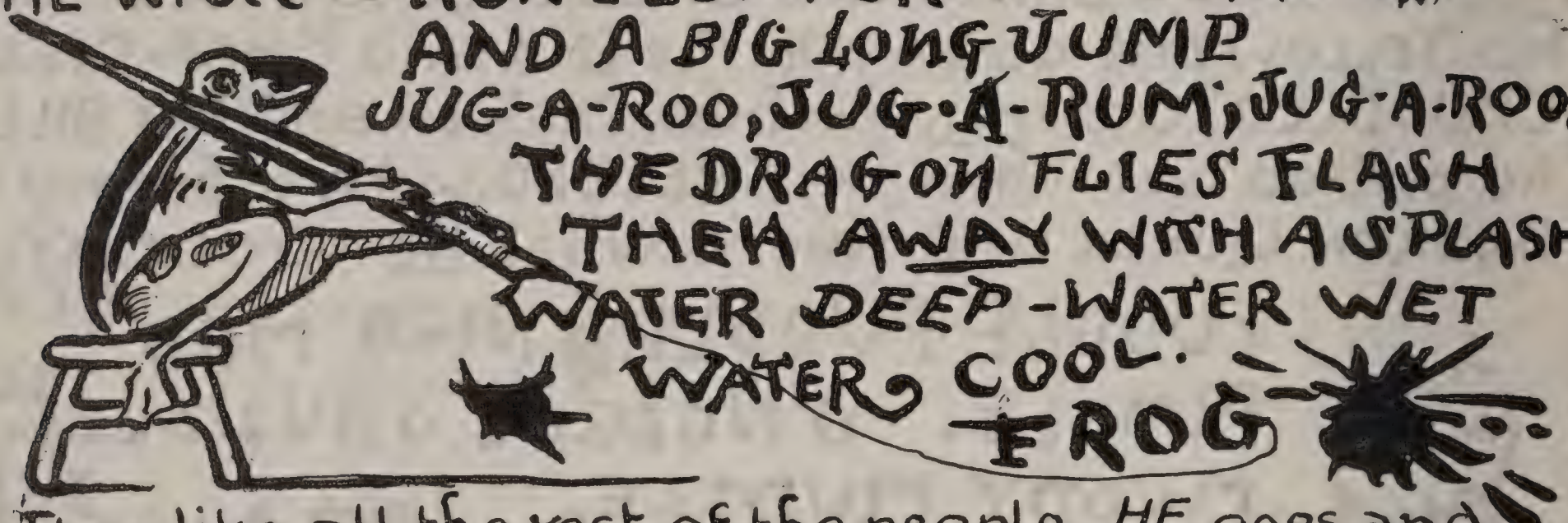


DUCK made your letter all BLOTTY and SPOTTY which was not nice. He is sorry so he went back and waited. He looked very much ashamed and inky. *THEN* I said, "*MISTER SQUIRREL*, can YOU be neater and more CARE-FUL? all you people are just spoiling my letter to little BOY." "O, I can be careful and I can write beau-ti-fully," said SQUIRREL very proudly. He wiggled his whiskers like anything. His TAIL wiggled too. *SQUIRREL WROTE THIS.*



Wibble, wibble, let me scribble
Let me have some NUTS to nibble
Run, climb, scamper, jump
Up a tree and on a stump.
MY NAME IS
Mr. Chatter Nuts Gray

SQUIRREL got his toes in the INK and made more muss on your letter. then Squirrel went away and sat down and twiddled his toes 'cause the ink was sticky. "COME Mr. FROG," I said. and O, WHAT A HOP. FROG landed with all four feet and part of himself, *FLUMP*, on your letter. With a hoarse CROAK he just grabbed my pen (which was rude of him) and HE wrote — KER-FLUMPERTY FLUMP
AND A BIG LONG JUMP
JUG-A-ROO, JUG-A-RUM; JUG-A-ROO!
THE DRAGON FLIES FLASH
THEM AWAY WITH A SPLASH.
WATER DEEP - WATER WET
WATER COOL.
FROG



Then like all the rest of the people. *HE* goes and makes a bad blot. so I was almost angry. but I only said, "Go and sit down Mr. FROG, and dry your FEET. So he SAT DOWN. WINKIE and WINNIE the CHUBBIE CHILDREN were almost Smiling their faces in Two by this time and laughing behind their hands "*Winnie and Winkie, are you LAUGHING; Why are you Laughing*"? They said in one voice. "EVERYBODY makes such a Muss and such a Fuss. LET US try what we can do." So I gave the PEN to them; they dipped it in the Ink very straight and CAREFULLY and they wrote this; and *FROG* and *DUCK* SCOFFED and GRUNTED

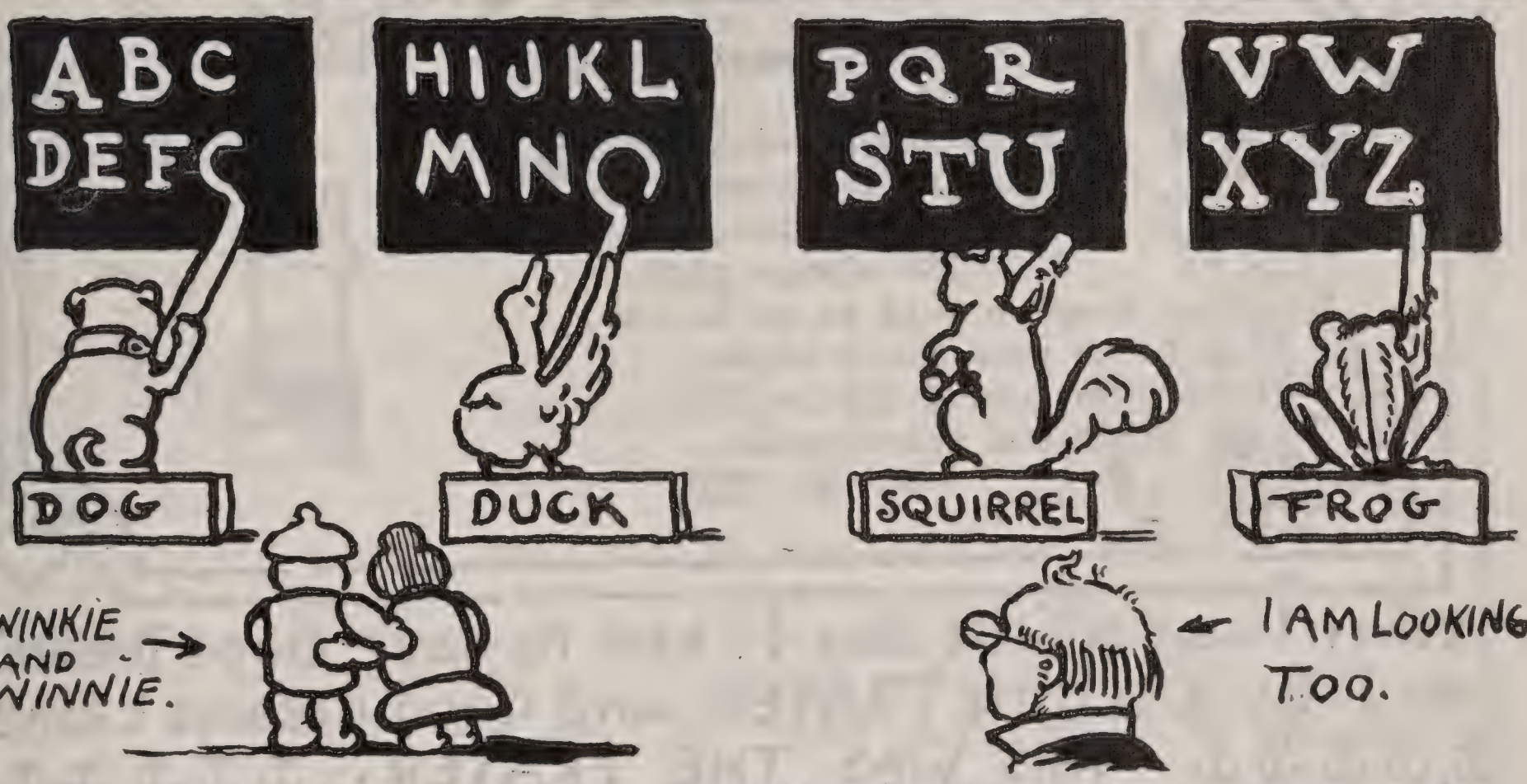




DEAR BOY
WILL YOU LET US PLAY WITH YOU
WE KNOW LOTS OF THINGS TO DO
ROMP AND TUMBLE IN THE SUN
WE WILL HAVE A LOT OF FUN.
WINKIE — WINNIE.

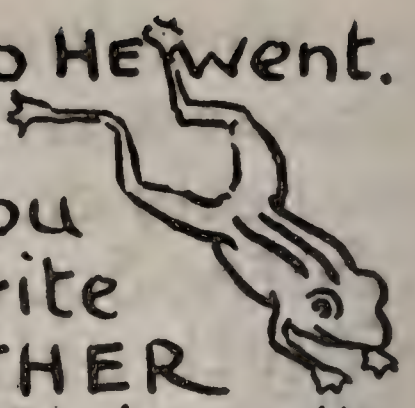
WE LIKE YOU.

When Winnie and Winkie wrote all that they both made a very nice bow and went away and sat down quietly on SQUIRRELS tail because it looked like a SOFA. Squirrel jiqqled his whiskers some and said "Much obliqed - you're welcome." The CHUBBIES smiled pleasantly and answered Squirrel, "Yes Sir." The CHUBBIES wrote very nicely to you and did not blot your letter. (NOT ONE BIT.) So I said to DOG and DUCK and SQUIRREL and FROG, "You must learn a WRITING LESSON, you must all write some LETTERS *ON THE BLACK-BOARD*. HERE WE ALL ARE.

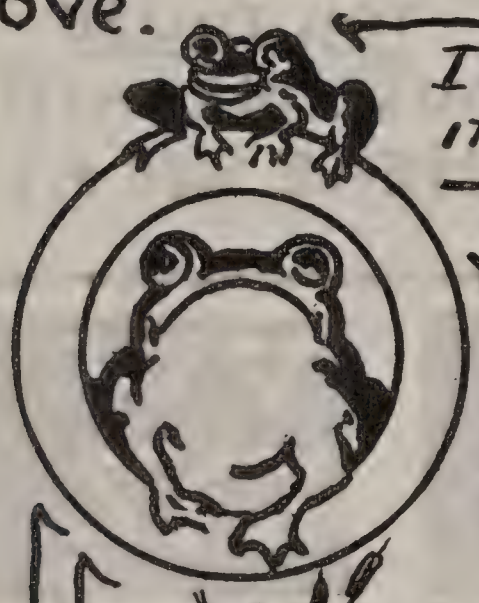


You see they all made their LETTERS very well on the BLACK-BOARD - but I dont think I will let them write ANYTHING with INK until they grow older and biqqer. Then I said to everybody, "I am much obliqed, you can go HOME now." So DOG waqqed his tail and WENT. DUCK quacked and stood on his HEAD (HE thought the FLOOR was WATER) then he WENT. SQUIRREL shook his tail and SNEEZED and he WENT. And FROG couqhed a rouqh

cough and made one BIG HOP and so HE went.
WINNIE and WINKIE smiled in a nice way
and de-parted pleasant-ly. ⚓⚓ So you
see I was left alone, but I cant write
any more thistime because the OTHER
PEOPLE used up all my letter PAPER. I will write
again very SOON. You are a GOOD Boy I know.
Give my love to SOMEBODY who wants some
love.



Your loving friend
John Martin



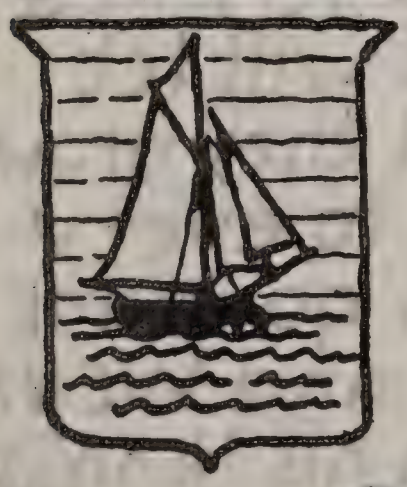
I FORGOT THIS:
IT IS ABOUT FROGS

LITTLE FROGS most al-
ways are
HAPPY FROGS and kind:
When their Mother
asks them things,
FROGGIES always mind.
When they're told to go to bed,
Or to wash their hands,
Every well-bred little FROG
Minds and understands. . .
SO DO YOU.



JUST SEE THEM ALL.

When I was a little Boy I liked to have Good Dreams
so I said a little PRAYER, and good dreams came.
⚓⚓⚓⚓⚓ THIS WAS THE PRAYER ⚓⚓⚓⚓⚓



Dear God, I'll soon be in my bed,
To go to sleep and rest;
And Thoughts will come into my head,
Please make them just the best.
Please send the kind of Thoughts that make
Good Dreams and pleasant Sleep,
So that tomorrow when I wake,
I'll have GOOD Things to keep.
A M E N .

P.S.

OVER ON THE NEXT PAGE IS MORE LETTER.



I WANT TO SAY THIS.

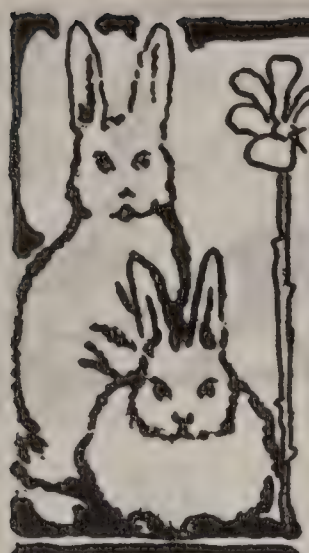
I want to tell you something about BOOKS in almost every letter I write to you, because I want you to <u>like</u> Books. I will tell you about GOOD BOOKS because they make GOOD FRIENDS. -- I hope you do not knock a little Book friend about any more than you would knock a little Boy friend about; it does not hurt the Book in the <u>same way</u> but it <u>hurts</u> just the same. I will tell you who <u>makes</u> the Books, who <u>writes</u> them and what they cost, so ANYBODY will know where to get them. And I will try to tell about such Books as will be good for you and make you want more Books. You must not let anyone say that I get some wages from the Gentlemen who make the Books, just because I talk about them, because I do not, -- I couldn't talk the way I want to if I did get some wages. When I take some salary from the Gentlemen I will let <u>you</u> know first of all, then I'll find <u>some</u> way to "divvy up", -- that's fair, isn't it?

HERE ARE SOME GOOD BOOKS.

BLUE GOOPS AND RED. By Golett Burgess. The Book is made by <u>F. A. Stokes Co., New York.</u> It costs in stores $1.25, by mail $1.49. The GOOPS are just GOOPS and Mr. Burgess was very smart when he made them up. The BLUE GOOPS are <u>bad goops</u>; the RED GOOPS are <u>good goops.</u> Children can see the difference and <u>be</u> good and try not to <u>be</u> bad. Mr. Burgess made lots of other GOOPS. YOU SHOULD HAVE SOME GOOP BOOKS.

★ ★ ★ BOBBY BLAKE. (For very little Boys.) Pictures and rhymes by Mrs. Wiederseim. <u>F. A. Stokes & Co., New York.</u> The Book costs .50 ¢. Funny, funny pictures, real good verses. Little Dog pictures and Little Boy pictures that make everybody laugh, even big people.

THE JUNGLE BOOKS, by Mr. Kipling. Made by <u>The Century Co., New York.</u> $1.50 each. (For older Boys but very good for <u>little</u> Boys too.) Mr. Kipling makes you <u>see</u> the jungle, and you just love Mowgli the Boy and Baloo the Bear. It is good for children to see how dumb animals live and feel. EVERY CHILD SHOULD HAVE THESE BOOKS.



HERE ARE TWO MORE BOOKS

THE BUNNIKINS-BUNNIES IN CAMP is a book written by Edith B. Davidson, with the kind of pictures children like by Clara E. Atwood. The book is made by Houghton-Mifflin Co., New York, and it costs only .50 ¢. It is a fine little book and the people who made it must know exactly how bunnies feel and what Children laugh at. The pictures of the Animals and everyTHING make you wiggle all over with lots of laughs inside of you and outside of you too. JUST GET IT.



TOMMY TROT'S VISIT TO SANTA CLAUS. Written by Thomas Nelson Page. Made by Scribner's Sons, New York, $1.00 This book has pretty pictures, some colored and some black. Mr. Page tells the story very beau-ti-ful-ly and it will make you feel good and be good. This is a Christmas story, good for all the year.



ABOUT MY BOOK.

I love a Book because it tells
About the things I want to see.
I love my Book because it spells
Big words for little Boys like me.
A Book is just the kind of Friend
Who says a lot without a noise.
On every page, and at the end,
He's very good for little Boys.

That's all NOW

A NICE MAN NAMED STACY H. WOOD HELPED ME DRAW THESE PICTURES.



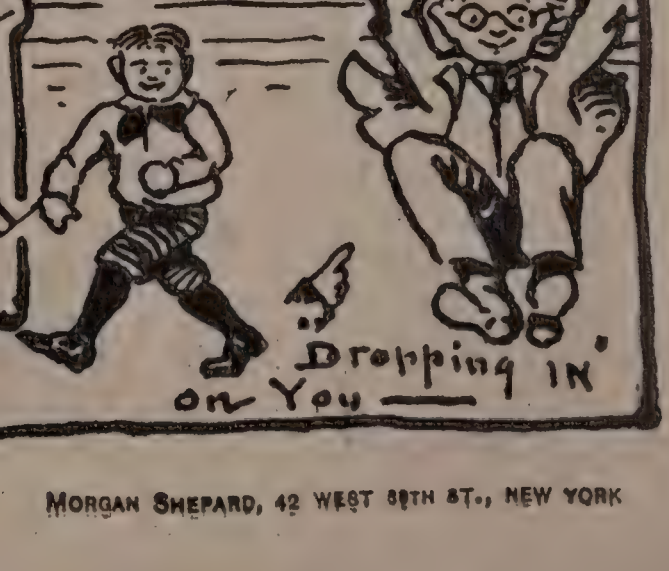
BOYS SERIES. 7½ TO 10 YEARS OLD

Good-day the 4th½

My dear

My last letter did not count for much: you remember that I promised to write again soon. Well, Boy, here I am at it, the same old John Martin, with his spectacles aimed straight at your letter, like a double-barreled "looking-gun" - and my bald head leaning over your letter, something like a shiny old MIRROR hung crooked on the wall. I am glad I can write to you - glad 'way down in my heart, but I tell you my head is all mixed up - just as it would be if I "dropped in" on you in a hurry, and you said - "Come, John Martin, let's have some stories" WHEW! - then every story I know would come rushing into my head, all at once and I would'nt know which one to begin with - (Have'nt you felt that way sometimes about talking? I should not wonder.





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MORGAN SHEPARD, 42 WEST 39TH ST., NEW YORK

I would think a very THOUGHTFUL THINK, puff out my cheeks and look just "pow'ful" wise - then I would say - "All right, Son, come to a fine corner, where nobody will bother, and I'll tell you Stories till the sun sets (and rises again) if you can keep awake." And I'd give you the NAME of this and that Story, and you would say which story you wanted me to tell first. NOW THAT I AM WRITING TO YOU, I must begin my Story Letters in the right way. There are many things I want to write about, and there are dozens of Persons and ANIMALS and THINGS poking at me, each one saying - "I come first"; or, "Let me write, Boys like me best". THAT'S how things are going on in my house, so I have decided just to be fair and give everybody a chance at the proper time - I will only give the names of a few of the folks who want to write to you, and I'll let all the rest wait for their turn to come. That will give them a chance to be PATIENT. But, dear Boy, I want to say right now, at the very beginning of my many letters to you; we are not going to have any KILLING, or CRUELTY or DEAD ANIMALS in our letters, because You and I and all the rest OF US - LOVE TO BE ALIVE, and I do not think you and I want to make any living thing AFRAID, and much less take away its LIFE. we can't give LIFE back - can we?



but we will have a good time any way, being brave, having great adventures, but still being KIND. WE will let living Creatures go on living. My letters will give you lots of news from birds and animals because their lives are crowded with wonderful adventures, so I am sure you will be interested. Some day I will tell you how we can get animals and birds to tell us SECRETS and stories. NOW ABOUT THOSE PEOPLE who are at me TOOTH and NAIL to write to you. The most excited one is a DOG, his name is RUBBER; he has almost bowled me over, he is so anxious to tell his adventures and feelings. —I first met Rubber 'way up in the Maine Woods. That was long ago; we have been friends ever since. Rubber wants to tell you how he goes a-fishing - he really does, in a very smart and sly-ful way: then he wants to tell how he gets rides back to his home after he has gone far up the Lake and is tired out. He has a very smart way of "begging lifts" in a canoe - many and many a canoe trip have I had with Rubber, but, never O! NEVER AGAIN with my DOG "Bottles" along. My dog is a dear, gentle bandy-legged bull dog, but he just couldn't stand having Rubber in the same canoe. - O, Boy, a dog fight in a canoe is a



fear-ful and wonder-ful thing, a FEARful thing because I got so scared-WONDERful, because I wondered if we all would get home safely. we ALL GOT WET.... NEXT Person: Behind Rubber the Dog



stands jolly Robin Hood who lived hundreds of years ago in the green glades of Sherwood Forest: (ofcourse you have heard of Robin and his band of frisky outlaws.) I do not think it was right for Robin to go around ROBBING the gay way he did, but he says he is REFORMED now. so we will give him a chance to prove that he is honest. He can write to you. he has a thrilling adventure to tell. Dear, jolly, handsome LONG-LEGGED Robin, he is all grins, he shakes with inside laughs as he stands near me, so I am sure that "thrilling adventure" turned out all right for HIM anyway. All I can get out of him now is that he must tell you about the savage Baron de Boissy, who made a very great mistake when he stuffed Robin into an empty ALE BARREL, nailing



This Picture of Robin Hood is something like one made by Mr Howard Pyle. I don't want to be a Copy Cat in my letters, but I did want a good picture of ROBIN.

down the top, for BARRELS roll down hill and a barrel with Robin inside goes with a bump and a crash over draw-bridge and moat - BANG thro' portcullis and oaken door - and BING into the court yard, DOWN goes the brutal Baron de Boissy, bowled over by a barrel. That's all Robin will tell me - (He'll tell you all about it) NOW its my turn - I am going to write you about lots of things, and among the first is a letter about a young Emperor Penguin I got acquainted with - when I went on a journey very near the SOUTH Pole. "Woggie Penguin" was the funniest little bird I ever knew; he had a very hard life, for his country is very cold, the mud puddles there are full of slushy ice. Woggie's legs were wobbly little legs, and his big Uncles and Aunts stepped on him all the time - I don't see how Woggie ever grew up to be a big boss Penguin, but he did - in time. I became very well acquainted with him, and with his Uncles and Aunts too.





So far, dear Boy, my letter has been made up of many



half-told things, but in my letters I can't PLUNGE right into a tub of Stories, I have to get a little acquainted with you, and give you some idea about US. You may wonder how I get People whom we think are dead and gone (like Robin Hood) to write and talk to me — that's easy — those heroes love Boys and are always following them around, to make Boys brave and true. As for DUMB ANIMALS, all we have to do is to be very still with our lips and watchful with our hearts — always thinking kindly about the animal — then before we know it WE will be told many Heart Secrets that will make our hearts full of WISDOM, because animals always look up to Boys, asking for help and Kindness. Dear Boy, I must stop writing now. You will hear from me next month. I am always wishing Good for you. Give me a thought some day. Your true FRIEND

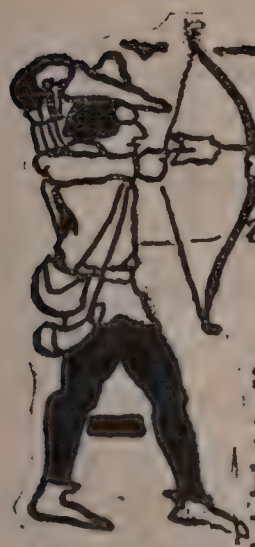
John Martin

When Sir Galahad was a Boy, he sang this Song:

My sword is bright, my sword is long,
My hand is deft, my arm is strong.
Out in the world I'll go to seek
Adventures, fighting for the weak.
My shield is blazoned all in gold.
God make my Heart both kind and bold!
And when I have to FIGHT THE FIGHT,
May every blow be struck for RIGHT.
The world is wide, and Heaven's blue,
And every day brings deeds to DO.
HOLA! HOLA! Forth on my QUEST!
So, HO! for work and play and rest;
ON, ON TO DO MY LEVEL BEST.



A COPY of WATTS' PAINTING

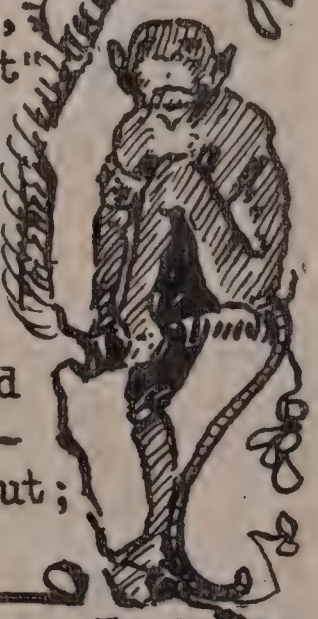


BOOKS

As long as you are willing, I want to say something about BOOKS in my letters to you, because Books are very good Friends, and help us a lot, and are always to be found where we leave them. Besides, I thought I might direct you a little how to get good Books, because the publishers send me many different ones for me to read and tell you about. This part of my letters I hope you will read, but don't unless you feel just like it. O, I want to say that I am entirely free to say what I ought to about your Books, because I do not get any salary from the publishers for writing about Books in your letters. I write this part with the typewriter because it's plainer.
HERE ARE THREE GOOD BOOKS.



THE MERRY ADVENTURES OF ROBIN HOOD, by Howard Pyle. (With the best pictures ever, by Howard Pyle.) Published by Chas. Scribner's Sons, New York, $3.00. I wish I had room to write pages and pages about this Book, but I haven't, so just take my word for it. YOUR BOYS' LIBRARY is not started till you have it. Mr. Pyle gave a splendid gift to all Boys for all time when he made this Book, and if you knew Mr. Pyle, you would see right away why he could make it. He loves Boys, and his heart is the heart of a Boy. Get it. A BIG BOOK, in every way.



ANIMALS: A Popular Natural History of Wild Beasts, by Wallace Rice. Duffield & Co., New York, $2.50 net. ("Net" means "No", when you ask the Book Dealer to sell it to you for less, and if the Book is mailed to you, you pay postage too.) This is a fine Book for you Boys, -- a big book, 310 pages, and it has 49 colored pictures of the animals. The Book tells, in a very plain way, and in a very correct way, all about the wild animals. You can turn over the pages and read and read, and you will be interested all the time. Every Boy should know about the animals he sees and reads about; knowledge makes our hearts kinder and our heads see right.



LABOULAYE'S FAIRY TALES. Published by E. P. Dutton & Co., New York, $2.50. You like Fairy Tales, I know. Well, these are good ones, strange and wonderful, and they are told in a new fairy-tale way, not the same way Grimm or Anderson tells stories; but you go sailing off into Wonderland as if a White Eagle had you on its back, (and you aren't scared a bit). The pictures in the Book are colored and very well drawn, which is a good point about pictures, for so many pictures make you dizzy, they are so badly made.



TWO MORE BOOKS

ALMOST FAIRY CHILDREN, by Caleb Lewis. Published by The Bobbs-Merrill Co., Indianapolis, $1.25. In this Book you are told twelve stories about Brother and Sister, and their dog, Aristotle. They were called "the Easily-Lost Children". (Aristotle used to get lost, too.) Some of the stories you can almost believe, and others you can't quite believe, but they are all very interesting, and you will like them, I know. (A Book for Boys about seven years old.

POEMS CHILDREN LOVE; made into a Book by Penrhyn Coussens, Dodge Publishing Co., New York, $1.50. It is good for you to read Poetry. Poetry makes fun go nicer and work go easier; Poetry gets into our hearts and heads, so that we step along in life keeping good time. This Book is wisely made, with hundreds of fine verses of all kinds in it, and you can't help finding something that makes your heart sing and your feet dance.



A FRIEND

A Book can be the truest Friend
That any fellow ever had.
So I'll be careful how I lend
My Friend to Man, or Girl, or Lad.
And I will watch my Book with care,
To learn the things a Friend can teach;
And when I wander here and there
I'll have my Friend in easy reach.

P.S.
I know a boy who told me once, that he says this Prayer now and then. He says it gives him GRIT - I think it does, because he is a BRAVE, Kind boy, without being a bit "touchy" or "cocky" JM

O Lord, I want to be a KNIGHT,
With Armor on, and Lance at rest.
I want to go into the fight
To DO MY LEVEL BEST.
But Knights are gone, - perhaps I can
Think I'm a Knight, and simply try
To be a GALLANT GENTLEMAN,
And bravely DO, OR DIE.



A FRIEND OF OURS NAMED STACY H. WOOD - HELPED ME DRAW THESE PICTURES. J.M.

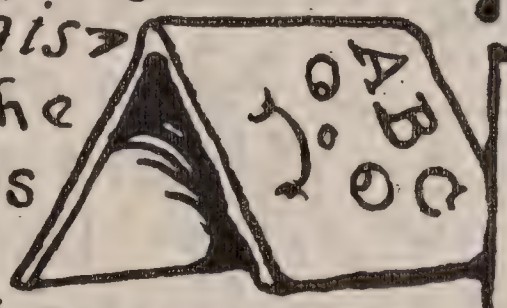


GIRLS' SERIES. 5 TO 7 YEARS OLD

My House,
Good-day the 20TH.

My dear

O, I am glad I can write a LETTER to you, it is FUN to write letters. Today I was study-ing a BOOK, it was an ALPHA-BET book, A B C and all the rest of the letters lived in that book, the book was their House. I got tired study-ing and then I got CROSS, which was very naughty of me: I slammed my BOOK on the floor, *POOR OLD BOOK* - then what *DO* you think happened? Old Book broke into bits and his COVER stood UP, just like the ROOF of a HOUSE — *like this>*



The LETTERS were all over the floor. BOOK cried - the letters cried too, for *I* hurt their feelings. I was sorry. I said "O, please excuse me *EVERYBODY*". The letters said- "PICK US UP - *QUICK* - QUICK - QUICK", so I pick-ed up a C an O and a W then SOME-BODY said - "M-o-o!" and there was MRS' COW. I said "Good morning Mrs COW" - she said "I am very much obliged to you for picking up the letters that shell my name", then she went away under the cover of Book. Cow stuck her head out and said - "O! m-o-o! Mr *MARTIN* this is a *fine* COW BARN".



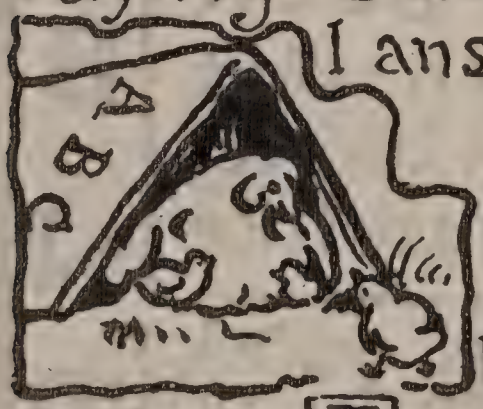
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Then the LETTERS on the floor began to cry again - and they said "*PICK US UP TOO*", so I found an [H] and an [E] and an [N] - then I heard SOME BODY say "*CLUCK - CLUCKERTY*-cluck and *there* stood



and her seven Children - Mrs Hen said "Good morning Sir; what will you have for Breakfast?" I said "*Boiled EGGS*". Mrs Hen looked *sorry* and then ran off with her pretty Babies and she stuck her head out of BOOK saying "Cluck, cluck, O! O! what a nice *Hen House*".

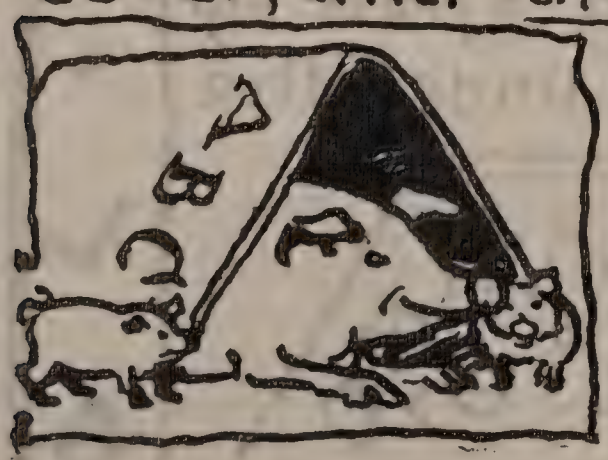


I answered - "S-H-E-W! SHEW!

There were still lots of LETTERS on the floor, they cried some more - "O, O, *please* PICK *US* UP QUICK". so I knelt down and picked up a big [P] and an [I] and a ROUND fat [G]. I heard SOME-BODY *sing* "Ugg-goo-gie be-gug-gu-gg!" and there was MRS **PIG** and her two Boys GRUNTIE and SNOOPIE



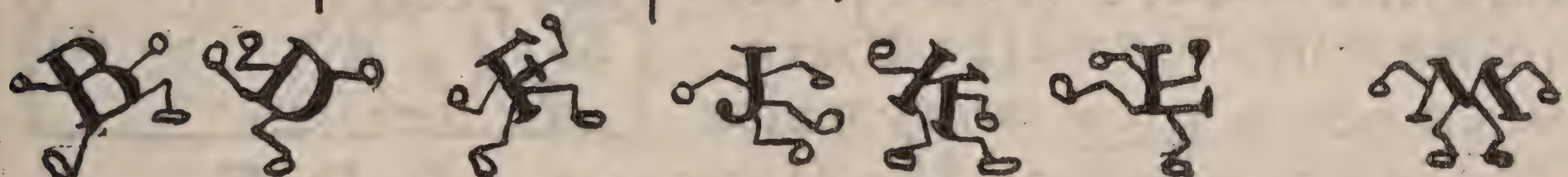
Mrs PIG said in a fat tone of voice. "Goog morning Mr Martin". "The same to you Mrs Pig" said I, then Mrs PIG and her two sons ran under Book cover, and they sang - "O, what a Beau-ti-full PIG *PEN*." and BOOK shouted "STUFF and NONSENSE" I could not help laughing, BOOK'S voice sounded so stern and cold. I wonder WHY.



And there were still more letters on the floor— and THEY said- "*HURRY, HURRY, PICK US UP TOO*" so down I went on my knees again and pick-ed up a nice look-ing R an A and a good TALL T, then I heard SOME-BODY say "*SQUEAK*, squeak" and there was MRS **RAT** and her young RATS



"How-de-doo Mr Martin" said she "**CAT**" said *I*, and away they all ran squeaking- "CRACKERS and CHEESE *if you please*," and THEY went under Book saying "O, what a nice NEST", and old crowd-ed Book said "Dear me-what *NEXT?*" *These* letters were left on the floor, THEY WERE ALL CRY-ING.





"*PICK, PICK, QUICK, QUICK,*" they all screamed. Such bad tempers they all had, but what could I say, for it was *MY BAD TEMPER* that began the trouble, so it was RIGHT for me to do every-thing *I* could to CURE the MISCHIEF- so *DOWN* I went again on my knees- *like this*

I *PICKED UP* these LETTERS **S U L K Y** and I heard SOME-BODY say -"*BOO-HOO - BOO-HOO*" and *there* was Miss SULKY- (her *PICTURE* is on the next page)





Miss SULKY *Fitz* cried and hout-ed and *SULKED* and when I tried to shake hands, she *JERKED* away in a very strange and *dis*-a-gree-a-ble manner. I never Knew anyone like her and I hope you do not Know anyone like *HER*.

SHE ran away from me and tried to push her-self under OLD Book, but Mrs **COW** and even Mrs Pig said (very de-cid-ed-ly) "Go away Miss SULKY, and do'it come back until you are GOOD". So she cried with all her might and main and the letters on the ftoor joined in. The noise there was not a nice *noisy* noise The letters left on the floor were **B-D-F-J-M-Q-V-X** and lazy old **Z**. I could not spell the NAME of anything with *THOSE* letters, so I put them all in a nice new SCRAP BASKET:



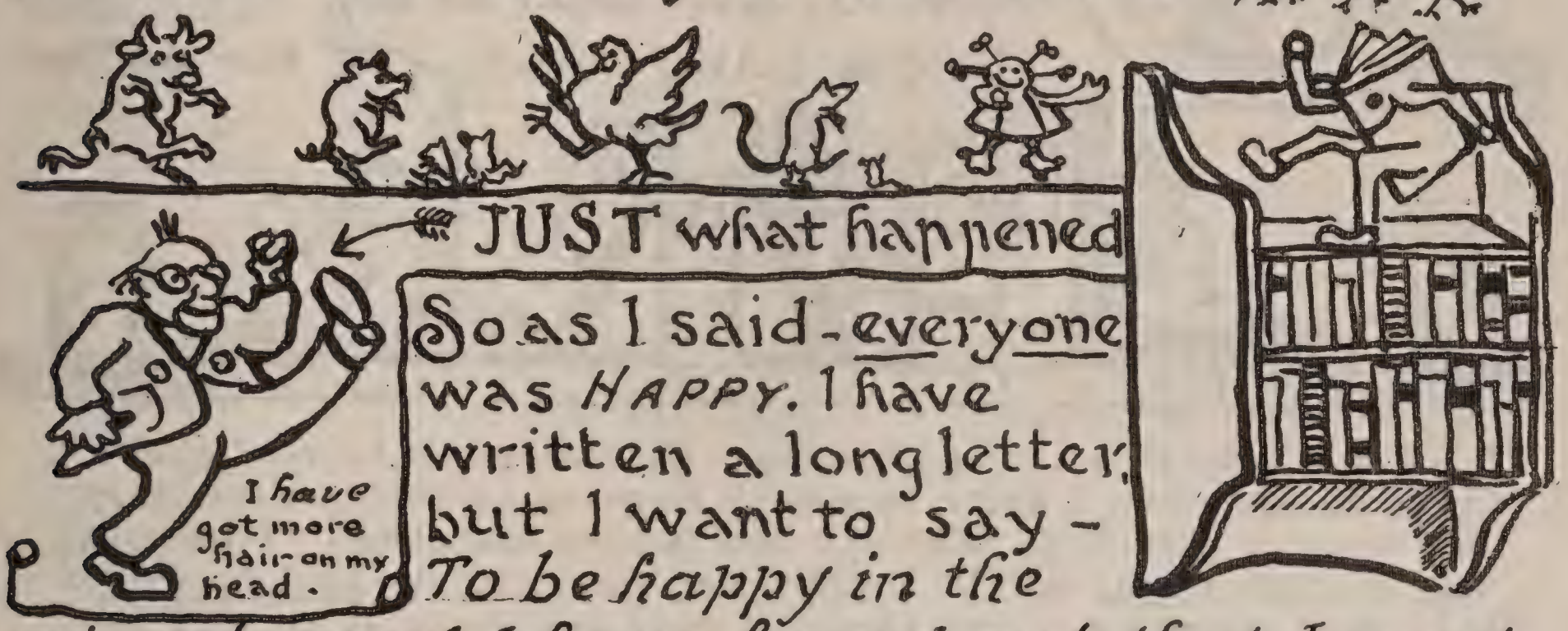


I told SULKY to take the BASKET of letters to MR BOOK. "Smile and make a bow-*very po-lite-ly*" She did. MR BOOK said "Thank you my Dear, I will send these letters to my friend the KING (CZAR) of RUS-SIA, he can spell like anything. You are going to be a GOOD child, so we will let you come into our house. We will give you a NEW NAME". Everyone laughed, so much joy, all at one time and *MADE* with so many funny SOUNDS, you never heard come out of ONE ALPHABET BOOK. Everybody was *HAPPY*, and MRS PIG named SULKY - *DORA*.

☺!☺!☺!☺! THEN WHAT *Do you THINK* ☺?

Very much to my surprise, right before my very eyes,
COW and RAT and HEN and PIG all jump out and dance a jig.
SULKY, smiling, minds her betters; I get GOOD and learn my letters.
When I try to dance myself, BOOK jumps right up on the shelf.

(I wrote *THAT* on my A B C PIANO)



So as I said - everyone was *HAPPY*. I have written a long letter, but I want to say - *To be happy in the nicest way, I have found out that I must be Good, then FUN will be better fun; I must not get angry or sulky and I must wash my hands and face when they get Mussy::::*
Good bye Dear. Give my love to Somebody.
I will write another letter SOON

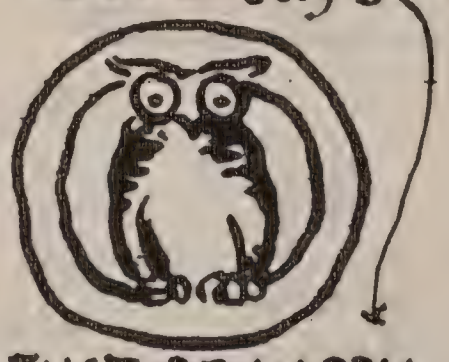
Your loving FRIEND
John Martin

O, I forgot! Here is a little, short Prayer, it makes good Dreams

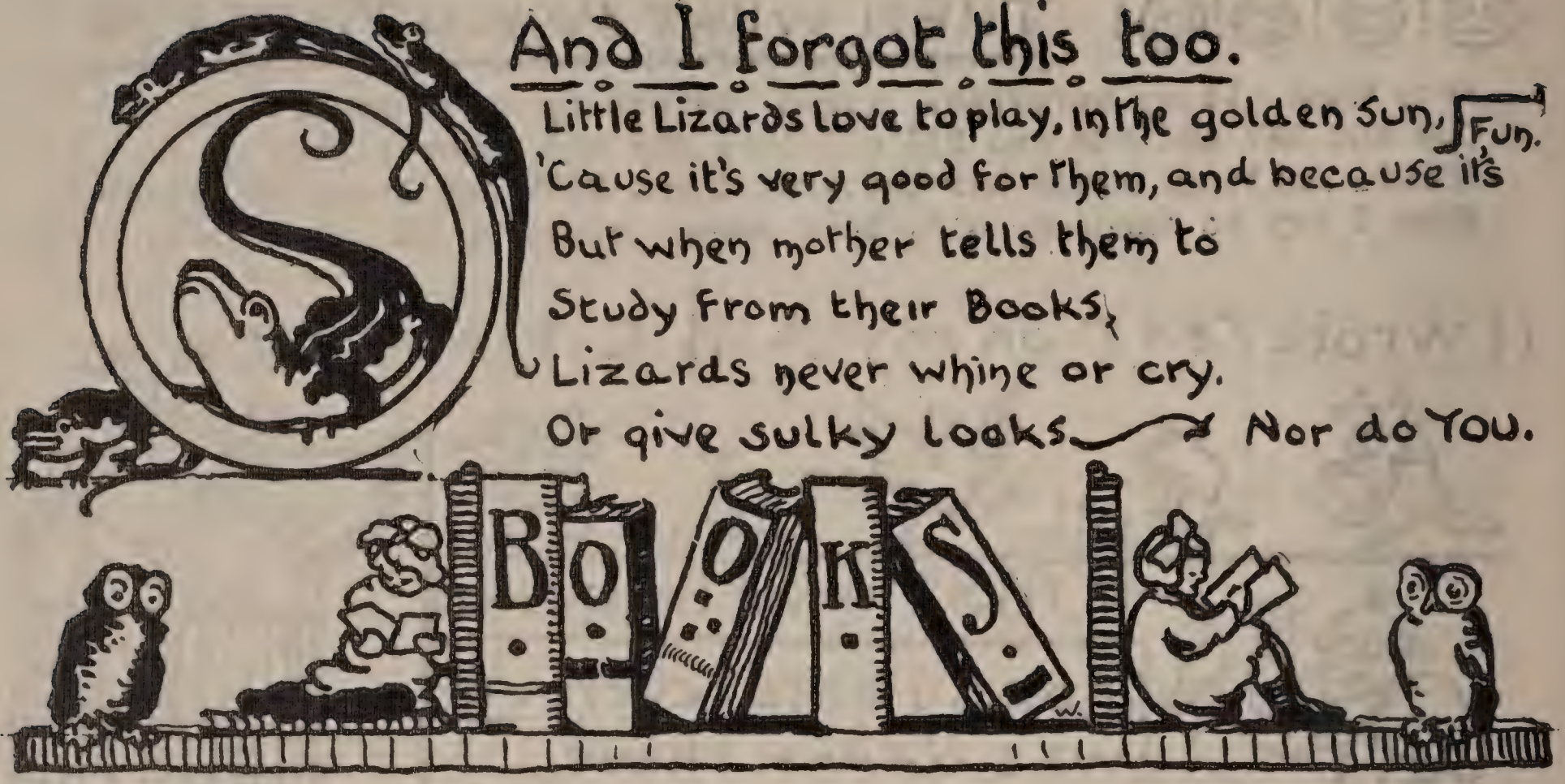
GOOD NIGHT

Good night, dear God, and O God, take
Good care of me until I wake.
I know your love is always here,
And so I need not ever fear.
Please bless us all, and make us live
As if we loved the love You give.
And when the night has gone away,
Please bring another happy day.
A M E N .

OWL says



JUST BE HAPPY
JUST BE —
GOOD.

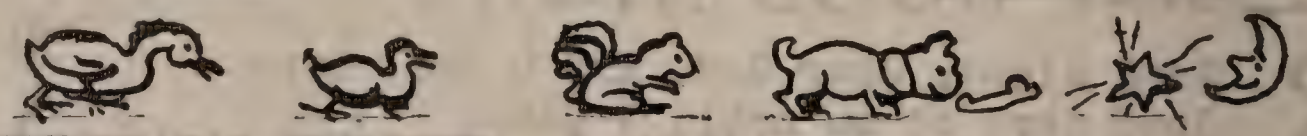


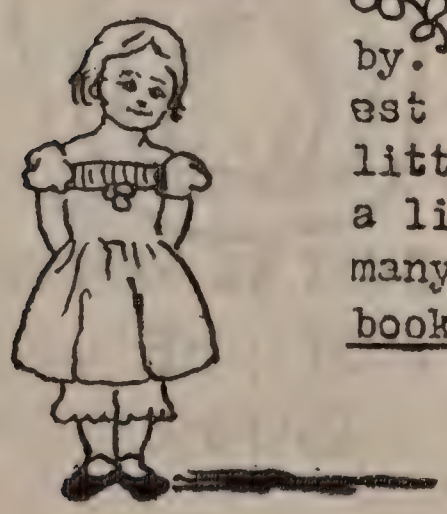
I like to read books, and I like Somebody to read good books to me. When I write to you, I am going to tell you in every letter about SOME GOOD BOOKS for little boys and girls. I am going to read them <u>first</u>, and if I think the Books will be <u>Good Friends</u> I will tell you where to get them and what they cost, so it will be easy to get them, when Mother or Somebody else who is kind, wants to give you a BOOK. Then they will know. (I write this on my ALPHABET PIANO because it is easier to read than my writing, and takes up less room.) A BOOK IS A GOOD FRIEND SO DON'T BANG IT ON THE FLOOR OR DIRTY IT UP, OR TEAR IT. -- THAT HURTS. The gentlemen who make these books do not give me anything for writing about them. You believe me, don't you?

HERE ARE SOME GOOD BOOKS



MOTHER GOOSE. Pictures made by John Hassall, <u>Dodge Publishing Co., New York.</u> $1.50 A big fat book with lots of colored pictures. 363 leaves, big, clear type, and lots and lots of funny pictures. Everything that Mother Goose <u>ever</u> wrote is in this book. <u>A good book</u>.





YESTERDAY'S CHILDREN. By Millicent and Githa Sowerby. <u>Duffield & Co., New York</u>, $1.50 One of the prettiest books I ever saw, with lots of painted pictures of little boys and girls, and with many pretty rhymes about a little Puritan, a little Spartan, Fairies, Dreams, and many other people. You just ought to have it. <u>A good book.</u>



SOME MORE BOOKS.



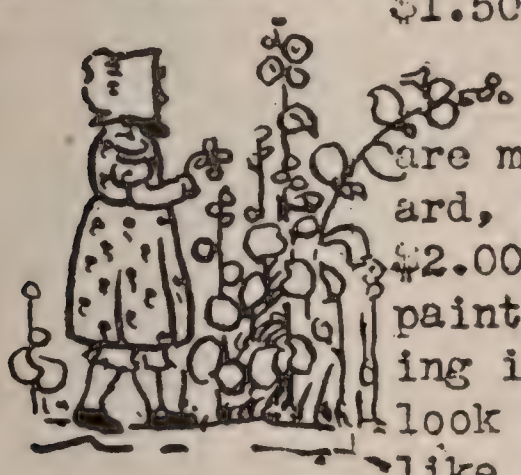
NURSERY RHYMES FROM MOTHER GOOSE. Pictures made by Grace Wiederseim. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, $1.50. With funny pictures of little boys and girls with big heads, and little dogs with big heads and fat feet. Just full of fun, -- even old people will like it. Not all of Mother Goose, but just enough to make you laugh



A CHILD'S GARDEN OF VERSE. Pictures by Jessie Wilcox Smith. The book is printed by Scribner's Sons, New York. It costs $2.50. The pictures are so beautiful that you can't help wanting more and more of them. Mr. Stevenson must have loved little boys and girls to write such lovely verses about them. Every little boy and girl should have this book.



A CHILD'S GARDEN OF VERSE. Another book made by Scribner's Sons, but with pictures that are different from the other one. The pictures are made by Florence Storer, and when you look at them you will feel just like playing with the little boys and girls in the pictures, for they are just like Boys and Girls and make you smile, and you get happy. The book costs $1.50.



WHEN MOTHER WAS A LITTLE GIRL. The pictures are made by Ida Waugh, and the verses are by Amy Blanchard, and other people. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $2.00. This is a very pretty book, full of pictures, all painted, of little boys and girls and babies. The printing is nice and plain. It makes you smile and happy to look at it. It has a cover made of pretty cambric, just like a summer dress. A very good book.



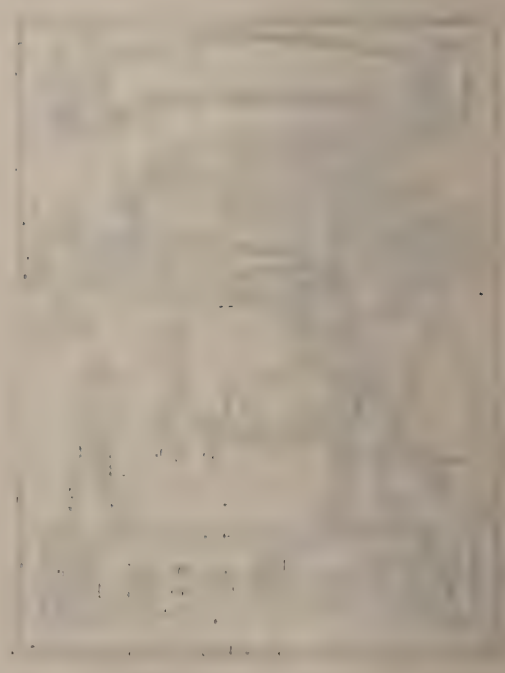
A BOOK SIGN.

MY BOOK.

My Book is just a good true FRIEND,
And so I must not tear it:
Nor will I break or bend its back
Because my friend wont bear it.
And I'll not sit or walk on him,
Nor will I get him mussy:
Because sometimes the best of friends
Are just a little Fussy.

THAT'S ALL. John Marin.

Anice man named STACY H. WOOD helped me draw these pictures.





Fineday the 8th

My dear [redacted] I said a little while ago that I had Permission to write to you. I am glad all through my heart, because writing to you is the next best thing to seeing you. If I should call on you today, it is likely that I would say ... "How do you do Dear, NOW what shall we DO?" You would say "Let's PLAY." I can play and I like to, but I do not tumble down as comfortably as I could once, so I think I would answer - "Come - let's find a nice sociable corner, that is big enough for US TWO, but still cozy - then we will TALK." I would try to look wise (but not too wise) I might look out of the window, as if I expected someone to come along; I would hold on to the end of your "little" finger, to make sure of keeping you near. I would then ask you if you wanted a STORY - you would say "yes", and you would bump up a little closer to me so that you you could hear - (that would make things more cozy) ..



How is that Page for such pains-taking writing? O! it makes my fingers tired - but you just could'nt read my every-day, cranky, awkward writing - like This - COULD YOU?

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MORGAN SHEPARD, 42 WEST 39TH ST., NEW YORK

My head sometimes spins with the Stories that go whirling around inside, so it would be hard to decide which one to begun with, so I would start by telling you the names of the very best — then you would say: "O, tell that one" or "Please tell the other one first". Now that I am going to write you LETTERS I am all mixed up again, for I do not know exactly where to start: I WOULD LIKE TO KNOW WHICH LETTERS YOU WANT TO GET FIRST: so now I am going to tell you of some of the People that want to write to you besides myself. FIRST •• I have a little Friend who is a FAIRY, her name is Méri (pronounced MA-RIE) she has very strange and interesting things to write you;- for instance ÷÷ HOW FAIRIES MEND THEIR WINGS •• HOW TO GET ACQUAINTED WITH FAIRIES •• HOW DEW DROPS GET HARD (like Diamonds) •• HOW FAIRIES TRY TO PLAY WITH BOYS AND GIRLS (only a very few children go half way to help the fairies),... and the nicest of all the letters that Méri would write is HOW FARIES FOUND HEART HOUSE AND THE KING AND QUEEN OF THAT HOUSE ♥ ♡♡ Ofcourse, Méri would write her letter in her own way, with fairy spelling and fairy mistakes, all I would do is to put in good FAT black periods, commas, semi-colons, and exclamation points !!





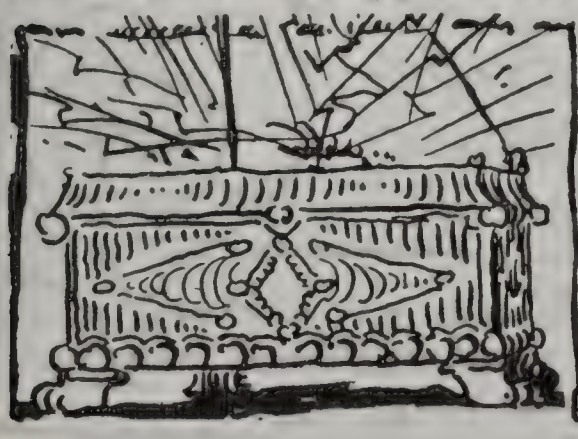
Fairies just hate PERIODS; commas always worry them (NIE TOO) and as for the others, they make faces at them. (that is about the only naughty thing a Fairy does) Méri's Letters are very interesting. Some times my old head calls me SILLY for believing in Fairies, but my young Heart goes right on believing; does'nt YOURS? ♡ ☺ ♡ ☺ ♡ ☺ ♡

THEN - after Méri the fairy comes PETER PAN... who wants to write you about many things, he says that dear Mr Barrie, who found him when he was lost, and told all you children about it in a lovely book, will not mind



if PETER tells a few things more: of course he will not do it as well as Mr Barrie - but Peter is just a Boy; and perhaps Miss Maude Adams will not mind either, because she believes in Fairies, and LOST BOYS - and because she brought Peter Pan right into the hearts of Boys and Girls

PETER WANTS TO WRITE about some Snow Girls he discovered one cold, snow-time day. (He snow-balled them, thinking they were Rabbits) He wants to tell too, how Rabbit stole a corner of his shadow and how he found Gray Squirrel making a bow with it to decorate his tail with, and more, he wants to tell how he flew to a house where the children were having a Party - he tried to play with the Children, but Tinker Bell (she is Peter's Fairy Friend) made him invisible, and he did n't know it. You can imagine how scared the Children were when SOMEBODY bumped them whom they could not see. O! such a screaming time, and everybody blaming every body else, but it turned out all right for Wendy caught Tinker Bell and stuffed her into a jewel box and snapped down the lid and kept it snapped until Tinker promised not to be jealous, then she came out and made Peter VISIBLE = after that everybody had fun. All these adventures and many more Peter has had, his letters ought to be interesting. (I KNOW) Then NEXT, WISE OWL wants to write to you; Owl discovered a PLOT one night when he was quietly watching in the woods, (he made



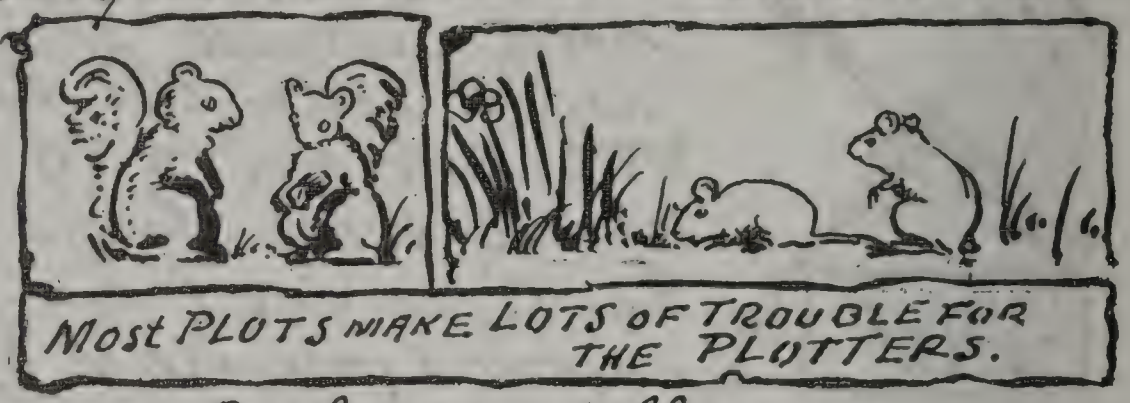
TINKER BELL MAKING A FUSS

At last I am at the bottom of another page with my Copy Book writing; O, my stiff fingers

this discovery before he began to HOOT, so the plotters did not know he was busy discovering.) The MOON WAS SHINING DANGEROUSLY BRIGHT as Mr Blue Jay, Old Crow, Squirrel and his Wife, Field Mouse and his wife hatched that PLOT, but Owl discovered it in time, so no damage was done, beyond a slight coldness between Owl and Field Mouse.







All this and lots more Owl can tell you

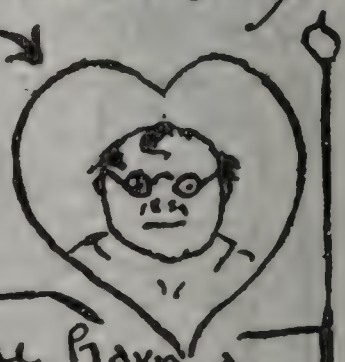
You see Dear, that this letter is a good deal about the different people that want to write to you, so I have had very little room to say much about You and me, but I am sure you want to know who is thinking of you and who loves you: all this shows that life is FULL OF GOODTHINGS AND INTERESTING HAPPENINGS; I often wish that we might go with a SPIN, a WHIRL and a WHIFF like a flash of kind lightning to places we want to go, if we really could I'd pop in on you some fine rainy day. I love rainy days, because everywhere it SOUNDS so cozy and we FEEL so safe. O! but we would have a good time for there is nothing like a rainy day to make you want to do things in a new way: well, even if I can't pop in with my shoes on my feet, my HEART can go to you with my HEAD inside of it so that I can plan things and tell stories



Over on the next page there are some verses that we wrote, just for YOU.



THE PLOTTERS



The next time you have a lesson in writing, I will understand exactly how you feel - I feel that way now.

HERE ARE THREE SONGS. Meri says that you can make up a tune for each song because every little girl has a TUNE CORNER somewhere in her heart:-



MERI'S SONG

The wind in the willows,
The wind in the grass,
The sun in the clover
As Fairy Folk pass.
And it's flying and spying and dancing around,
First up in the tree tops, then down on the ground.
So come to us, Children,
O! come while you may,
For Fairies are always
Just ready to play.

I mean every word -Meri



There is a rock, there is a cave,
There is a bending tree.
The rock is mine, the cave is mine,
The tree belongs to me.
There is a shore, a sandy shore,
There is an ocean sea,
The shore is mine, the sand is mine,
It all belongs to me.
The rock, the cave, the bending tree,
The sand and ocean sea,--
I'll give them all away to you
If you'll COME PLAY WITH ME.



OWL'S SONG.

I love the MOON in the deep, deep sky,
And the stars that twinkle and wink.
I love the CLOUD as it passes by,
As black as a bottle of ink.
I love the song of the midnight BREEZE,
And I love every drop of DEW.
I love to chat with the grave old TREES.
O, I love it all, DON'T YOU?
TOO-HOO, TOO-HOO,
DON'T YOU?

I know a thing or two, Wise Owl.

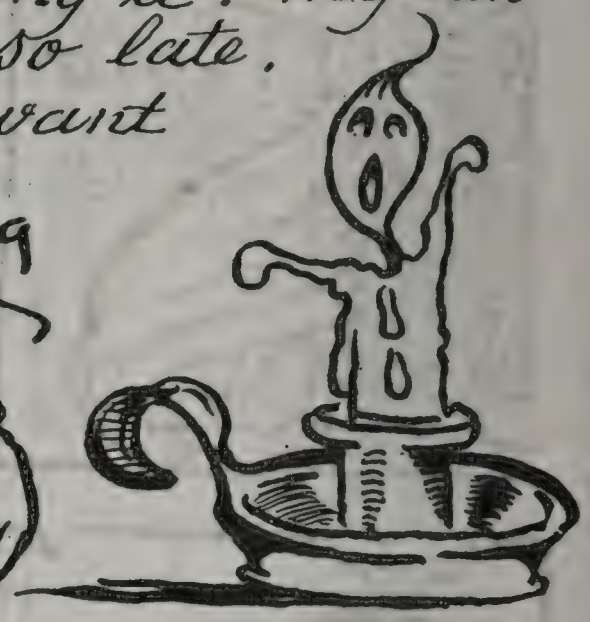
You can tell by the song Peter sings how much he cares for you and I think you can see too, that he gets very lonely sometimes for Boys and Girls.

O, I cannot begin to tell you how many things I want to say, but the clatter, chatter of Peter and the rest of them, makes me wonder whom you should hear from first, but I have told you some things about some of US, so you will be

ready to hear from us. I hope you love Dumb Animals: I Know that you are Kind to them. It must be very hard to have thoughts and wishes and PAIN (sometimes) and not be able TO TALK IT OUT AS YOU AND I DO. I have written a long letter, I hope you did not get tired reading it. My candle is sputtering because it is so late. I will write again soon, if you want me to. GOOD NIGHT Dear

Your Loving friend
John Martin

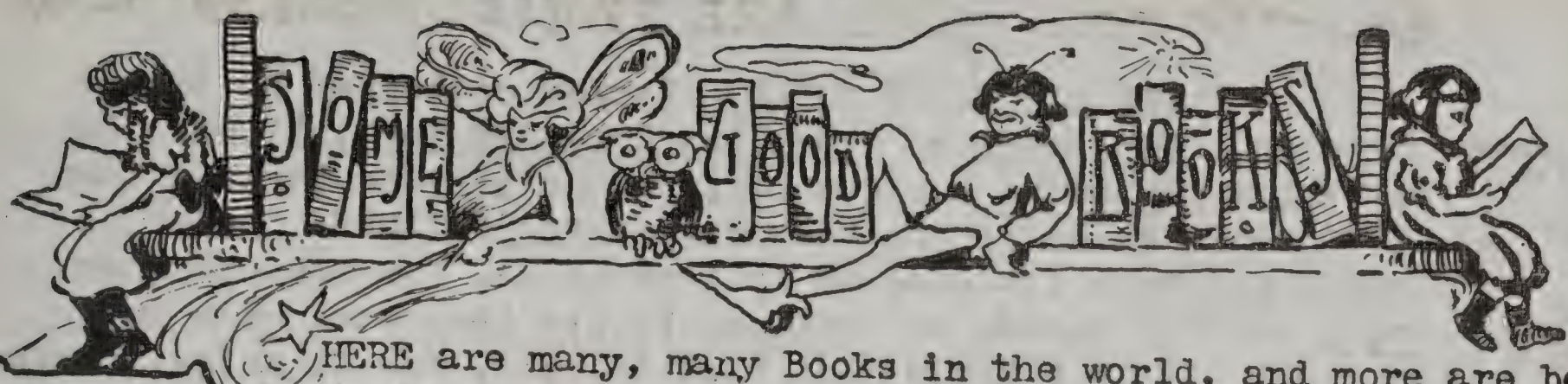
OH! such fun to sign my name in my old cranky writing



P.S. you must not be surprised to find my hand writing different in almost every letter. I have to try so hard to write plainly that my HEAD gets cross at my HAND for making such a fuss over your letter. I can tell you that I will get after the Other People who write you, they must write plainly too—so I'll get even for the pain in my fingers. On the next page is some news about BOOKS, read it when you have time. HERE IS A GOOD NIGHT WISH FOR YOU. I wrote it on my Typewriter.

GOOD NIGHT, GOOD NIGHT, please take to bed
Three wishes in your heart and head.
Three wishes bright with fairy wings
That bring a hundred other things.
I wish the stars that shine above
To send you Health and Joy and Love.
I wish sweet dreams to come to you,
The best of them to turn out true.
And last, I wish your heart to keep
The Good that comes while you're asleep.
GOOD NIGHT. J. Martin

P.S. AGAIN } About those Books on the other page — I don't want you to read that part of my letter unless you feel like it, and never when you are sleepy. Ofcourse I would like you to read it sometime. because Books help to make us grow up RIGHT and think in many new ways, which is GOOD for us.—J.

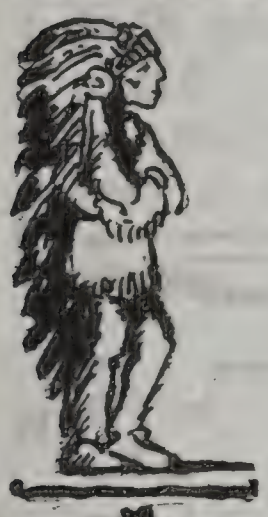


THERE are many, many Books in the world, and more are being made every day. Books come next to living, walking, talking, Friends. Some Friends come to stay in our hearts, some just take a look around and then walk away; so Books, like Friends, have different manners. I should like your head and heart to have a corner Book Shelf, where GOOD BOOK FRIENDS can stay as long as you love them, -- so in my letters I am going to tell you about Good Books I read. I will be fair to all the Books I read, but I will not tell you a Book is a good influence if I do not think it is. I may make some mistakes, but I will make as few as possible. The Gentlemen who make the Books I tell you about do not give me any salary or presents for telling you what to get, so I can say just what I like and they will not get cross, because they have no right to. They wouldn't get cross any way, because they try to give Children the right Books, but sometimes in the hurry and scurry of things a Book slips in that ought to be bundled out. I write about BOOKS on my TYPEWRITER because it makes plainer words.

HERE ARE A FEW GOOD BOOKS



THE LITTLE LAME PRINCE, by Miss Mulock, with illustrations made by Hope Dunlap. The book is published by Rand, McNally Co., Chicago, and costs $1.25. I have not seen a lovelier edition of this book. The pictures are nearly all beautifully colored, and you want to look at them over and over again. As for the story, every child should read it because it is one that you must know, and ought to have among your best Book Friends.



THE CHILDREN'S LONGFELLOW. Houghton, Mifflin Co., Boston. It costs $3.00. You know, Longfellow is often called "The Children's Poet", and this is true. Something about the way the poetry runs along makes the child listen and love to listen. This Book is beautifully made, too, with pictures all colored and exactly right for the verses. There are eighty of Longfellow's poems in this book, printed because they are the best for Children.



THE ARABIAN NIGHTS. Made by the Dodge Publishing Co., New York. It costs $1.50. This is a very carefully arranged edition of those wonderful stories, and is good for Boys and Girls to have, because there are no parts of the stories un-good for Children. The Book is full of well-drawn pictures that help tell the stories. You should get it.

AND HERE ARE *THREE* MORE.



THE LISTENING CHILD. Verses collected by Lucy W. Thacher. Published by Macmillan Co., New York, $1.50. This is not a new book, but a very fine one because it is a beautiful collection of the best verses for CHILDREN. Every verse has been listened to by some child, for Mrs. Thacher read all the verses to children before they were made into a book. It is a truly good book to have, for it helps, amuses and teaches you.



THE QUEEN'S MUSEUM. By Frank R. Stockton. Published by Scribner's Sons, New York. The price is $2.50. This is a very beautiful book. The pictures are like truly lovely paintings, -- the kind of pictures that make you want to have good pictures in the rest of your books. They are Wonder Tales and Fairy Stories, told in the very interesting way that Mr. Stockton always tells stories. It is a book that you will always want to keep.



A WONDER BOOK, by Hawthorne, with pictures by Walter Crane. The book is made by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston, price $3.00. The Stories are made from the beautiful old Greek legends, so you learn and enjoy at the same time. The pictures are in color and drawn as only Walter Crane can draw. Many artists have tried to copy him, but none of them could make pictures in the same simple, truthful way as Mr. Crane. For the sake of Hawthorne, Walter Crane, and yourself, you should have this book.



I want you to know that the Books I tell about may not always exactly fit your age. I am just selecting those books that you may like now, or will like when you are a little older, or should have liked when you were younger.

Here is a funny little rhyme
I always think in Apple-time.

* * * * * * * * *

O, give me a Book, and give me a Tree,
All full of apples red;
I'll climb that Tree, made just for me,
And fill my tummy and head.

A Friend of ours, Stacy H. Wood, helps me draw these pictures.

John Martin's Letter To You. Number—2.

Glad-day the 21oth

My dear

Everybody wants to send a letter to you just because they have all found out that *I* am writing to you. O, O, you never *heard* such a Gig-gling time and you never *saw* such a bump-ing o'elbows. I can't begin to tell you about all the Little People and Animals and *Things* who are jumping and bumping and wiggling all around me. SO I will only tell you about the CHUBBIES, who got here *first* — BESIDES, they are just AT ME and they say that you must have a letter *from or about them first*. THE KING OF THE CHUBBIES wants to write your letter with his own Royal *Hand* and *PEN*, but *I* want to write to you *Too*. I don't write to you half often enough. I want to talk to you ALL MYSELF (that shows *I'm* self-ish about giving You up to the KING — I am sorry — and I will try not to be selfish after *this letter*).

So I will write this letter for the KING. I will tell about CHUBBIES, then the KING will be SATIS-FIED

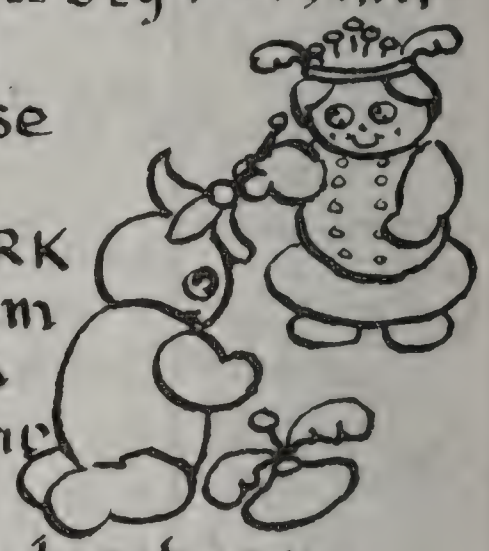
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AND *I* will be talking to you all the time - besides, the KING would not tell you some things about *HIMSELF* that *I* will - I want you to know the WHOLE TRUTH about the KING ■ WINKIE, the King of the Chubbies, is a very nice little chap; WINKIE'S wife is a Queen, ofcourse, and she rules the LADY CHUBBIES. Chubbie Children are 'most always happy; they never fret or WHINE and they never, NEVER quarrel and SLAP. CHUBBIES live on a big FAT, HAPPY *ISLAND* called The "Land o'Laff"; it's called that because the Chubbies romp and play and Chaff. But Chubbies WORK Too, because that makes them have more FUN afterwards ■ (that's very true, is n't it, dear Boy?)



THE KING GOES A HUNTING



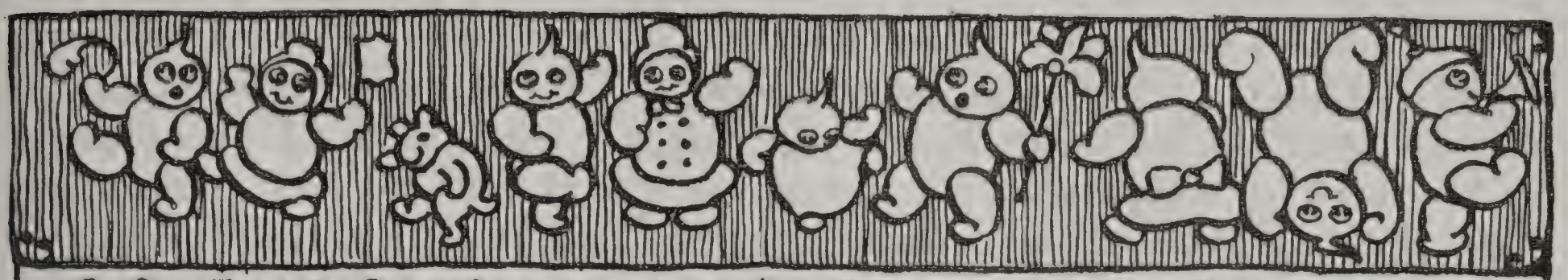
The KING is a great and a brave HUNTER; he is what is called a GOOD Sport. The KING spends days and weeks and months in wild wet places, he lies down to sleep in dreary, dry, dusty deserts and the stars wink at him all night long. The KING gets very dusty and thirsty - and so *HUNGRY* that he almost wants to eat his own HAT (which is his CROWN too) but he does not eat his hat, for his friends bring him good plain FOOD and he eats everything set before him without one single COMPLAINT. While the KING is eating, the Royal Picture Man takes HIS picture. ■■





The KING HAS AN APPETITE.

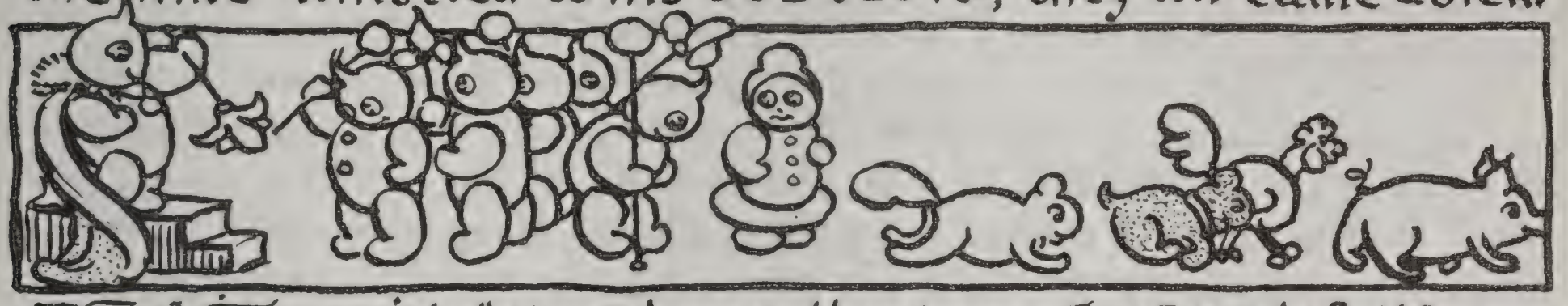
The KING makes believe he does n't Know what is happening, (BUT HE DOES). Then he sends some pictures home to QUEEN PINKIE and she says ■ "O, my brave KING - *he* has a good AP-PE-*TITE*, it is a beautiful sight to see MY KING eat", then the QUEEN shows the pictures to everybody in the wide Kingdom of Chub, then everybody shouts: O, our very brave KING - Now he DOES eat - Hip-! Hop-*Hur-oo!*



SO EVERYBODY IS SAT-IS-FIED

NOW ABOUT THAT HUNTER KING-WINKIE-XIII

WHEN that brave KING Winkie goes a-hunting he tells all his brave *friends* and they all look grave and brave at the same time: King Winkie looks glad (he is glad). that is the way a Hunting Party is started ▪ SO, ONE DAY, the KING whistled to his SUB-JECTS; they all came QUICK.



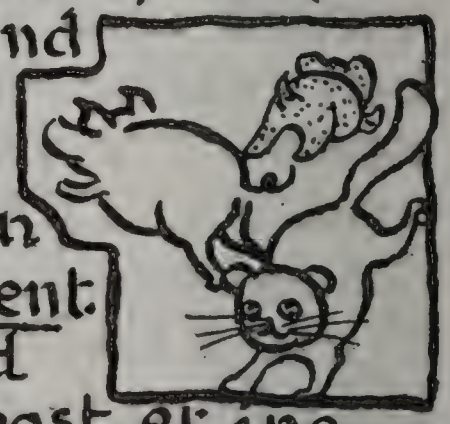
The King said-"*NICE*, brave Hunters, *AWAY* with US, to the wild, wet wastes; WE would *HUNT* for Sooth and other wild animals: BE YE all brave and truthFUL. Away! and get your DUSTERS and TICKLE STICKS, WE will be ready in two shakes of a Duster." *That* is all the King said. The People shouted like ANY-THING and KING was glad all over again (So was I) but all the ANIMALS in the world were frightened.. *THEN THIS HAPPENED*— Yellow DOG, Pussy CAT, ROOSTER and *MISTER* Pig ran off-*fast* to a cozy corner in Rooster's House to talk the matter over. They put their HEADS very near together. PIG said-"Brothers, this hunt-ing business *must be stopped*, we animals have some feel-ings and some dig-nity. We will not be *dusted* on our noses. we will not have our dig-nified tails *poked* with a TICKLE STICK. We must hurry off to wild ways, deserts, CAVES and tree tops. We will tell all the animals and every living *THING* that KING WINKIE is after *THEM*." PIG said all that; he grunted very earnestly—



TALKING THE MATTER OVER at ROOSTER'S.

I must tell you right HERE and NOW, that when Chubbies go a-hunting, they never think of KILLING anything: that would'n't be *FAIR*, because no animal would KILL them. (O, never) so how could they take away the life of some animal that LOVED to LIVE? You could'nt either. What the Chubbies *did* DO, was to act very gravely and bravely and just dust off the NOSES of harmless, nice animals with a FEATHER DUSTER and then hurry around to the other end of that animal and touch him gently on the tip of his tail, so OFCOURSE that animal *lies right down and sur-rend-ers to the HUNTER*. IN-STANT-LY. So you can see, dear Boy, how ASH-AMED the animal must be; *that* is why PIG wanted the Hunters punished. PIG *always* had some *DUST ON HIS NOSE* and nothing made him get so cross, or grunt so savage-ly as HAVING HIS *PIG*-NIFIED NOSE DUSTED, and as for POKING HIS *curly kinky* TAIL - O, O, well — dear me - *I* have NO WORDS to tell you *HOW* he felt when *that happened*, neither have You. So PIG, DOG, CAT and ROOSTER did what I will tell you — DOG hurried away to the forests and deserts. He told all the animals of *his family* to BE-ware of the Hunter KING. And DOG hid away in a quiet CAVE with his cousin WOLF. They watched care-fully.





Then ROOSTER galloped to the green grassy ways - "Cock-a-dool-ing" as he went - he said "be-WARE" to all the BIRDS, and then *flip-flapped* up into a Goo-Goo-roost-er-ing TREE, which is a good place for a ROOSTER to *roost*.

Then CAT rushed away, with his tail all puffed up. He ran fast; deep into the wet, wet woods. He shouted as he RAN —— "Scoot-scat-scat-o-o, all ye Lions, Tigers, Panthers and fe-lion-ish folks - SCA-T T! the Hunter KING will dust your NOSES all over - and he will *POKE FUN(STICKS)* at





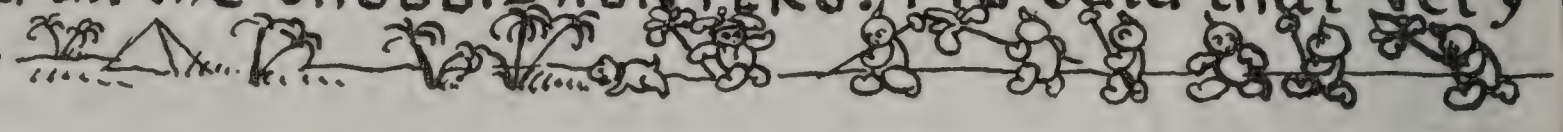
your only TAILS. CAT said that: *he* meant it too, for his tail got bigger and more ROUND the more he thought about IT (*HIS TAIL*). CAT hid away in LION'S den and they looked into each other's eyes SORROW-FULLY (I don't wonder - do YOU?) As for PIG, he went grunting everywhere, up hill, down hill he went and went until he met Mr. BEAR, Mrs. MUSKRAT and little Chauncey COON. PIG grunted out the news about the KING going A-hunting. Everybody's feelings were hurt. Mrs. MUSKRAT Sneezed "Ex-cuse me" said SHE "A sneeze makes me feel GOOD when I begin to feel BAD-(ly)." "You're welcome" said PIG. after that they all sat down sadly in a deep Wig-woggle *Hole*. Everybody sighed a long careful SIGH — except PIG, *he* grunted once more, screwed his tail up tighter, and put some dirt on his NOSE (some more dirt, dear Boy, *think of it* - DON'T YOU do that.) Then all of them sat still and THOUGHT, but PIG thought the BEST thoughts; he got through thinking *FIRST*. PIG jumped out of WIG-WOGGLE hole suddenly (Chauncey COON pinched PIG, but PIG wasn't angry because he thought that PINCH was his CONSCIENCE pricking him ON TO DUTY.) As I said - UP HE JUMPED "We are saved (grunt) *I* am a Hero (grunt) - A *PATRIOT* (grunt-ter-ty-grunt). *I* am a General, a POLLY-TISHAN!" (grunt) - With that he put his two *HOOFS* between his front teeth, and - and - he WHISTLED a long, loud, *fierce* piercing, pinching WHISTLE, which was heard by every living thing in all the wide woods and dry deserts and far-away tree tops - So every body came RUSH-ING to see what was the MATTER -







When the Animals were there, standing around PIG he stopped his wild *fierce* whistling - he said this "Gig-gug-SNIP-SNAP- snortus! Hi pi *PIG* pug grunt-US; SNIZZLE SNUZZLE grub-US, in hock sneez-ib US *BE-GUCK!*" O! O! the animals shouted *"Hurray, Hoo-roo! Good for You Sir PIG"*. Then Pig said - in OUR words "Mr HIPPOPOTAMUS, you go and stand in a nice wet place. You must make believe that you are sound asleep - then all of US noble animals we'll TRAP the KING and all the CHUBBIE HUNTERS." PIG said that very proudly.



NOW HERE, dear Boy, I must use my Tick-tack writing-machine, because I am afraid that I can't get all your letter on my paper if I keep on WRITING it with my big fingers, so I will do some of your letter this way,-then I can tell you all that happened. (You will not mind, will you? 'Cause my fingers make the machine go.) - Well-----

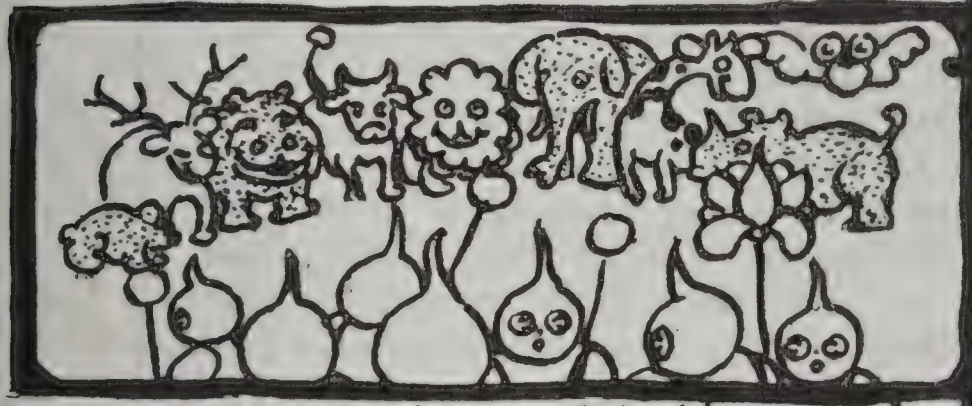
So Everybody hastened away to TRAP THE KING AND HIS BRAVE, GRAVE HUNTERS, and HIPPO went to a nice wet place where the MUD was good and sticky. HIPPO made believe that he was fast asleep in the MUD. He was standing up, though. In the meantime, the KING and his Hunters trod the wild woods, dusting everything, --even the trees,-- and poking everything, --even each other,--when SUD-DEN-LY they heard HOWLS and GROWLS and YOWLS and SQUAWKS and SHRIEKS all around them! O, O, such a fuss in that wild wood! The KING and the Hunters hud-dled into a tight bunch, close together, -- they were so surprised and astonished and WONDERIZED. Step by step the huddled-up Hunters backed to the wet MUDDY place where HIPPO was standing. Then they all saw HIPPO, and he saw them through a little place in the side of his eye.....The KING shouted, "WE are BRAVE, -- WE WILL HUNT". So he crept very carefully up to Mr. HIPPO and gravely dusted off his NOSE, then, quick as a flash, he hurried 'round to HIPPO'S stumpy



tail, and gave it a grave but GENTLE POKE . All the other Hunters followed very near. The KING was brave; they made Pictures of the KING because he was so very nice and brave...But dear Boy, the Hunters little knew that they were in a TRAP that very INSTANT MINUTE! They were, for the MUD there was very sticky, just like some caramels in Summer time--Dear, r--O, Dear! they could n't budge--! Then-- ----------



O, then, the Animals ALL came down on them from everywhere and all around. The Animals did not mind the MUD, and as for PIG, he was 'most crazy with JOY. Mr. HIPPO winked and smiled, and then yawned a BIG, wide, DEEP yawn. So what could the Hunters do? They just threw down their DUSTERS in the MUD and surrendered on the spot. The Hunters all shouted, "We surrender -- we surrender -- yes, we DO -- Honest Injun -- KING'S X." The Animals said, "Ha! Ha! Ho! Ho!" and picked up the DUSTERS and TICKLE-STICKS. Then such a "dusting and tickling" did those Animals give the King and all the other Hunters! PIG dusted the King's



NOSE all over, top and bottom, and ROOSTER didn't bother about a DUSTER --he just flopped himself all over everybody and dusted them well without being too par-tickle-uar. At last PIG shouted, "Stop! that's enough. WE will be merciful". And so he had his picture taken arm in arm with the King, to show how merciful he could be. PIG was very proud again. King was not proud, but he was very GOOD and gentle and grave. So all the Hunters marched HOME in a row. They made a long Pro-ces-sion. All the CHUBBIES at home just shouted with joy and pride, and Queen PINKIE waved her hand-ker-chief and said, "O, MY brave, grave KING!"

That night the King gave a party, and all the Animals and CHUBBIES were invited. They went. Before the feast was over, the King arose and said," WE will HUNT no more --



THE KING GETS A DUSTING.

the Animals shall be dusted no more." That was GOOD. The Hunters gave their Dusters to their Lady Relatives and they gave their Tickle-sticks to the Royal Cook, to stir Royal Puddings with. That was GOOD, too. So everybody was happy, and stayed so.

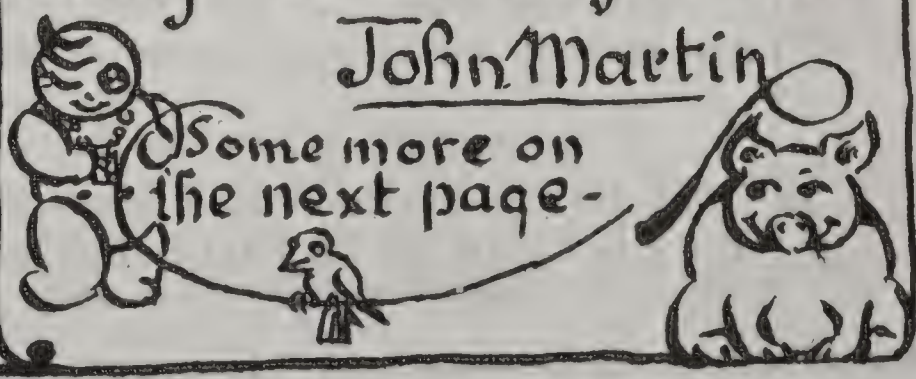
Aren't you glad, dear Boy? I am; for Animals are dig-ni-fied and kind, and do not like to be dusted or poked any more than you or I.



PIG WAS VERY PROUD

O, what a long letter and very little room left to tell about Books - but you see I just could n't help telling you about the CHUBBIE King - Your loving FRIEND

John Martin

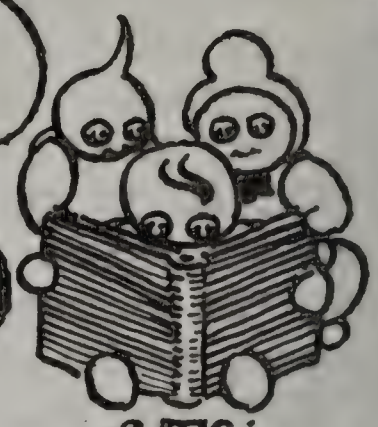




MY BOOK

The World is full of things to see,
So is my FRIEND, the BOOK;
I think it's mighty GOOD for me
To travel 'round and LOOK.
If I can't travel, BOOK will tell
Me lots of things, and so
I'll READ, and LEARN and LISTEN well
And make believe I go.





"The World is so full of a number of Things,
I'm sure we should all be as happy as Kings."
(Dear Mr. Stevenson said *that*. Books were among the Good Things. Here are a few Good Books to remember. —J.M.)

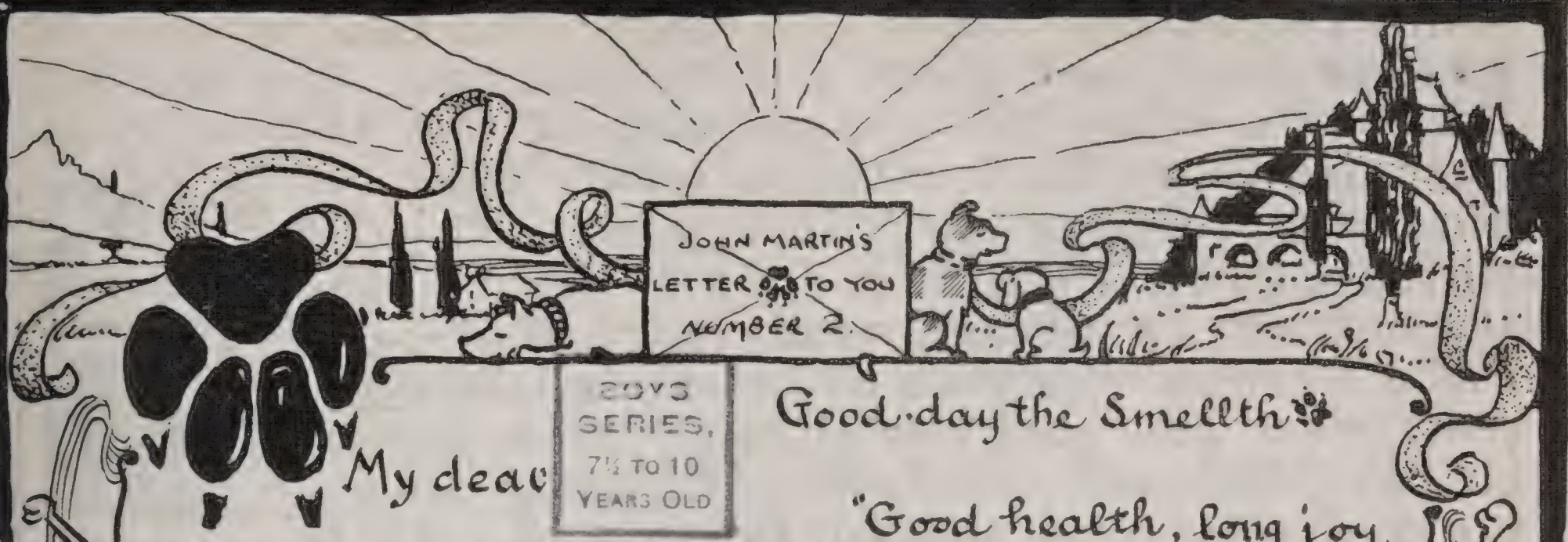
If SOMEBODY ever wants to give you a wonderful present of BOOKS, I hope they will give you ten volumes called "THE CHILDREN'S HOUR". They are made by Houghton Mifflin & Co., Boston. They cost a lot of money, ($17.50), -- but look at all the books you get. These books have all the very best stories and verses that have been done for children. The people that put the verses and stories into these books knew the child heart, so they got the very best things for children in these beautiful books. PICTURES? Yes, yes, hundreds and hundreds, and many of them beautifully painted for you. If you get these books, you have a LIBRARY almost, -- and so the set does not cost so much after all. . . . I have read "The Children's Hour" books, and I know that they are GOOD.

THE LAND OF NOD is a book little Boys will love to look at and read. It is full of fine pictures, (lots of them colored, too). I read the book and while I was reading, I thought I was in the middle of a nice, funny, exciting DREAM. Then I WOKE UP. But I went into the book again and dreamed some more, -- such fun. The book costs $1.50. Mr. J. Walter McSpadden wrote it, and it is made by T. Y. Crowell & Co., New York.

Dear Boy, O, do get a dandy book called HAPPY CHAPS. Miss Wells wrote all the rhymes. (I tell you, she's smart.) Mr. Cady drew all the "Happy Chap" pictures. (He's smart, too. I laugh and I giggle, I kick up and wiggle when I read and look.) The Century Co., New York, makes the book, and it costs $1.50. (HUNDREDS OF PICTURES.)

And then -- don't forget to hunt for a book called A BOOK OF CHEERFUL CATS (and other animals). It is made by The Century Co., New York, and costs $1.00. This book is good for Girls, but you will like it just the same. J. G. Francis made the pictures and the verses. How anybody could keep on being so FUNNY, I don't see.

If you get tired of this page about Books, please tell me - but I hope you will *not* get tired, for good Books help to make GOOD MEN —— Your JM -

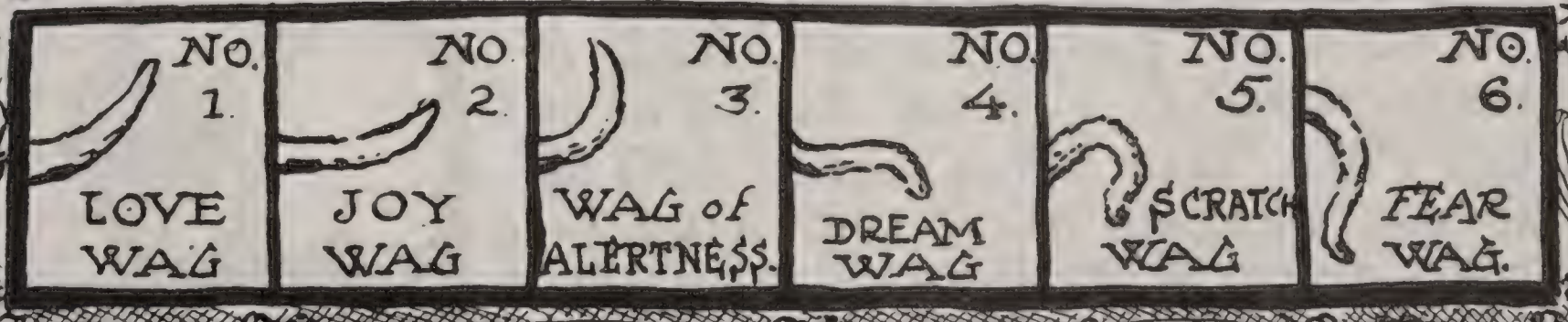


My dear Good-day the Smellth

"Good health, long joy, soft sleep, Keen watching, strange smells, a scratch or two, some quick barks, plenty of WAGS, a BONE to crack - and (O, dear Boy) true loving and the WAGS that go along with loving well." That's what WE GOOD Dogs say to a *FRIEND* like you. I am "Rubber" the Dog. John Martin must have said something about ME. I nagged John to death to make him let me write to you and I wagged myself 'most to bits when he said "YES" (John is a little stingy about letting us other fellows write to you - but don't say I said so - please.)

"woof! woof"! I have so many things I want to say, that I don't know where to begin, so I will start at the END (my tail) and tell you something about "wagging", 'cause I tell you, the right Kinds of wags and the proper ways to wag are mighty important to us dogs - John Martin says I must cut out everything that isn't "real-dog" — I will try. I will write you a mixed-up letter perhaps, but that will be beoause I put things down just as they come into my head.

At the bottom of this page, I draw some pictues of dogs' tails; I did nt draw the rest of the dog, for I want you to think of WAGS only when I am talking about wags. My tail has long fringe hair on it, so it would not do for pictures of wags, - a tail with short hair is the best tail



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to SHOW how a wag is wagged, 'cause long hair hides some important parts of a wag. The tail of an-almost-but-not-quite" BULL-TERRIER DOG has the best kind of a "Wag tail" - especially if the tail is a nice yellow tail, with a white spot on it, near the end. (O, I wish I had such a tail!) HERE COME THE "SIX GREAT WAGS" = they are very important, so please read carefully - FIRST comes "THE WAG OF LOVE", we use all of THIS WAG for just one Master, and parts of it for Children we love - We wag this WAG slowly and surely from side to side, but never far up. (Your tail must never be stiff or tight.) Our eyes are kind and soft: the ears shoued be just gently lying on the head - O, Boy, this is a GOOD WAG and you feel it all over and in you. Only a good, true dog can make the LOVE WAG WORK RIGHT. SECOND, comes the "JOY WAG". This one you begin with yaps and "woofs" and wiggles, and sharp little whines 'way down inside of you - You lick your Master's hand some, you YAWN a big wide yawn (ending it with a nice little HOWL) You stretch sort o' carelessly, or twist sidewise, to keep yourself "down" - AND - O, you look, look, look into your Master's face saying in your heart a little PRAYER FOR WORDS to tell of the LOVE AND FUN in you - Dear Boy please respect our JOY WAGS for they are very dear to a dog and mean only love and Kindness for you - THIRD among wags is THE ALERT WAG (sometimes called THE "CHEEZE-IT!" WAG) This wag is hard to tell about. We always use it when a "foreign" cat gets his back up, or when we are not quite sure what a "stranger dog" is going to "do" about things. We use this wag lots when we watch or hunt and try to take care of You or ourselves. It is a very stiff-wag and your tail gets up high; then

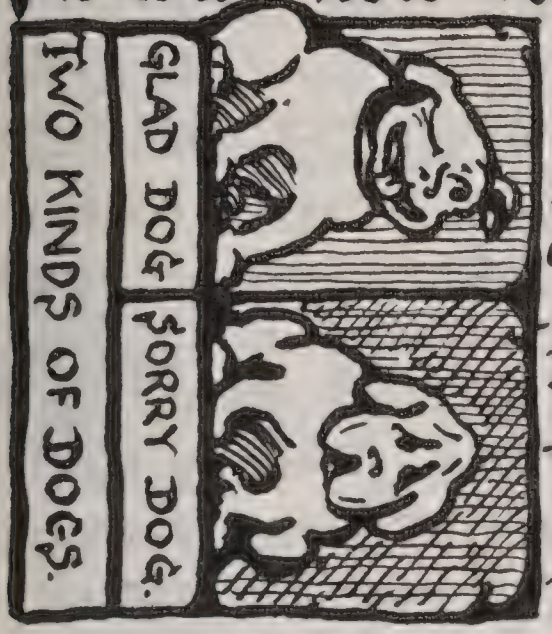


Do you see that HEART in a Dogs track? What does it mean?

WHEN WE SEE ONE OF THESE WE USE THE ALERT WAG.



you wiggle the very tip end of your tail the least little bit. You must not let the tail get at all one-sided, ALL WOULD BE LOST. The ears should be thrust sharply forward and never budged till THINGS are settled down. Every good dog must know how to wag the "Alert Wag" just right.



FOURTH - is the DREAM WAG, it does not count for much, but all dogs wag it. Boys think I make that wag when a flea nips me while I am sleeping but I can tell you it is part of a DREAM: we "remember" back into the far ages when we were wild wolves and wild MEN hunted us and there were no BOYS like you to love us - So a DREAM WAG is a hitchy, trembling wag, and we do not like them. I could tell you one of those dreams, but JOHN might not like it.



FIFTH WAG is the SCRATCH WAG and I tell you that every dog loves it because it always reminds him that he is a DOG - besides it's fun . . . The wag to wag at this time is almost any old wag that gets hold of you first: you just wag fast or slow to match the goodness or poorness of the SCRATCH that is going on. When the SCRATCH is a good "get-at-it" kind, you wag fast, when the scratch does not seem to get where it ought to, why then you just wobble your tail crooked and look foolish. THAT'S ALL ABOUT "SCRATCH WAGS"

Then, dear Boy, is the SIXTH wag; that sad, sad one called the FEAR WAG. (I hope you may never see it, and O, I beg of you, never cause it to be wagged by any Dog.) It goes like this: —— the poor scared dog "sneaks" crawling up to the Man or Boy he FEARS; his feet drag, his ears lie flat upon the head & THE POOR TAIL curves downward and between hind legs that halt and drag; that TAIL twitches feeble, wretched little wags and the

Dog's EYES look at you trying to say- "DON'T STRIKE, PLEASE. I AM YOUR FRIEND. YOU ARE STRONGER AND WISER THAN I. SPARE ME,-I AM DUMB!" That is all I want to say about the wretched FEAR WAG, Boy, because the very thought of it makes my Dog sad and bitter. I know that you will neder cause the FEAR WAG to come into the life of your dumb FRIEND - the DOG.

Excuse me for talking so much of "wagging" - I couldn't help it, because you see I am just a plain dog; I wanted you to know how IMPORTANT wags are to US DOGS.



John Martin said something in one of his letters about how I went "a-fishing" - well I DO, it's easy;- but I must write about that on John's TYPEWRITER, because my paws ache holding this STIFF OLD PEN.



YES, fishing is EASY if you go at it in the right way. Very few DOGS ever try, -- they'd rather hunt and SNOOP,-- but you see I like a little variety... I wait for a quiet day when no wind blows and the sun is warm and pleasant. I trot along the shore of our beautiful lake (Lake Kesa, down in Maine.) I break now and then into the brush and tangle, and chase a Chipmunk or King Fisher; then back as near to the water's edge as I can go, till I come to a sandy beach where the water is shallow and warm in the sun. I go somewhere below that beach and slip very carefully into the water and swim up towards the little beach. When my toes touch the bottom as the place gets shallower, I sneak up as sly as sly until the water is only up to my shoulder joints. I then LOOK all around and I am sure to see bands of tiny fish lazily sunning themselves where the water is only a few inches deep. (Their TAILS are towards ME, -- they WAG their TAILS and don't SEE ME.) Then I TELL YOU, I go at things very carefully. I lift my feet out of the water without dropping a drop, and put them back again without making even a little ripple..... WOOF! but it's exciting! So I sneak and sneak up close to the little WIGGLERS. My tail keeps thrash-

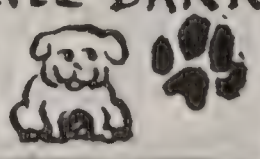
All that Rubber is telling you is true; I have watched him go through all that many times, only he would always stop fishing if he caught me looking. J.M.

ing to and fro like a FAN. . . You just <u>have to</u> keep your TAIL going, for it seems to make fishing more fun. . .Then--then, when I am very near the whole band of fish, I make a wild DASH right through the lot of them, dragging my feet down IN the water. Away the fish swim, scared to death. Lots get away, of course, but many swim up into the <u>very</u> shallow places, where they can't swim back. Then I prance among the wiggling lot of 'em, and carry on something fearful to see. I get excited and bark and thrash my tail still more. I don't do much damage to the little Fish, and I do not <u>eat</u> them. I suppose it's just the GAME of FISHING that makes it such fun.



Dogs have lots to DO all day. I remember how I got acquainted with John Martin.....One day I was hunting, <u>miles</u> away from my house. I was tired and a thorn was in my front paw. I wished that I had not gone so far from my house, for it hurt to run. I tried to chew out the old thorn, but it was between the cushions of the paw, so I could not get my teeth at it. I made straight for an open place that was near by. I pushed through the brush, and there, -- under a tree, -- was a MAN. He was not asleep but he didn't seem to hear anything. His head was on a book and his knees were sticking up in the air... "Woof," thought I, "I'll give <u>him</u> a scare, to see if he's any good." So I made straight for him, as if I'd chew him to tatters. (Of course I was playing.) What do you think? He never <u>budged</u>, -- except to turn his head a little, and he said "Hello, Pup!" Of course I couldn't get mad at that, so I took a smell of his hand, then I licked it, and the man pinched my nose, which proved that he <u>respected</u> my nose. So I sat down with the MAN, and by and by he gave me something to eat. It was cozy. I licked my sore paw. The Man watched me and then dragged me between his knees and very carefully drew out that thorn.....O, WOOF! How I did scamper about and jump all over that Man. That's how I said, "Thank you". After that we sat around for a while and chatted. I SNOOPED a little, to show that I was a GOOD WATCHFUL DOG, and the Man, (it was John Martin) told me lots of things and asked me questions about ME. I told him lots of things back, because he had a right to know. That day was years ago, and John and I have been GOOD FRIENDS ever since.

I got acquainted with Rubber three years ago. I went back to the WOODS after being away over a year. I returned one dark night. As I was walking to my camp [miles away from Rubber's House]: a Dog jumped all over me, first I was scared, it was *dark*, - but, the dog *licked my hands* and yapped for JOY - IT WAS OLD RUBBER. He remembered me in the DARK and was glad - SO WAS I. — J.M.





When I got to the end of that page you have just read, I thought that I would stop this letter, because I'm getting a little tired, and I'm afraid that you are too. But John Martin wants me to tell how I "HOOK RIDES"

You see, I take very long trips up our Lake, and before I know it, I have traveled miles and miles from home, and I find that I'm <u>tired</u>, so it is all right for me to try to get a lift back. If <u>you</u> should happen to be on shore and your Canoe was dragged up on the beach, I'd peek through the brush to see if you came from <u>my</u> part of the Lake. (I'd know, because I keep track of all the Boys.) Then I'd come out of the brush and sit around, just making myself pleasant, -- but not too pleasant. You might pet me and throw sticks into the water, which I would "fetch" for you. By and by you'd begin to pick up things to start home. When you got into your canoe, I'd wag my tail very politely and smile with my eyes, and you'd be pretty sure to ask if I did not want a ride home in your canoe. I have done that <u>lots of times</u>. It saves a heap of walking and you'd laugh if you saw me sneaking away those times that I came on a party so big that there would be no room for me in the Canoe



LOOK AT THEM

I tell you I'm a good counter of heads when I'm tired. And so I get paddled comfortably down the Lake, and when the time comes, I jump out at my <u>own</u> <u>beach</u> and WAG a fine "<u>Thank you</u>" to you for giving me the LIFT.

Once I had an awful scrap with John Martin's Bull Dog. His name is "Bottles". I just can't endure that dog. He hasn't any nose at all, and as for his TAIL he might as well be without one, -- it's so CROOKED and queer. That row was in John's Canoe. Bottles started the trouble by grabbing me under the collar. I grabbed back, John yelling all the time, and trying to keep us from upsetting. I tell you, Boy, a dog-fight in a Canoe is not a thing to be laughed at. Over we went, Dogs, Man, Paddles, and everything. I can swim, but Bottles can't, but it didn't make any difference to him for he hung on to me till I got ashore. John followed

I tell you, Boy, that fight kept me busy, but we were near the shore when we dumped over, so there was n't much swimming to do. When I got near shore, where I could stand on my feet, I just "ducked" those dogs well, that was the only way I could make Bottles let go poor old Rubber's neck. No, those dogs have never made up since that wet fight - I don't wonder - do you? J.M.

after, and did something to that dog Bottles to make him let go of my neck. HE DID. We don't have much to say to each other since that happened.

I must close now, for John says he wants to send you a few words. I wish I could meet you up in the big kind woods some time; I'd show you things that you never saw before, and tell you stories about my ancestors and perhaps I'd think up a GOOD DREAM to tell you. GOOD HEALTH---GOOD HEART---GOOD LIFE to you, Dear BOY.

Dam now and always will be
Your faithful
FRIEND
"Rubber"



(A DOG)

Dear Boy - I wanted to say a little in this letter, but Rubber has left me no room to write. I don't like to write sad things in my letters to you but I feel that I must copy down a sad little PRAYER which I made a boy say when I saw him beat his FRIEND a Dog. If you ever catch a boy doing that please pass along our prayer, it may do some good.

CRUELTY TO THE DUMB. A PRAYER.

O, God, I struck my dog today. He cowered very low,
And, looking up, he seemd to say, "How could you treat me so?"
And then, O God, I struck again, my ugly wrath to spend.
I gave a speechless creature pain, I hurt a Faithful Friend.
O, God, it was a wicked burst of brutal cruelty
To strike an animal whose first and last thought was of me.
It was a FRIEND that has no speech to tell of need or pain.
O God, forgive the sin and teach me not to sin again.

AMEN.

You see it is a sad little prayer, but sadness often helps us to give gladness - I make the last page a page of GOOD LAWS - a dog made them. Before long I will write again - (I'm going away tomorrow to get some "news" for a letter to you - I wish you JOY ("WAGS", Rubber would say)

Your loving friend
John Darlin

THE TEN COMMANDMENTS *of a* GOOD DOG

FIRST. Be kind to all, giving love to all but your BEST love to only One. Give full love seldom, for much hard loving makes you foolish and puts falsehood into your Heart.

SECOND. Greet all Friends with the eye-light of gentleness, and Smiles, and a "Greeting Wag", if you like to and so make the day sunny-warm in your Heart.

THIRD. Don't go about with a STIFF TAIL of Suspicion, or with your Back Bristles sticking up, for you may get "Tumbled over" by a better Dog than you are.

FOURTH. Make Friends, for the more you have, the greater will be your luck, the fatter your bones and the jollier your days. But never, never SLOBBER or cringe in the making of them. A wet mouth and a foolish "Twist" make no Friends worth the getting.

FIFTH. When in Strange Countries, be ever alert, using all your Wisdom in all you DO. But keep out of Dark Holes where CATS often lurk, or other nose-scratching THINGS.

SIXTH. Go about your Business with Modesty and Dignity, but with your Tail erect and a certain Purpose of DOING IT ALL, honestly and well.

SEVENTH. Keep your nose out of the track of a ROW. Never "sniff" to find a FIGHT, but pass around the place. Nothing is gained in a hunted-up Row.

EIGHTH. Fight but seldom in all a life-time, but when you do, let it be in self-defense or for the cause of Justice. FIGHT HARD, guarding well your front legs, your throat, and your HONOR.

NINTH. Eat enough to keep you well, and get some extra good things if you can, but don't be a PIG DOG. for a crowded stomach makes an empty head.

TENTH. Seize all the JOY you can, that robs no other. Sleep in peace. Play in jolly earnest. WAG well, and mean it, and, finally, be GLAD that YOU ARE LIVING in this big GOOD FAT WORLD.

P.S. It seems to me those LAWS would do very well for BOYS and MEN too; all we have to do is to make the WORDS of the laws a little less "DOGGISH".

John

John Martin's
LETTER
TO ♡ YOU

Number. 2.

Playday the 3rd

My dear

GIRLS SERIES

Instead of printing your letter this time I am going to try and write very slow-ly and care-ful-ly -your letters should be in "writing" words and not in ABC "printing" words, I will only begin your letter with print-ing so your NAME will be easy for you to read. O, but I am glad I can write to you, I feel as if you were near me (almost) so I am happy. O, dear! I want to go on writing to you, but here is TEDDY BEAR, he wants to write to you. "What do you want to say in your letter, Teddy"? I asked "That's a SECRET" answered Master Ted - "Is that so, well run along and come back when your letter is all written, and I will see if you can mail it to my little girl" - I said that, because Ted has been whining and com-plain

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ing a good deal lately; I don't like that. I know Teddy has troubles, so have you and I, but we don't write and talk about our troubles. I could see by Ted's too-polite bow and the way he smiled sideways, that he wanted to com-plain to you. Never mind, Dear, he'll come back soon with a nice good-natured letter, and he can send it to you. DON'T YOU REM-EM-BER, I said a long time ago that some CHUBBIE-CHILDREN wanted to write to you. Well, here come the KING and the QUEEN of all the CHUBBIES, and the great Rulers over the nice Land o' Laff, which is a beauti-ful ISLAND in the mid-dle of the Cheer-ful Sea. The KING'S name is WINKIE and the QUEEN'S name is PINKIE. Here they come with a big letter for YOU. I don't want to stop writing - not one bit - but we always have to MAKE WAY for KINGS and QUEENS ('twas ever so). The Chubbie letter begins on the



next page - I made the King and Queen promise to write very plainly for you. Chubbies drew their own pictures on the front of this letter (I mean my part of it) and the King made all the rest.

Chubbies always talk and write in PO-ET-RY - so they can talk more and say less at the same time - (Chubbies think that's funny - BUT I DO NOT.)

THIS IS A CHUBBIE LETTER

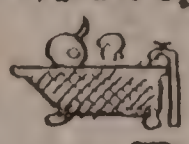


Dear Little Girl:-

John Martin said we could write to you~ Hoo-ray - Hoo-roo, how do, dee DO? We always PRINT our letters, because *PRINTING* is easy to read - we want you to read every bit of OUR letters. JOHN MARTIN just <u>cant</u> write plain-ly. you should <u>see</u> him when he is try-ing to write *PLAIN-LY*, he makes all sorts of faces right AT his pen, he sticks his tongue out <u>one</u> side of his mouth, then he changes it over to the <u>other</u> side — all the time his HEAD Keeps moving UP and DOWN and SIDE-WAYS. He is *FUNNY* some-times - NOW ABOUT <u>US</u>. we are CHUBBIE CHILD-REN; we live in the LAND o'CHUB. I am a Queen, I am writing to you with my roy-al, golden, foun-tain Pen, my pen is full of INK I got from the *FOUNTAIN of FUN*. Here is my Pic-ture, I made it for you. I am going to tell you what WE <u>Do</u> all DAY, I must tell you with POET-RY because we are HAP-PY chub-bies so we <u>sing</u> 'most every-thing we say. POET-RY <u>sounds</u> good, and it <u>goes along</u> easily (just like running down hill, that's easy too). NOW THIS IS WHAT WE CHUB-BIES <u>DO</u>.



In the morning when we wake, we GET RIGHT UP and then we take a SWISH-Y wash <u>Inside</u> the TUB, and after that a RUB-BY RUB. Dearie me, that makes us SHINE, and feel just CLEAN and NEW and fine.

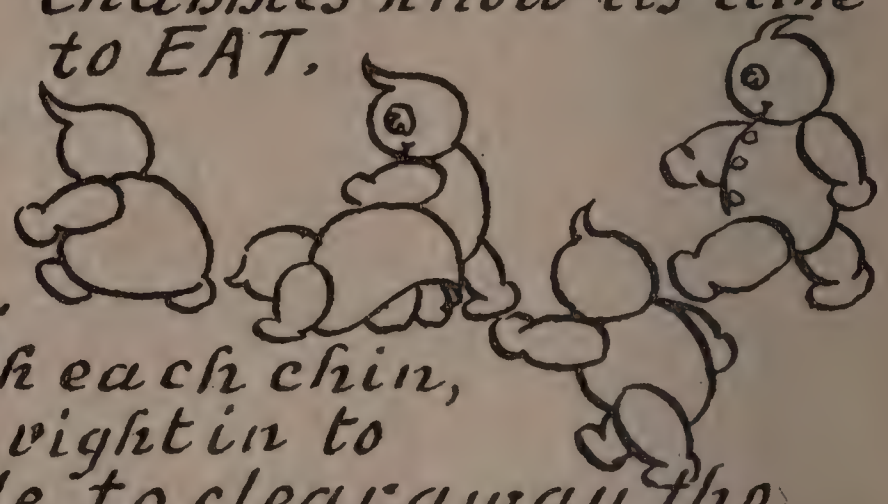




Then off we go to have a RUN and hunt for "FUN-NIES" in the sun. Perhaps you've never heard about the FUN-NIES and the way they shout. O, how they scamper thru the grass when ever CHUB-BIE children pass.



And when we hear our Mothers call, away we hurry down the hall. We run along with all our might because we've got an AP-PE-TITE O, you should hear the patter noise made by the Chubbie Girls and Boys: a scatter noise of little feet, for Chubbies Know it's time to EAT.



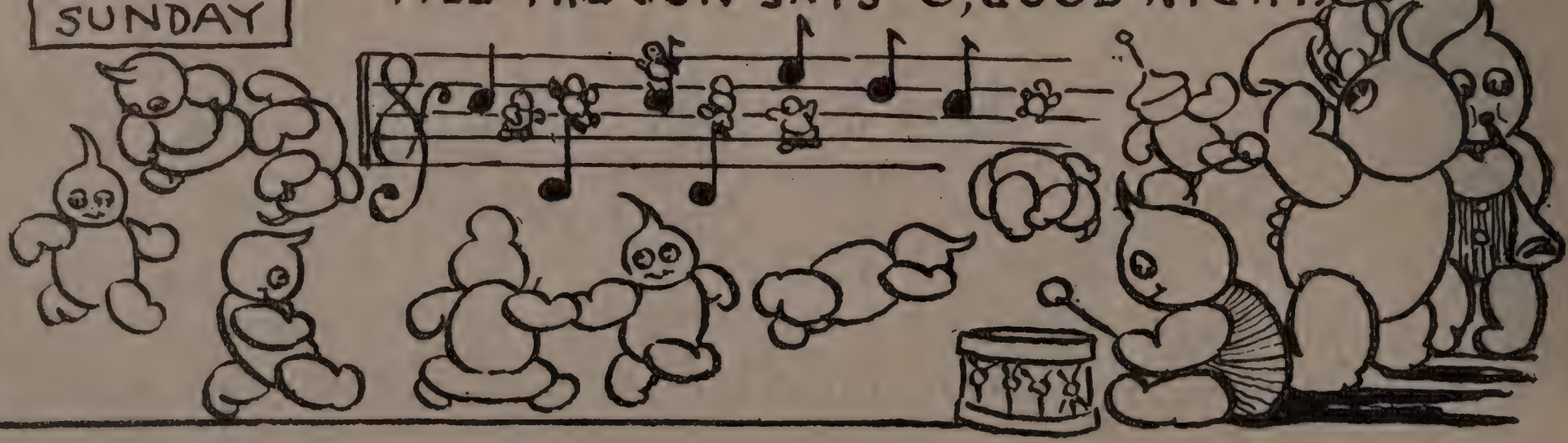
O, you should see us Chubbies GO, and take our seats all in a row; with napkins tucked beneath each chin, the Chubbie Children start right in to DO the very best they're able, to clear away the BREAK-FAST TABLE That's how we Chubs begin the day. So then we go right off to play. O, my! but it's a lot of FUN to run and tum-ble in the SUN. We like the Sun, it's warm you Know and makes us Children GROW and gROW O, yes, we grow like ANY-THING, and here's a SONG we like to sing

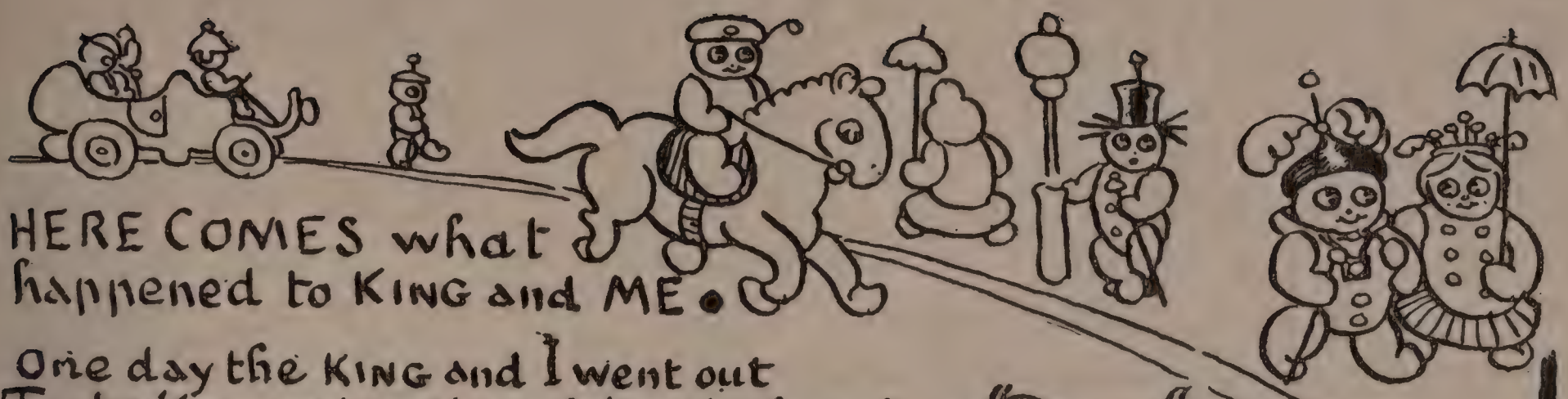


OUR SONG

CHUBBIE CHUBS, LET'S ROMP AND PLAY,
FOR THE SUN IS WARM AND BRIGHT.
RUN AND TUM-BLE *HOOP-HOO-RAY!*
CHUBBIES *PLAY* WITH ALL YOUR MIGHT
IF WE *PLAY* WITH MIGHT AND MAIN
WE CAN DO OUR *WORK* ALL RIGHT.
THEN WE ALL CAN PLAY AGAIN
TILL THE SUN SAYS "O, GOOD NIGHT."

CHUBBIES SINGING ON SUNDAY





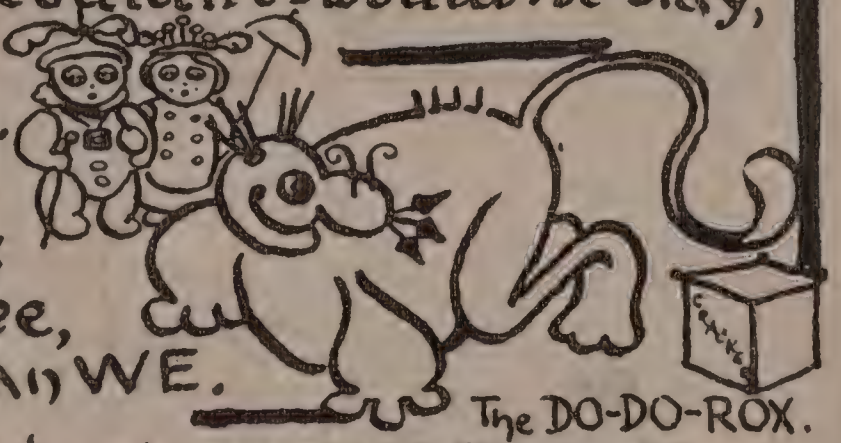
HERE COMES what
happened to KING and ME.

One day the KING and I went out
To take a stroll and look about.
The KING was quite Po-lite to me,
And showed me things I ought to see
We walked all thru the CHUBBIE zoo,
And saw a GUG and HOKIE-BOO:
And right beside a cracker box
We saw a CROSS PATCH *Do-do-Rox*:
He had a MON.STROUS tail on him.
His nose was sharp and long and SLIM.
He looked at us in SUCH A WAY
That *I* just couldn't-*would nt* stay,
And so I hurried off with KING,
We went as fast as ANY-thing.
O, dear.ie me! O, such a fuss -
That DO.DO.ROX ran after us:
We did nt RUN, because, you see,
That ROX had longer LEGS than WE.



THE HOKIE-BOO.

THE GUG.



The DO-DO-ROX.

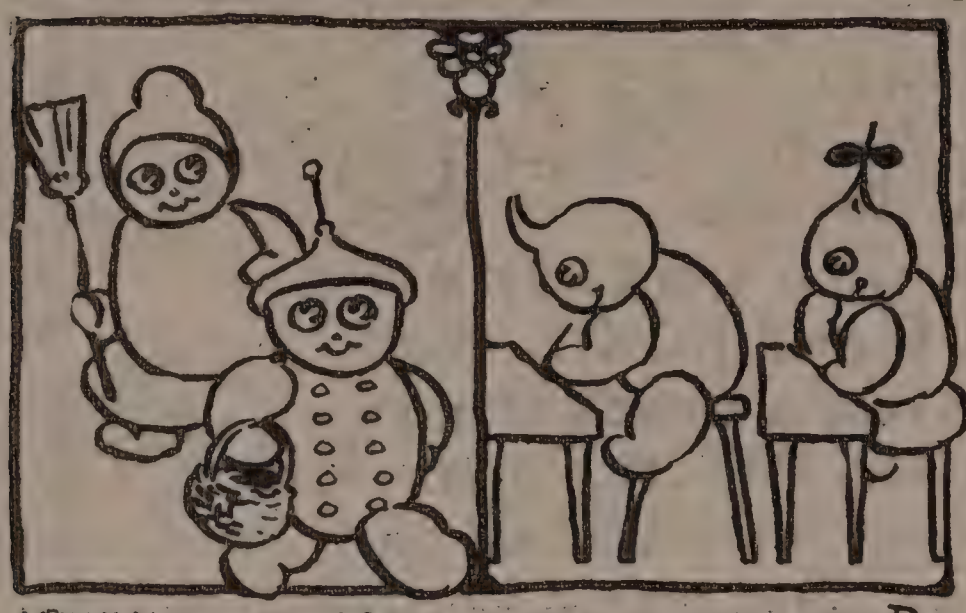


So KING and I just WINKED a while
And *I* then smiled a "CHUBBIE SMILE".
(A chubbie SMILE is sure to make
The crossest sort of person quake.)
And so we SMILED at Rox till HE
Was so much SCARED he could not SEE.
And all the naughty ROX could DO
Was just to SNEEZE a *SNEEZE* or two.
The sneeze a ROX most always makes
Is rather *BIG*, and so it takes
A good long time to get it done,
And so WE had a chance to RUN..
HIS SNEEZE WAS BIG: we said "Good Day",
And ran com.plete-ly *FAR AWAY.*

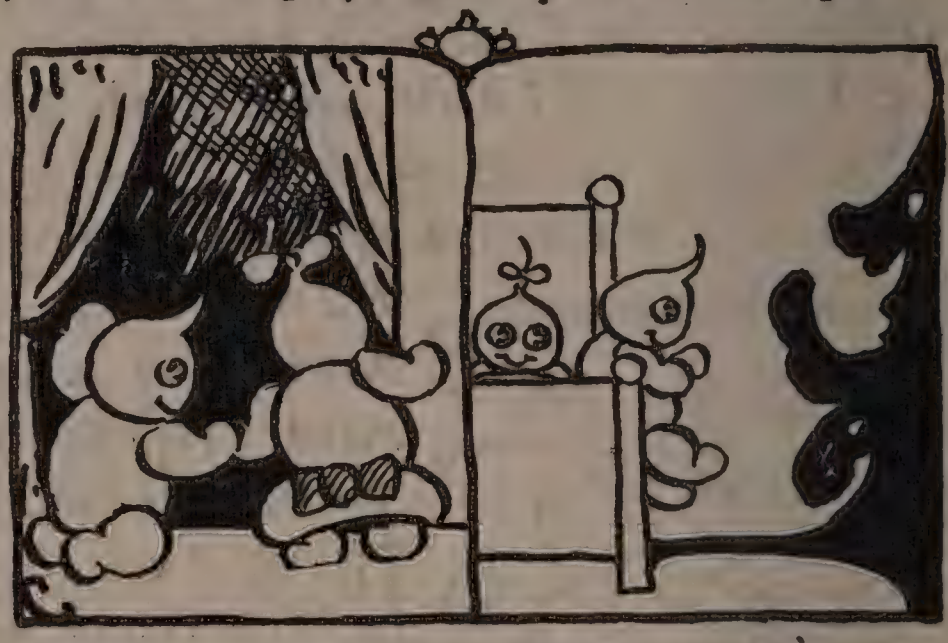
Now Dearie - what do you think? Queen Pinkie and the KING ran off and left your letter unfinished, that is one thing I don't like about Chubbies, they will

leave things UNDONE, that is a bad HABIT. GOOD HABITS ARE AS EASY TO MAKE AS BAD HABITS. GOOD HABITS are hard to BREAK.

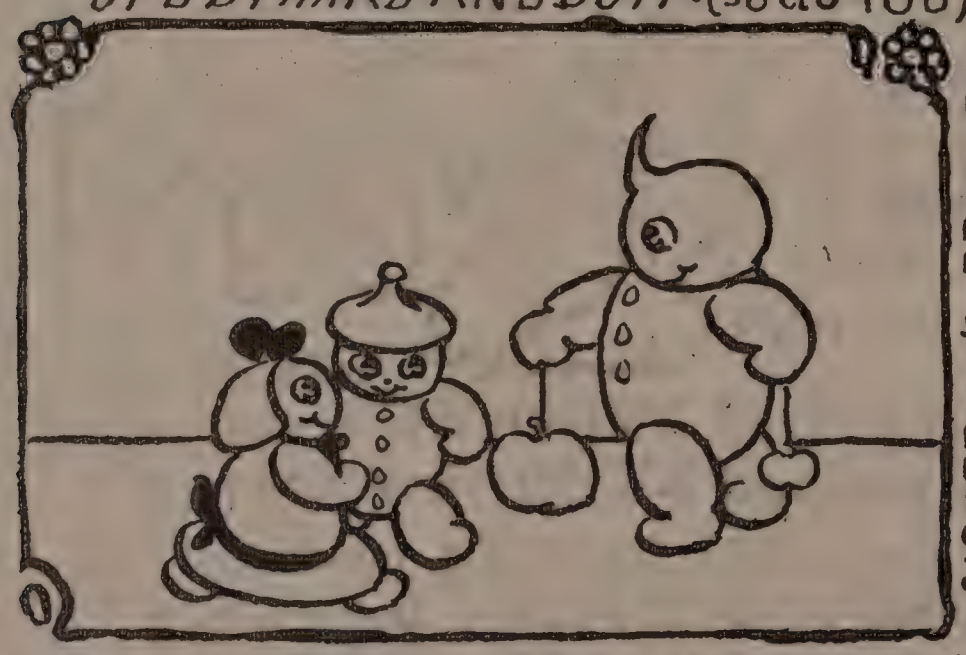
If you want to hear from the Chubbies again, please let me know. I must go and con-sole poor little Ted, I wish YOU were here, I would take you along, Teddie would be glad, and then we would have some FUN.



WHEN CHUBBIES HAVE SOME WORK TO Do
THEY KEEP RIGHT ON TILL *THRU IT-WHEN*
CHUBBIES HAVE A *SUM OR TWO*-THEY
STUDY HARD AND *DO IT*-(So do YOU)



CHUBBIES DO NOT MIND AT ALL
GLOOMY CORNERS IN THE HALL
THEY JUST LAUGH AND *THEN THEY SAY*
"*NICE* OLD SHADOW WANTS TO *PLAY*-

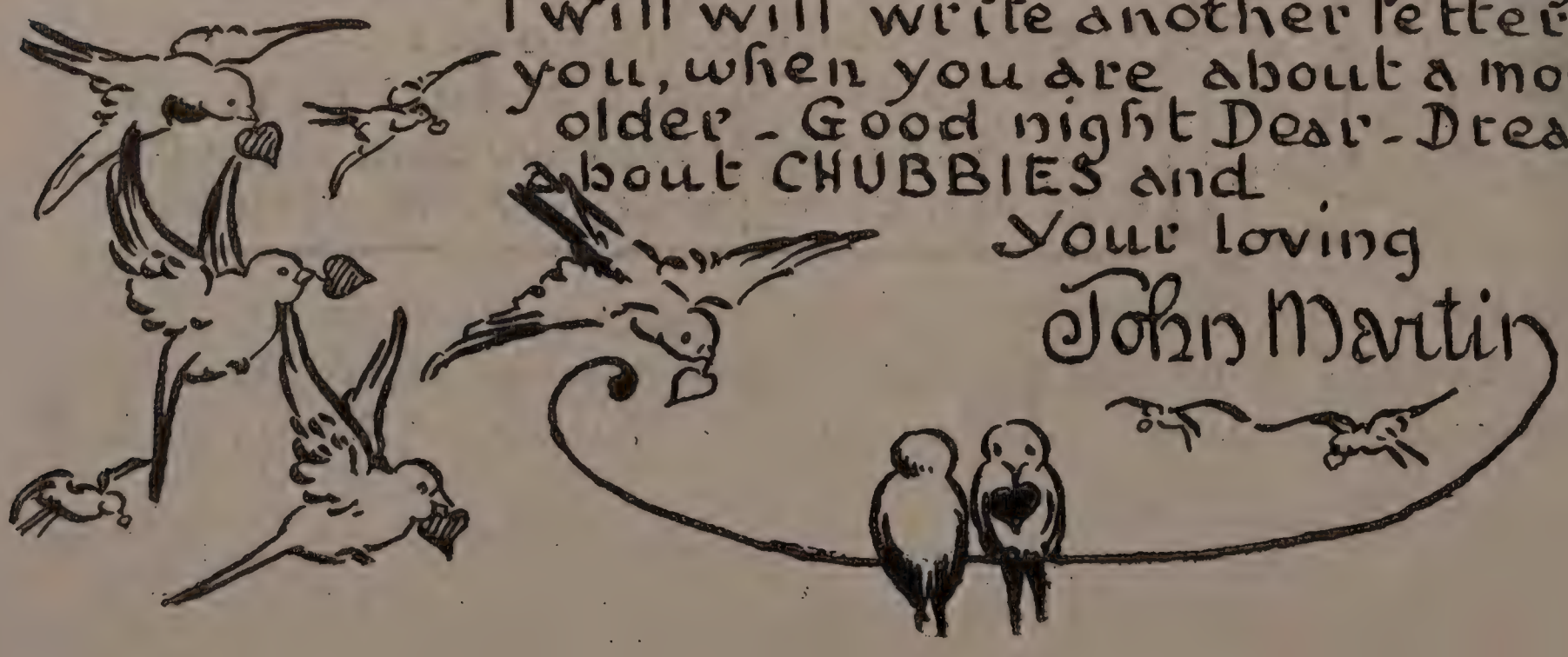


WHEN CHUBBIES HAVE *TWO* APPLES AND
ONE'S BIGGER THAN THE OTHER - THEY
ALWAYS GIVE THE BIGGEST ONE TO
→ SISTER or to *BROTHER*



AS FOR NEATSOME TIDINESS, CHUBBIES
ARE A WONDER - *THEY* JUST CLEAN
'MOST EV'RYWHERE .. *OUTSIDE* -
INSIDE - UNDER . (So do you)

There, that's all about the CHUBBIES in *this letter*
I think of you in my heart - I send little
Heart Birds *to you with my love, every day*
I will will write another letter to
you, when you are about a month
older - Good night Dear - Dream
about CHUBBIES and
Your loving
John Martin



MY·BOOK·HOUSE

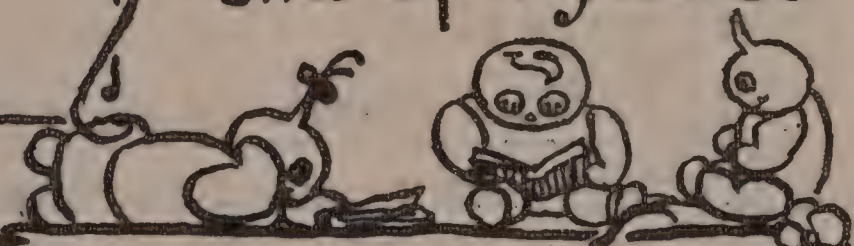


A Book is just a cozy House;
Nice Words and Letters live inside.
And when I want to visit them,
I open both the covers wide.
I look right in, and there I find
A lot of Friends I want to see,
And every thing and every one
Is very nice and kind to me.



Each page is like a big, white room,
And there are Letters all around,
And when I call them by their names
Each name has quite a different sound.
And when I say their names just right
They always spell a word for me.
So I just think I ought to know
The Alphabet, from A to Z.

There are a few Good Books who are *good friends*. I'll tell you about a few of them at the end of my letter



You will be Kind to your Book I am SURE. You will *never* stamp on it - or tear it - or muss it up with *dear* STICKY little hands or fingers (will you?)

My Book IS like a cozy House,
With Friends inside who want to show
Me lots of things I want to see,
And other things I ought to know.
And so I'd better try to take
Good care of every kind of Book,
Because I want the Friends inside
To love to have me come and look.

HERE come some Good Books

A CHILD'S GARDEN OF VERSES, by that good, kind, patient Mr. Stevenson. Made by Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago, .75 cents. In my last month's letters to some of you children, I wrote about another kind of the same Book, but I want you all to know about lots of different printings of it, because every child just ought to know it almost by heart. It will make your heart BIG and very happy. This Book has nice colored pictures, and is a good Book, and does not cost much. (Yes, I like it.)



HERE ARE SOME MORE BOOKS. (1,2,3 MORE.)



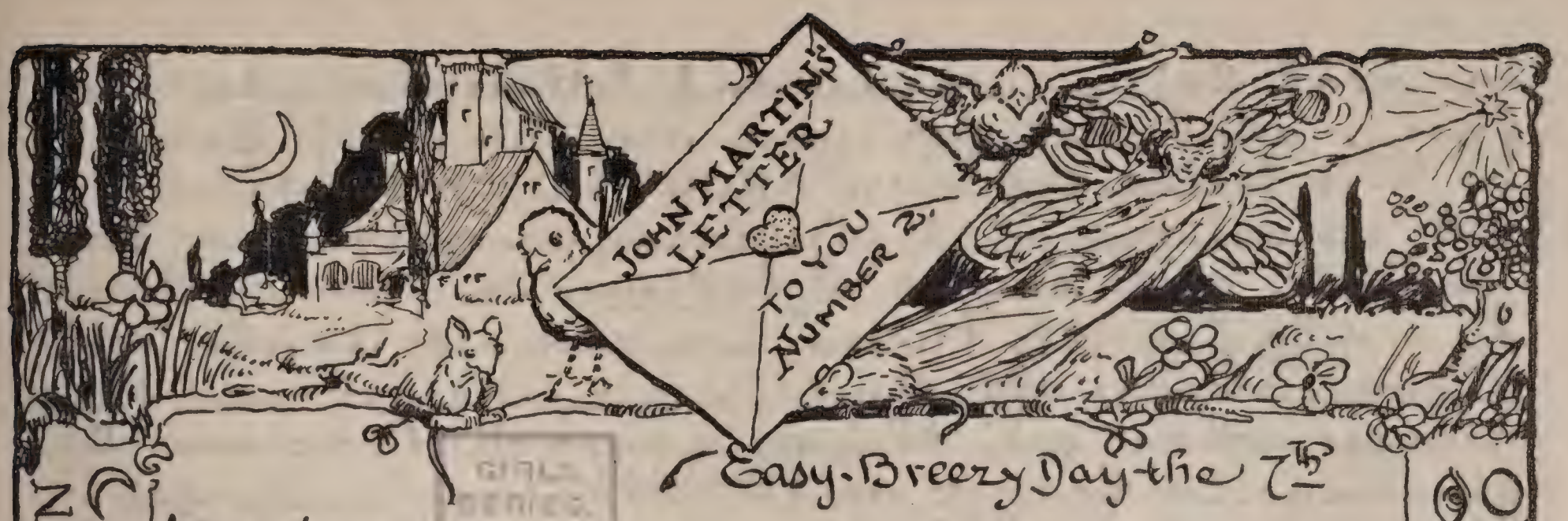
THE LITTLE ANIMALS.

LITTLE STORIES about LITTLE ANIMALS for LITTLE CHILDREN. Made by The Childrens' Publishing Co., Cincinnati, O. Price 60 cents. O, this is the dearest little book ever! I want to HUG every little animal in every picture, and as for BUMBLE BEE, and FUZZY WUZZY, the Pussy Cat, -- well, I don't know what to DO, -- so I HUG the little RED BOOK and all its pretty colored pictures. You will want to Hug FUZZY, too, and BUMBLE BEE. (He would never sting you.)

DUTCH DITTIES FOR CHILDREN. This is a SONG BOOK. The songs are dear and merry and sweet. The MUSIC is there, and many of the songs are the kind that you will hum when you play, and some of them are what Big People call "real music". It is a book that you will always love. It is large and has pretty pictures all painted in BLUE. (Like an old blue platter.) You can get the book from Mr. G. Schirmer, New York and it costs $1.25, net. (Net means "no less".)

LAST OF ALL I want to tell you about a VERY VERY good SET of Books for Children. The set has ten volumes, and they are full of the best pictures, -- some painted and lots in plain black ink. Every story that Children should read is in these books, -- the very best, the sweetest and most helpful, that Wise Men and Women have gathered from EVERYWHERE, --the kind of stories that help make little Girls and Boys grow up to be wise, kind, and strong Men and Women. Of course the ten books cost more than ONE book, but then, you get EVERYTHING that is good for you to read out of many more than ten other books, so you have a LIBRARY almost. I have read the books all through and I can't find anything that I do not think is right for you to read. The ten books are called "THE CHILDRENS' HOUR" and they are made by Houghton Mifflin Co., Boston. They cost $17.50, for the ten books, but you don't have to pay all that money at one time. You can pay more for the books if you want prettier and prettier covers on them. When little Boys and Girls come to see me, I just give them a chair and let them have a Good Time reading the books and looking at the pictures. They are made so that children from five years to sixteen years will find them interesting. I wrote a *lot* about those Books - but TEN BOOKS make a LOT of Books - Good bye again.

John Martin



Easy-Breezy Day-the 7th

My dear

Here I am - I am Méri the Fairy - You remember, don't you, Dear, that John Martin said that I could write to you? I am so glad, that my heart is bumping in a nice way. I am not BIG, but my heart has very big feelings and bumps in a nice cozy big way when I think how much I love you. I will not write to you in "FAIRIE writ-ing", because you could not read my let-ter, so my friend John will put down what I tell him to write: I am sitting on his finger, so he will write exactly what I tell him. O! it is just like riding horse back, and when John makes big let-ters or draws a picture in a hurry, my FINGER HORSE just gallops and kicks up his heels - O, I wish you were here to see

I suspect that JOHN MARTIN likes to make his finger KICK UP, for there is some mis-chief and lots of FUN in him - THERE! SEE, the GALLOP MARKS he made when I said that. - (O, John Martin, wait till I get you in MY woods - I'll - I'll - well - I'll TWEAK YOUR NOSE) - Dearie, you must study the FAIRY ALPHABET, so that I can write you

divides sentences

we do not like "periods" and "comas"

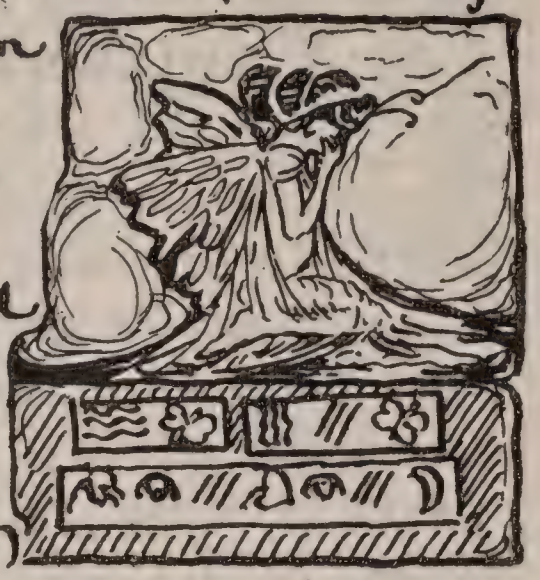
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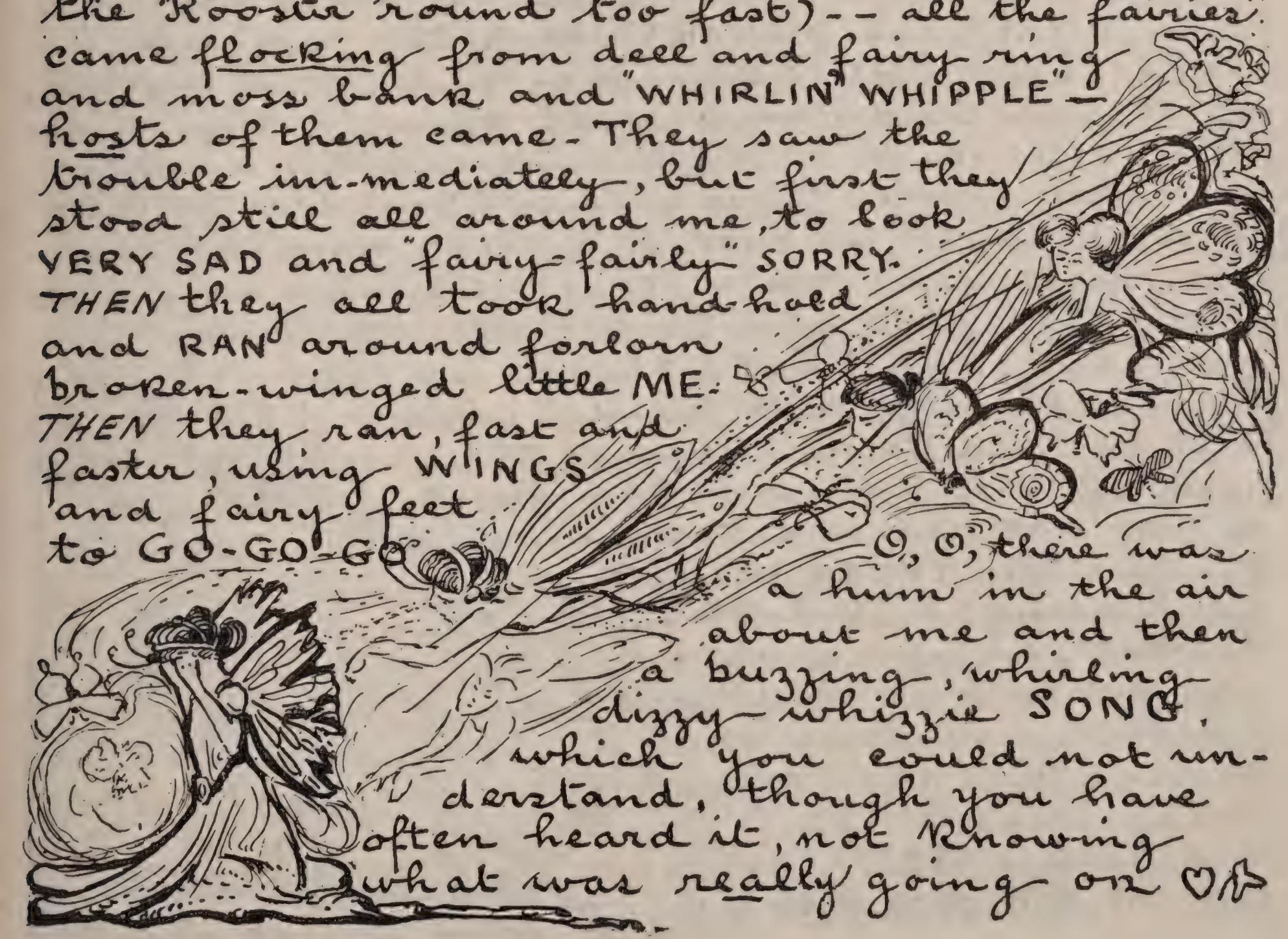
in real fairy words and letters; I made the fairy alphabet for you on the first page of this letter. NOW ABOUT US — When we get acquainted with children, or when we hear a little girl say — "I believe in fairies: I want to play with them", we almost dance our silver shoes off. And Dearie, we get sad sometimes when we think you children are beginning to forget us. Our hearts get heavy and our heels seem to have briars in them. Now you know what makes Fairies GLAD and SAD. I must tell you some simple things about US some things you ought to know, so when you go into the woods your eyes will SEE MORE THINGS. For instance, about a Fairy's WINGS; they are the most important things we have — except our hearts — we can get our wings mended if they get hurt or broken, but our HEARTS — how hard it is to mend a fairy's broken heart. So Dearie, never, never stamp on flowers we have planted, or pull them up by the roots — dirt and all. Now I will tell you how WINGS are mended. Yes, our wings get broken in many ways. Sometimes they get torn by a sharp gust of wind out of the cold North Land, or we may get excited when a whole flock of us is romping in the air, and we aren't careful; so we may tumble into a briar bush, or down through pine needles and sometimes, sharp, stiff sticks "snap" at us and do us a DAMAGE. O; yes there are many ways to injure our wings, but the best way to mend them, even YOU, dear little wise "World Child" could never guess. Now, here — right here I get off of my "finger horse" to write THIS WITH MY OWN HAND —

when I get a broken wing or two, I am the most forlorn of all forlorn little creatures,- except perhaps a poor, wet little Persian kitten. You know, we can't dance, or think, or laugh without our wings being in good order.

When I have a broken pair of wings, I kneel down in some Hiding-away-Place, and I cry and cry with my two hands over my face. Tears trickle through my fingers and spatter among the leaves and grasses (some times tears make diamonds or pearls, and some times only little white violets) When a fairy cries (but she does'nt cry in a noisy way) her sobs are some how heard, or felt, by all the fairy folk from far or near.



The last time I broke my wings (I tumbled off of a Weather Cock - Old North Wind spun the Rooster 'round too fast) -- all the fairies came flocking from dell and fairy ring and moss bank and "WHIRLIN' WHIPPLE" — hosts of them came - They saw the trouble im-mediately, but first they stood still all around me, to look VERY SAD and "fairy-fairly" SORRY. THEN they all took hand-hold and RAN around forlorn broken-winged little ME. THEN they ran, fast and faster, using WINGS and fairy feet to GO-GO-GO



O, O, there was a hum in the air about me and then a buzzing, whirling dizzy whizzie SONG, which you could not understand, though you have often heard it, not Knowing what was really going on

THIS was The WING-MENDING SONG

"Ciz-zz - ciz-zz, whiz-z, biz-zy wings -
Whir-r-r, swi-r-rl gossamer *THINGS!*
Cobweb all misty and twisty and blue:
Thistle down lazy and sleepy with dew:
Ciz-zz - ciz-zz, *come* Woo-ing Birds - woo!
COME QUICKLY! COME *FLYING!* THERE'S MENDING TO DO."

Then the song and spinning stops and three Woo Birds always come from "Somewhere". One of the birds carries a "gossamer web" in his bill, the other two flutter about very IMPORTANTLY and much excited. The fairies make a close "Ring" about forlorn me and the three WOO BIRDS; and then start a-whirling again so that a bright "Rainbow Ring" of fairies' wings hides what is going on *inside* the Ring - Few World Children know what happens, but I will tell YOU, Dear. My face is covered with my hands (but still, I peek once in a while.) Then the three Woo Birds (DICK, DICKER and DICKON) catch the cob web in their three little bills. They pull at it and tug at it, and twitter and scold through their tight-shut bills; each bird tugging at his own corner, that makes three corners (Your teacher calls it a TRIANGLE, we call it a WING-WANGLE). The birds pull until the web is nice and even and flat; then Dick Woo Bird pulls his corner over my head, and I hold the corner he held with my two hands, while Dickon and Dicker spread the rest of the web over the "frame" of my tattered and torn wings.

Then the THREE Woo Birds go fussing and dabbing about, snipping off ragged edges here and tucking in long ends there. (O, THEY ARE THREE BUSY BIRDS and rather BOSSISH too



When the wings are all even and rose-leaf-glossy smooth, Dickon gets under my wings and spies through them; if he can see Dick's bright eyes sparkle plainly on the other side, why, then the "mending work" is well done. THEN, O, THEN, DEAR() you should be around then, to see and hear those fairies carry on. The Woo Birds flutter and chatter and scold - for fear of more broken wings. The fairies spin and buzz, and rush and swirl and

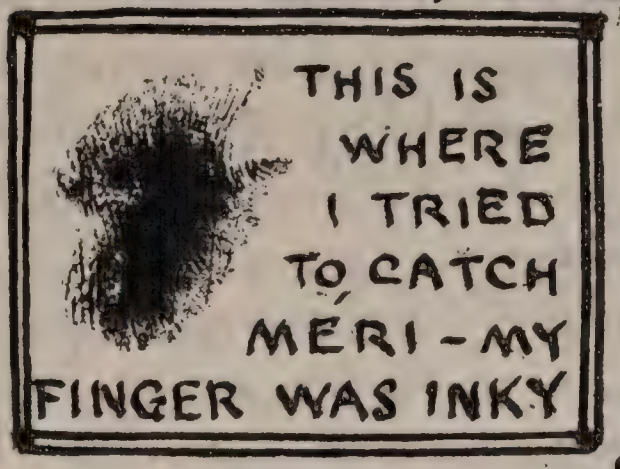


Oh, Dear! see what that Méri made her HORSE DO! & you may think Méri is a light weight; no, no, Dear for see how she has "squished" down the other writing in your letter, but she is a dear so I let her drive me as hard as she wants to - you will have to spin this page around to read it I am thinking - JM

NOW I AM WRITING AGAIN - O, surely you have heard that fairy JOY BUZZ! in the late afternoon in Midsummer, where there are tall close-growing pine trees, and gray sticks and stones, and mosses and yellow flower spots, and when the sun pushes through the trees a golden, glimmering shimmering FAN of LIGHT that makes pretty puddles of WARM to play in - O, it is THEN dear, then - when JOY happens - The littlest birds start twittering, fluttering, and singing short, excited joy songs - Then insects go crazy with jealousy about our wings and buzz backwards, out of tune - Chipmunks chatter, Squirrels scold and jerk their tails

LOOK!

I was afraid that very thing would happen. Meri got so excited that she spurred my poor tired fingers on till they just ached; she whirled them around, she made them gallop and prance; at last my fingers kicked up and OFF went Meri. I tried to catch her, but she is as quick as a flash, so she's gone, - GONE, a big dab of ink is left and only way to show where I leave dabbed for Meri last. That is the girls Fairies sometimes act, -- they things un- done. (So do little sometimes.)



But Meri loves you more than you know, and though she has flown away, her Heart is all over this letter. I am finishing this letter on my Typewriter because my finger is so tired, and there are some things which ought to be explained, that Meri said, and that you should know. For instance: a WOO BIRD is just a Fairy Bird. They are about as big as Blue Birds and they have a way of changing their suits of feathers to suit themselves, but they are beautiful with every change. The WOO BIRDS keep Fairies from getting into Mischief (as much as they can) and when the Fairies do get into Mischief, the WOO BIRDS help them out, as I have told you; but they always give a mischievous Fairy a good lecture afterwards. Another thing, -- WOO BIRDS stop Fairies just before they tell Fibs. They say, "Now, now, be careful, tut-tut! Ke-tut!" That always drives a fib away.



Then, NEXT, Fairies' wings are almost like Maple Leaves in shape, and perhaps you have seen one of those leaves in the autumn, with the green part all gone, when nothing is left but a pretty web of little white Rivers all running together like lace. . .Well, that part of the wings never gets lost or broken, -- it just keeps staying

or growing there, whatever happens. It is only the glossy, silken cover that is sometimes torn or broken. Then comes the work of the WOO BIRDS. You may have gone out-doors in the early morning when the dew was still shining in the grass and on sagging cobwebs, then you must have seen a little HAMMOCK of gossamer hanging between two gray stones, with a big piece gone out of the middle. Well, those WOO BIRDS nipped that piece away during the night when you were asleep, (they did it very slyly and carefully), and carried it away to the WOO BIRDS' TREE, knowing that it would come in handy for broken wings some day.

NEXT. Meri speaks of the WHIRLING WHIPPLE. That is a place beside a brook, where there is a tiny sandy beach. Near by and all around are round stones and jagged boulders and sticks and old fallen trees and mossy spots hidden in the shade. It is here that Fairies play a game that is a little like "Snap-the-whip", only the Fairies FLY in a long row, and land on the beach with a BUZZ and a shout. The Fairy who gets her feet wet must stand tip-toes on an old log or mossy stone, buzzing her wings all the time till another Fairy gets wet feet. When all but ONE get a wetting, (the BUZZ going on all the time), all the Fairies pounce on that ONE and give her wet feet. They think that a great game, and the last wet one is made Queen for that day.



Dearie, I am afraid I must stop this Fairy letter, and O, I don't want to stop, for there are so many things I want to tell you, -- things that Meri has told me, and things that I have found out. O, O, if you would only let me write you a BOOK, called "The Secrets of Fairyland", Why, do you know that there are BOY FAIRIES? Do you know how color like a rainbow grows and stays on a Fairy's wings?



Do you know that Fairies follow little girls when they go through "certain kinds of woods", and show them things and places that they never would have seen if Fairies had not been tagging on after them? And many and many a time Fairies keep little girls from stumbling or going into "Hazard Places". And, -- did you ever feel your hair pulled in a little gentle way, when it was all towzled and about your ears? Well, a Fairy tweaked it, or took a good SWING on a long tossing lock, just for the FUN of it.

Yes, Dear, I could write on and on,

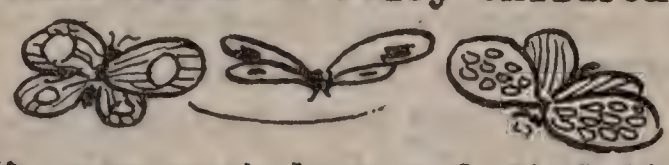


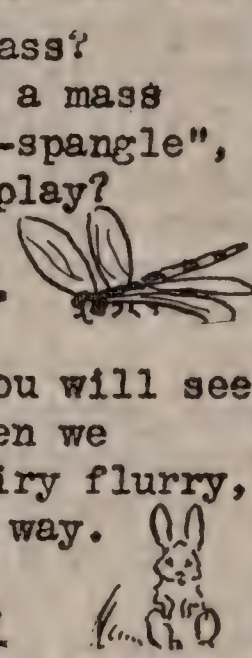
JUST FOR LUCK

but I must not. I have no room left to tell about BOOKS, except a very few lines, which I hope you will read. HERE IS A *REAL*

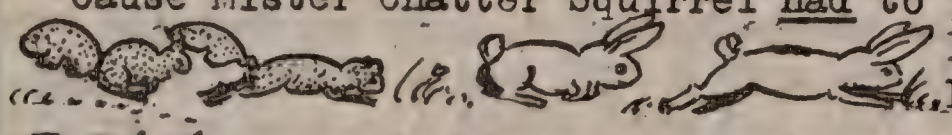
FAIRY SONG

You never heard a rustle and a bustle in the grass?
You never saw the clover bend right over, where a mass
Of greeny things a-tangle make a Fairy "Spingle-spangle",
That hides us Fairy Children when we dance and play?
DEAR ME!
Please DO.



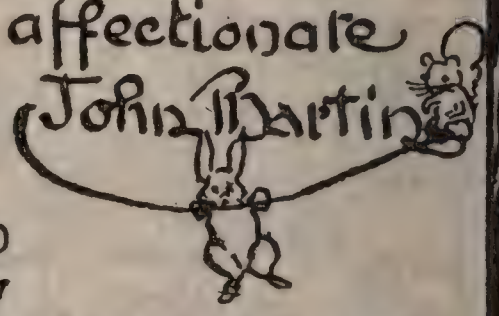


O, you must look and find it; there behind it you will see
Some pretty Fairy Places and the traces left when we
Had to hurry off and scurry, in a frightened fairy flurry,
'Cause Mister Chatter Squirrel had to pass that way.
DEAR ME!
DEAR YOU!



Méri has tucked in little *FAIRY MESSAGES* all over your letter. You can translate them by looking back to the *FIRST PAGE*. You must forgive that up-side-down Page and the BLOT too: *MÉRI DID IT.* She is a darling Child Fairy and when she gets fas-ci-nating, she twists my work and my HEART around her little finger. Good bye, Dearie, for a little while, I am going off to "Somewhere" to get NEWS for your next letter. Méri sends her love (as you can see by the "message" at the very end of this letter) *THINK OF ME*

Your affectionate
John Martin



P.S. O, Yes - Here are TWO BOOKS you ought to see —

PETER PAN. Illustrated by Arthur Rackham. Published by Scribner's Sons, New York, $5.00 net. And MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM, with pictures by Arthur Rackham, too. The second book is made by Doubleday Page & Co., New York, and costs the same as PETER PAN. When you can, you ought to have these books, for the pictures by that wonderful Mr. Rackham are so full of Fairy Lore and Thought that you are just "let right into" Fairy Secrets.

I wish that you and I could sit side by side and just study those books. I tell you, we'd learn a lot! And maybe I could tell you something more than you could see. HEART and IMAGINATION are in every line of the pictures, -- do you know what I mean?

John Martin's Letter To You

NUMBER 3.

BOY'S SERIES, 5 TO 7 YEARS

Joyday the 21st

My dear

This is going to be SUCH a funny letter. I am going to tell you about a LITTLE *BEAR* I once Knew. He was an in-quis-it-ive little chap and one day he was disobedient so his good Mother *HAD* to SPANK him some.



The little BEAR'S name was QUIZZY; his Mother's name was GRIZZY *BELL* and his Father's name was Mr. GRIZZY *BILL*. That does not make a big family. Quizzy was a lonely, only child, but still his parents did not spoil him.

When Quizzy was naughty he was punished in the *right* way: at the *right* time and in the right place and when it was all over Quizzy always said — "*Thank you, Mother*", or "*I'm much obliged, Father*," and then Quizzy tried *HARD* never to be naughty again. *NOW I* must tell you about the way Quizzy got HONEY and how badly his Mother felt. because her little son was *TOO* IN-QUIS-IT-IVE and because he was DIS-O-BE-DI-ENT. I will write all about it in POET-ry, because I always *FEEL* that way when I am telling things about QUIZZY; but my letter will not



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MORGAN SHEPARD, 42 WEST 39TH ST., NEW YORK

LOOK like POETRY, so, Dear, you will have to make it SOUND like it, (see if you can). HERE IS THE PLACE TO BEGIN.

Yes, Quizzy was a little BEAR and he was QUIZZY-TIVE, - by "QUIZZY-TIVE" I mean to say that QUIZZY could n't live without *IN*quiring *into* things and poking with his nose, at things he did n't Know about, or did Know, I suppose. But O, he was a jolly cub; so ROUND and FAT and BROWN, that he would ROLL a yard or two each time he tumbled down.



But he'd get up and *rub* his nose and never CRY at all; he'd *hug* his little self and say - "*That's 'most like playing* BALL".

Young Quizzy had a MOTHER and her name was GRIZZY-BELL, and she was big and brown and strong, but very *KIND* as well. Quiz had a nice BIG Father too; *his* name was GRIZZY-*BILL*, and these three Bears lived in a CAVE on top of HONEY HILL.



That hill was such a HILL-Y hill, so very steep and high, that Quizzy's Mother did n't want her little son to try to waddle down that HILL-Y HILL, for QUIZ was ROUND and small. He might get hurt or bump his nose, if he should ever fall. O, yes, his Mother Knew quite well, by falling at the TOP of that big hill her only son would NEVER, NEVER stop: because her little Son was ROUND, 'most like a wooly BALL, so if he got a-rolling Down he'd never STOP AT ALL. So Quizzy's Mother told her Cub to stay at home and play, while she went shopping in the woods a mile or so away; and by and by when she comes back and finds her Boy at HOME, she'll *HUG* him some and wash his face and



give him Honey Comb.

So, Dearie, you will surely see that little Quizzy had a a CURIOSITY in him that made him rather sad. It was because his Mother went FRESH HONEY COMB to find, and always left her little SON most CARE-FULLY behind. What little Quizzy should have done, instead of getting BLUE, was to have SMILED and looked around for something else to DO.



Instead of being CURI-OUS and full of QUIZZY-*NESS*, he should have stayed at HOME and found some other BUSY-*NESS*. But Quiz was almost eaten up with CURIOSITY. He *must* go HUNT, he *would* FIND OUT, he *should* go LOOK and SEE *exactly* how his Mother got fresh HONEY from the Bees. (YUM! YUM! but IT was MIGHTY good with cookies and with CHEESE)



So, with a ROLY-POLY TROT away ran Quizzy Bear. Away he wobbled down the hill, through woods and fields to where there there was a SCHOOL FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.



He was quite sure *THEY* Knew most EVERY THING, so *THEY* could tell where *NICE FRESH HONEY GREW.*

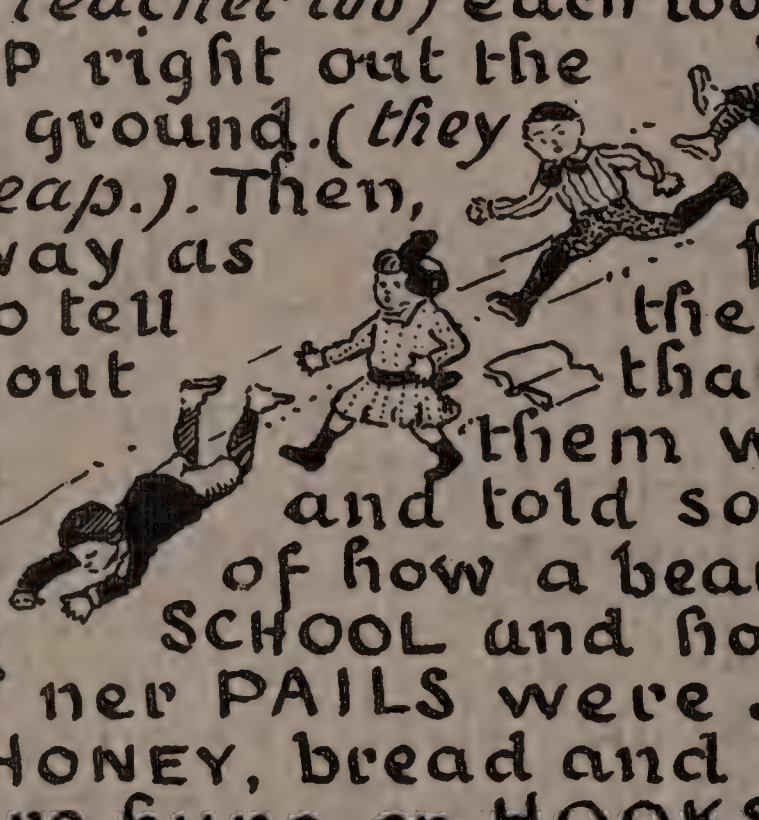


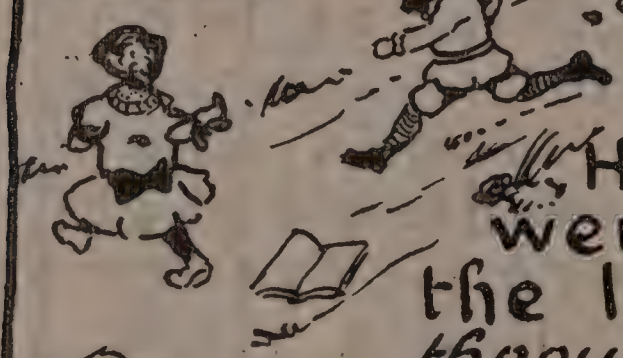
So, like a little GENTLEMAN he stood up good and straight, and walked upon his *hinder* legs right through the school yard gate. The School-house *DOOR* was open wide, so Quizzy thought it right, to walk on in and make a Bow to show he was PO-LITE.



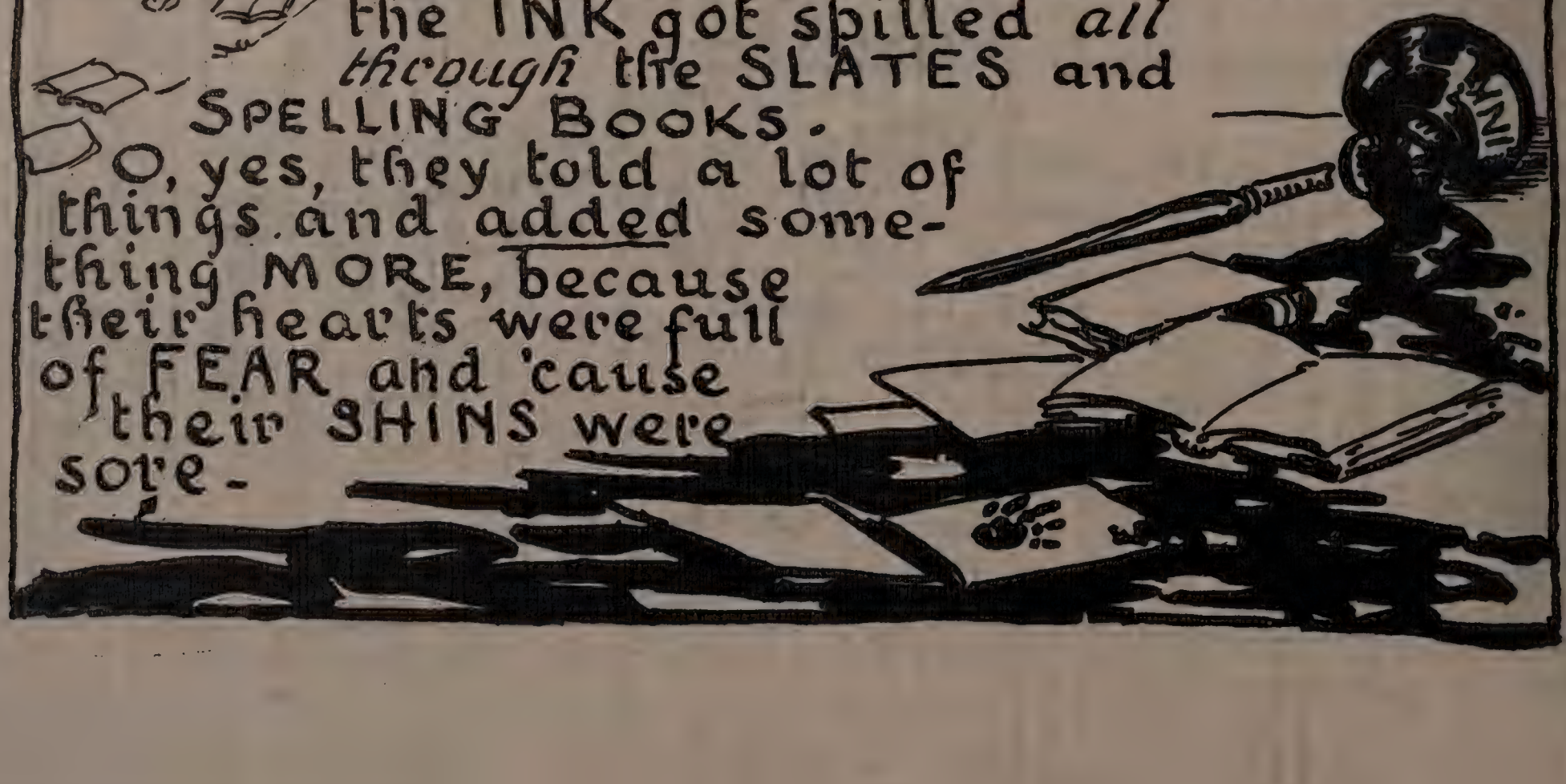
Then O, the HARUM-SCARUM time, the RUMPUS and the FUSS; the scampering, the clattering; the TOPSY-TURVY MUSS. The Boys and Girls all screamed at once. The teacher gasped for breath, and everybody flew around, just frightened 'most to death. Then all the Children, (*teacher too*) each took a FLYING LEAP right out the WINDOW to the ground. (*they landed in a heap.*). Then, one and all, they TORE away as fast as they could TEAR, to tell the neighbors everything about that little BEAR. Each one of them was out of breath and told some awful TALES of how a bear had come to SCHOOL and how their dinner PAILS were *stuffed* with HONEY, bread and PIE. The pails were hung on HOOKS. And how the INK got spilled *all through* the SLATES and SPELLING Books.







O, yes, they told a lot of things and <u>added</u> something MORE, because their hearts were full of FEAR and 'cause their SHINS <u>were</u> sore.



You see, when FEAR gets in our hearts the TRUTH gets crowded out, and so we are not CARE-FUL with the things we tell about.

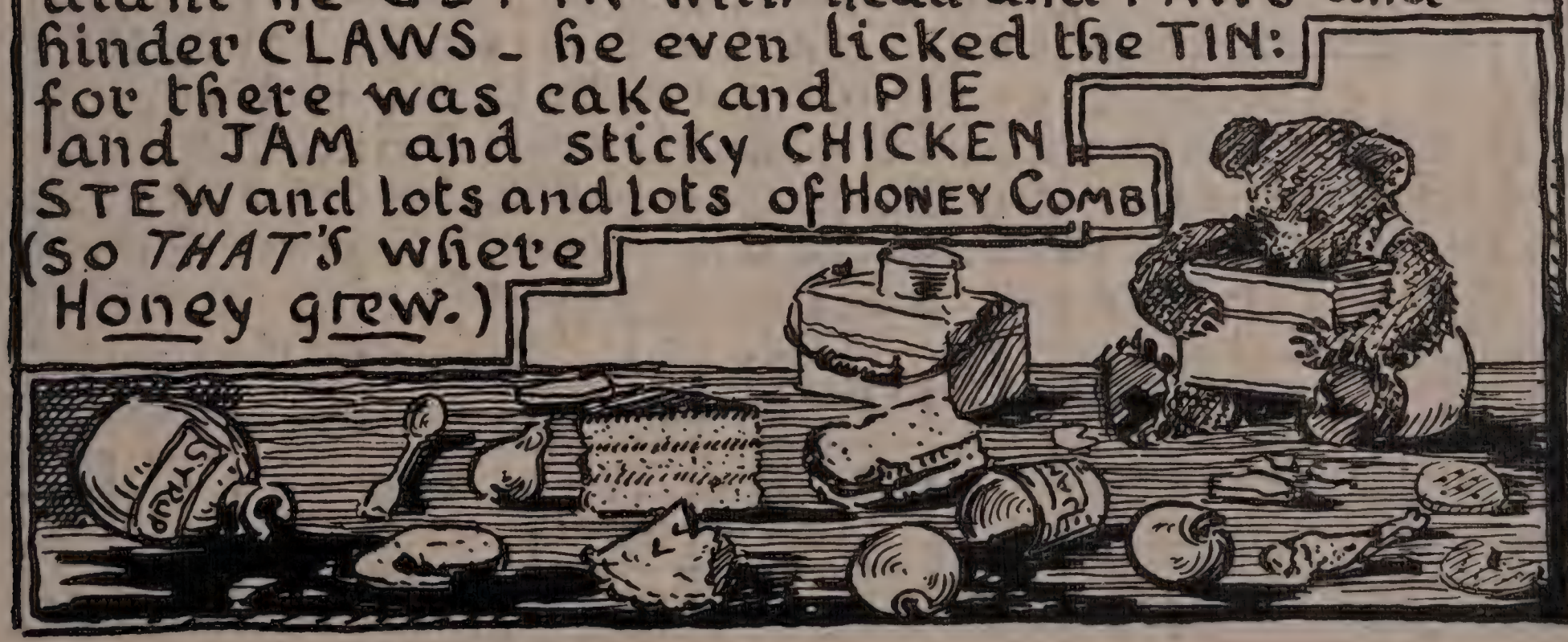
Besides, I've noticed many times, we *like* our friends to STARE and say "O, *dear*, how terrible" - when we talk of a BEAR.



But what of Quizzy all this time? Poor Cub, he stared and stared and wondered WHY those people got so BUMPY-JUMPY scared.

Poor Quizzy looked about the room as puzzled as could be, and said - "O, dear! it is so queer that they're AFRAID of ME. Why should those children scream and RUN when I drop in to call? It's very strange indeed and *I* can't understand at all.

Why, *I* just would'nt hurt a thing: I wouldn't hurt a FLEA; I'd let him bite with all his might - and even *TICKLE ME*. But while I'm here, I may as well poke into things a bit, and if I find a honey COMB I'll comb my hair with it! I'll never have a better chance to POKE, so I suppose I might as well begin at once and DO IT WITH MY NOSE." So Quizzy squizzled up his nose. He SNIFFED both high and low, until he found *THE DINNER PAILS* all hanging in a row. O, was'nt he EX-cited then! O, did'nt he GET IN with head and PAWS and hinder CLAWS - he even licked the TIN: for there was cake and PIE and JAM and sticky CHICKEN STEW and lots and lots of HONEY COMB (so *THAT'S* where Honey grew.)



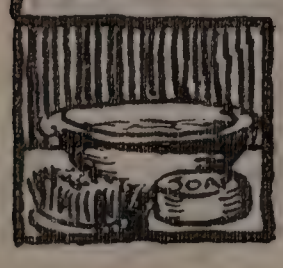
O, greedy Quiz, BE-WARE! be-WARE! Don't gobble up the FLOOR. Just LOOK, O, LOOK! Your Mother stands behind you NEAR THE DOOR.

Yes, there was MOTHER Grizzy-Bell, her face was LONG and SAD, because her only Quizzy Son could be so very bad. *Ahem*"! said she, "it seems to me my Son is *FAR* from Home; I've something that I want to say, I think you'd better come". And Quizzy Knew ex-actly what his BIG, TALL Mother meant, but still he smiled a sticky smile and looked quite in-NO-cent. But he was *NOT* because his NOSE was daubed with JAM and cheese and cracker crumbs that TICKLED him and made him want to SNEEZE. But Quizzy grinned and said - "Gug, gug - O, Mother see my NOSE, it's sweet and sticky so I think I've found where HONEY GROWS". Said GRIZZY-BELL - in saddest tones, "I think that THAT will DO; my son is DIS-obedient and very STICKY too". So Mother Bear took Quizzy by the tip end of his ear and talked to him in such a way, he felt a little queer. And so they climbed up HONEY Hill: poor Quiz SO sad and meek, that sadsome, SORRY, salty tears ran down each wooly cheek.

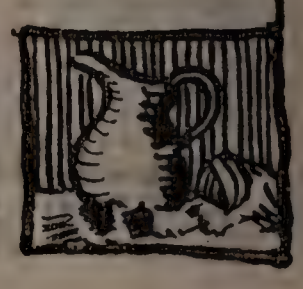




Now, cracker crumbs and Pumpkin PIE - (the Pumpkin made o' SQUASH.) and JAM and cheese on Quizzy's *face*, made Quizzy need a WASH. Well, Sunny Boy, HE GOT A WASH, so good and long and WET, that Quizzy looks all plastered down and SPICK-SPAN TIDY yet.



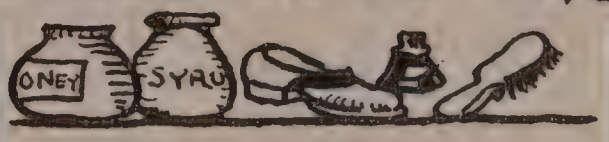
HOW IT ALL ENDED IS TOLD ON THE NEXT PAGE



THEN

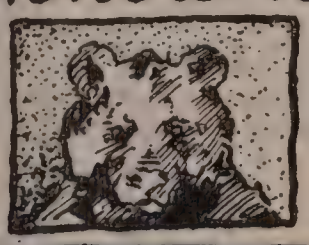
what happened NEXT I do not know, but TWO OLD BUMBLE BEES told *me* one day, that *THEY* had seen, across his Mothers KNEES, a little BEAR that screamed so loud he made the FOREST RING. That makes me think that SOMETHING else besides a BEE can STING.







Dear Boy, that is all about Quizzy for to day; I am very sorry the little bear was disobedient, so is Quizzy and so are you, I am sure. I think when we are little boys it is best to obey, so that when we get big we can ask little boys to obey us, because we Know best.



So let us little Boys OBEY.
Because that shows us HOW
To ask of OTHERS some fine day
What WE ARE DOING NOW.

Good bye, Dear, I will write again very SOON; in about thirty days you will get another letter. Be good and well and have some FUN on EVERY ONE of those days. Your loving

John Martin

PLEASE TELL ME IF YOU LIKE MY LETTERS

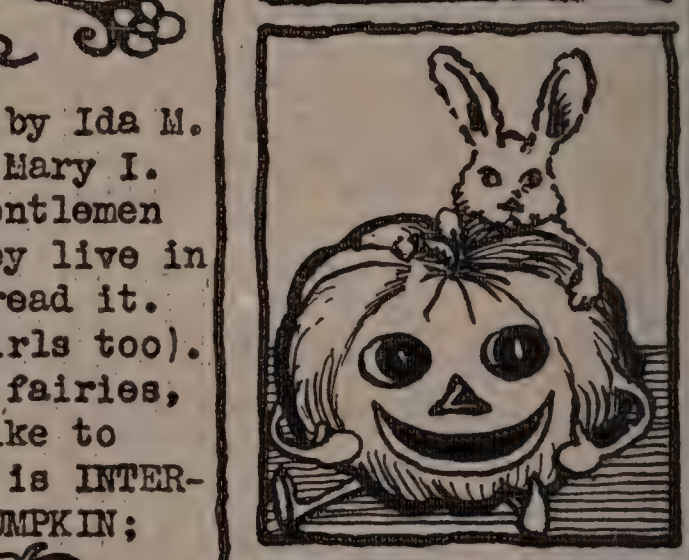
O! BOOKS, BOOKS

THE Gentlemen who make BOOKS for You, have given me THREE Good books to tell you about. I WILL tell you about them because they are good to *have* and good to *Know about*. If you get a LOT of BOOKS and take good care of them, you can put them in a nice STRAIGHT ROW on a SHELF, then you will have a LIBRARY, but Boy, remember that, mussy, dirty, torn BOOKS never can help make a LIBRARY. HERE COME THREE GOOD BOOKS.



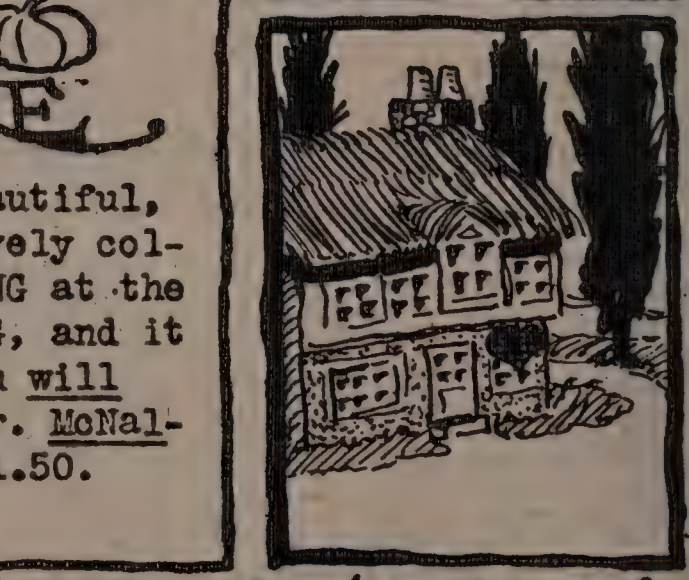
A COZY LION. Isn't that a nice name for a book? The Lion was cozy and kind and full of fun like a nice big cat. He played with Fairies, and one Fairy BOXED HIS EAR, and he never got mad at all and he never scratched once. O, it is a fine book with colored pictures, and it was written by a lady (Mrs. Burnett) who knows all about LIONS and FAIRIES. The book costs 60 cents. The Century Company, New York, makes it.

AND HERE IS ANOTHER



PETER PUMPKIN IN WONDERLAND, by Ida M. Huntington. Full of pictures, made by Mary I. Hunt. The book costs $1.25, and the gentlemen who make it are Rand McNally & Co. (They live in Chicago.) I tell you I had fun when I read it. It's all about a Little Boy, (Little Girls too). O, such wonderful JACK O'LANTERNS, and fairies, and rabbits, and everything Children like to hear about. The book is funny, but it is INTERESTING, too. I'm glad I found PETER PUMPKIN; he's in MY library now.

AND-ONE MORE



THE MUFFIN SHOP is a big, beautiful, HAPPY book. It is all nice Poetry, lovely colored Pictures, and there is a MUSIC SONG at the end of the book, called THE MUFFIN SONG, and it sings all about a nice Muffin Man. You will like the book, I know. Mr. Rand and Mr. McNally, of Chicago make it, and it costs $1.50. Louise a Garnett wrote it all.

THATS ALL. GOOD-BYE AGAIN.

John Martin.



BOY'S SERIES, 7½ TO 10 YEARS OLD

Victoria Land Oneday
The 7th.

My dear

B-r-r-r! but it's cold down here. We are very near the SOUTH POLE. Everybody is trotting down this end of the globe, because they want to see what the South Pole looks like, but I will not bother about it (I'd rather write to You) Here I am all muffled up in skins and furs that don't SMELL like roses; and O! such cold feet. SNOW, SNOW, dull gray skies, long fields of ICE: and Boy, there is such a hard, cruel QUIET in, and over our world down here, that a fellow is almost afraid to shout, for fear something might crack, or the low ROOF of SKY tumble in on him. ✱ ✱ But I am not writing this letter to tell you about this strange, des-o-late country, because one letter wouldn't begin to hold it all. Some day you will read a book called "THE VOYAGE OF THE DISCOVERY" by E. A. Wilson, then you will read about "A Land all wrapped in ICE". This letter will only tell you something very interesting about a strange BIRD that lives down in this Antarctic country. The Bird is THE EMPEROR PENGUIN.



GOING OVER THE ICE-FIELDS.

I am going to write about a YOUNG PENGUIN I got acquainted with; his name is WOGGIE; he is the Son of an "Emperor" (Penguin), so you see he is a sort o' PRINCE. How did I get "acquainted" with Woggie? - Why - it happened in this way.

One day I was taking a walk on the soppy, soggy ice. I heard a great HUB-BUB and a strange

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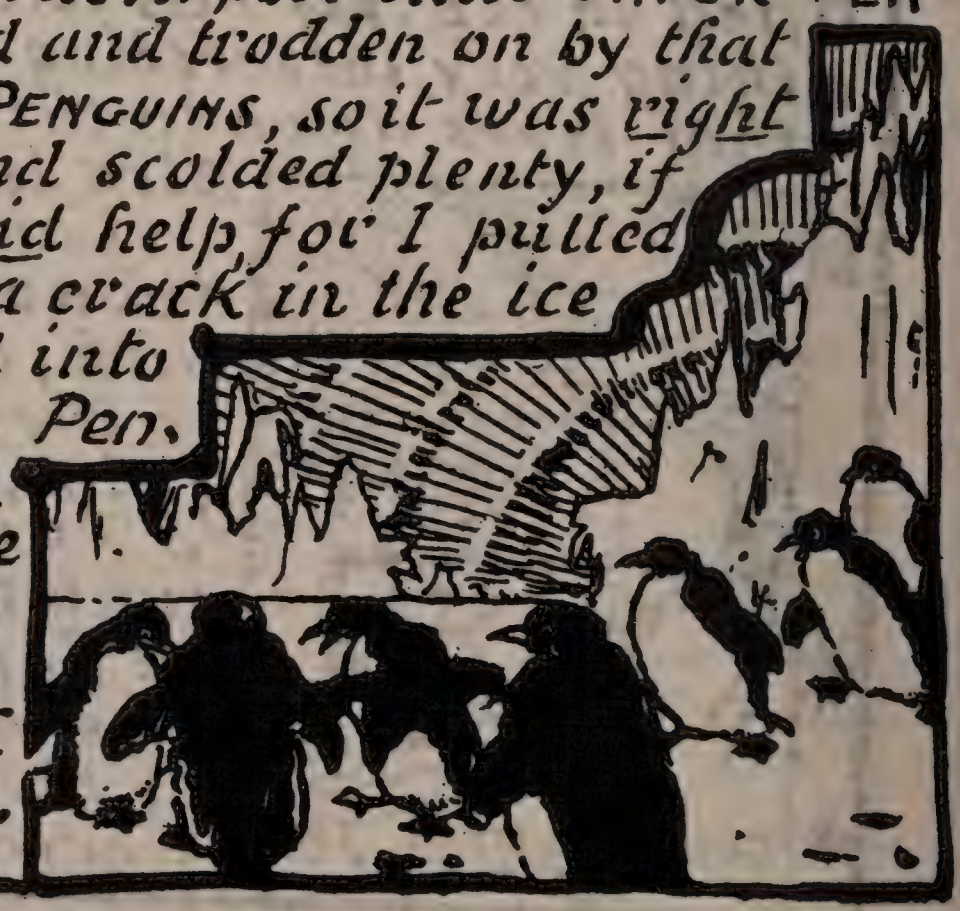
squawking, skooting RUM-PUS; a wild mix up of HOOTS, TOOTS, SCUFFLINGS and QUACK-INGS. (Uff! what a Row!) I wondered what was going on. I hurried around a great pile of ice, that was all lumps, bumps, and points and yellow cracks, — and then I saw a funny sight (that is, it would have been funny if nobody was being hurt, but somebody was getting hurt.)



Just HUNDREDS of big PENGUINS were in a wild mixed SCRIMMAGE. All the birds were flapping their short useless wings, as they squawked, jabbered, and BOSSED about. Some only squawked and waddled near the edge of the muss, giving orders to everybody else. A whole flock of Lady and and Gentlemen Penguins seemed to be having a FOOTBALL scrimmage, ALL OVER and AROUND "Something" that was ALIVE and trying to get away. That poor "Something" was in the middle of the mud-dle, squealing to break its poor little heart. I couldn't stand that, so I bundled right into the crowd - shoulders and elbows (YOU KNOW) - Whew! but that crowd gave me some picking and pecking I shall never forget: judging from the way those Emperor Penguins yelled and trumpeted at me, it is just as well I didn't understand Penguin Language. Ofcourse I know they did not say BAD WORDS, but I do know they were very ANGRY words. A poor little CHICK PENGUIN was being badly bumped and trodden on by that awkward band of GROWN UP PENGUINS, so it was right for me to get pecked hard and scolded plenty, if I could help WOGGIE - I did help, for I pulled the poor little chap out of a crack in the ice that he had been bumped into by that rough Penguin Family..



I took Woggie back with me to my camp, and HERE HE IS ON A BOX.



and Woggie just INSISTS upon telling his own PEN-GUIN-ISH way, so I'll let him have his way, but you must excuse him if he seems a little "touchy" and cr'oss - you see, his feelings have been hurt, and he has been bumped a good deal. HERE COMES WOGGIE'S LETTER, *(does n't he write well for just a Youngster?)*



Dear Friend -

What does John Martin know about a chick Penguin's feelings? He may know how I look and a very little about what I do, but he can't see inside of me, where I keep my feelings. (NO) You see, the trouble is, I have a great many relations and ~~they are~~ all of them are kind o' smart I suppose: they WEIGH a lot too; my Father weighs 90 pounds and MA weighs 80 pounds! Both of them are nearly 4 FEET TALL. Everybody in my family is big and HEAVY. All my relations and every friend of my family are very fond of us chick Penguins and all my Aunts, Uncles and lady Cousins, are just crazy about children. Each one thinks he or she knows exactly what is BEST" for us. Those relations of mine that have no children know the most - that's because they don't have to dress us and make us mind, so they have time to think everything over. I heard Aunt PUFFY say to my Ma and Father the other day - (I was hiding under a lump of ice) - Aunt Puffy said - "Now Lulu (that's MA) you are entirely too careful about Woggie; and as for YOU, Googum, (that's my Father) "you are too strict with the child; I wish I had the bringing up of that Boy". Aunt PUFFY looked very sad, truthful, and WISE. Now, that's what is going on in my ROOKERY all the time. One relation has one big WISE notion about what is best for me; all the rest have lots of foolish little notions, and I'm in the middle of the mixture, and get all mussed up and bundled about, till I can't find a decent puddle to fish in. That's what was going on when John Martin saved me; - if he had not been handy you would never have received this letter. for


FATHER & "MA."

I would still be shivering in that cold crack in the ice, which is much safer and more comfortable, than being "brought UP" by my relations and friends.

CHILDHOOD is n't as pleasant for US as it is for YOU. Every body wants to SIT ON me to keep me warm; all my aunts and uncles like to "cuddle" me and each relative has the best patent way ofcourse. That "BROODING business" is really MOTHER'S work, but FATHER thinks he does it more com-plete-ly. It's the same way with all my HEAVY, WISE, and TALL family. It's cold and wet and icy down here. Somebody lays an EGG, then every body likes to help HATCH it. The one that is hatching gets the egg ON TOP of his TWO FLAT FEET, and snuggles the soft warm feathers of his front part down over the egg, by leaning forward a little; a soft, cozy FEATHER COMFORTER wraps all around the egg. Any body who is hatching an egg tries to look as if nothing was going on under him, but - but, if a relative comes along he or she is sure to suspect an egg under the HATCHER - THEN, O, BIM, BIFF-BUMP - they bowl him over and try to get the egg on all their feet. I tell you, Boy, It's



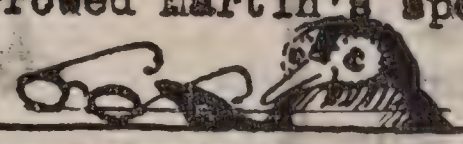
POP SITTING ON ME.



Eggs Often get Smashed.

NOTE. I must explain a few things now and then that Woggie speaks of. It seems to me that he writes very dis-res-pectfully about Relatives; and that is not right, but there is some reason in his feeling "hurt". You see, very few Penguin EGGS are laid by the Hen Penguins, so they are very proud when one is laid. Everybody is proud and wants to have a chance to SIT ON IT, even the Gentlemen Penguins, because they think they know as much about HATCHING out little baby Penguins as the Mother Penguins do. So there is a great time in Penguin-Land when an EGG is to be hatched out.

what YOU call FOOT BALL for the poor egg. Everybody is HEAVY (as I've said before) and not a bit light on their feet, so the eggs are more often smashed than <u>hatched</u>: that's why there are not many Penguins. When by accident we <u>are</u> hatched my whole family squawks with PRIDE and JOY, and trouble begins for WOGGIE. SAY, BOY! I may be a <u>PEN</u>-guin, but I don't think much of PENS. My wings are tired writing with a PEN, so I'll write some of my letter to you on John Martin's Tick-tack Typewriter. . . I've borrowed Martin's spectacles so I can write CAREFULLY.





Now we'll get back to my Family. I want you to put yourself <u>in my place</u>, and imagine a large family of HEAVY Penguins all puffed up with pride and JOY over one SMALL baby Penguin. Just <u>try</u> to see my Family, all weighing over SIXTY <u>pounds</u>, and all of 'em TALL and wobbly. . . Just LOOK at them <u>all</u> making for me <u>at one time</u>! (I can tell you it's <u>EX</u>-citing.) Do you wonder that I am a LITTLE <u>afraid</u> of my family, or that I act a little SHY when they want to "coddle" me?

Sometimes I'm nice and warm on top of Dad's feet, with his beautiful, soft, lemon-colored front-part tucked down over me. Dad is very proud, (because he doesn't get a chance at me often). Dad is very PROUD, but he tries not to <u>show</u> it. He makes believe that he's just "dead tired" and sleepy.

Along comes <u>Aunt Puffy</u> and some friends, from a Mudpuddle Party. I get back on Dad's feet as far as possible. Father looks <u>sleepier</u>, but I





THE PENGUINS HAD NO *FEAR* OF US.

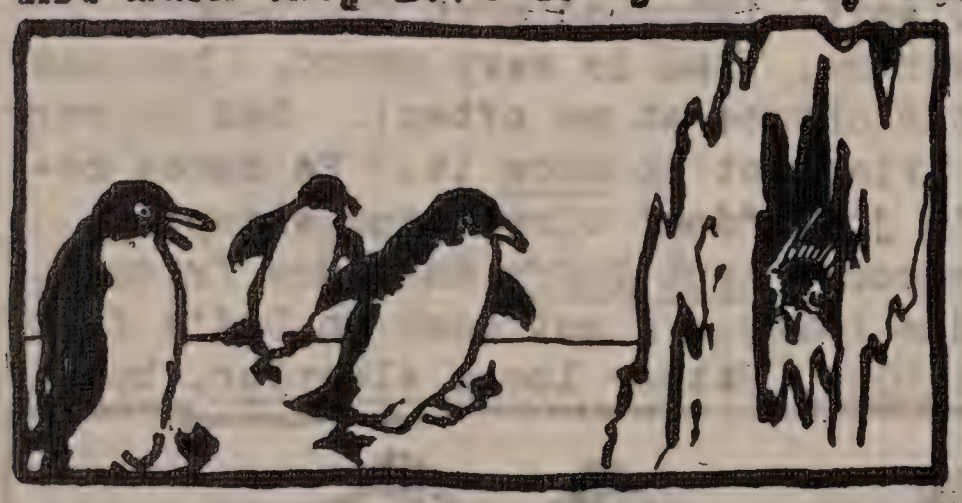
NOTE. Very few eggs get safely hatched out because they are more often broken than not, -- there is such a scrabbling time when everybody wants to SIT on the egg at once. As Woggie said, the Penguin family are all very HEAVY and not par-tic-u-lar-ly graceful or gentle with their feet. Just think of it! Out of every hundred eggs that are laid, only about twenty-three ever get to be little chick penguins. All the Penguin family get after that poor egg, and they play "Foot Ball" with it. Is it a wonder that the eggs get broken?

John (again)

can just feel him bracing his feet good and tight under me, and I know that he is mighty watchful out of the side of his eye. Aunt PUFFY says something to her friends; they shake their heads in a WISE way. Aunt PUFFY comes waddling up to Dad and talks about the "poor fishing" these days. Dad smiles a sleepy smile, but tries to look as pleasant as he can. Auntie asks where I am, and says, "Boys should not be OUT in such damp weather". Father says, "Very true, PUFFY." And he fixes his feet some more, while I tremble so that I almost slip off Father's feet. I know that "butt-over" game is to begin. Then Father mentions some good food in a puddle near by, in hope that the family will go eat, but NO, they are not hungry. Aunt PUFF says, "How nice, Mr. Googum. Let's give some to WOGGIE." With that, she gives Dad an AWFUL BUMP sidewise, (sort o' twisting herself as she does it). Dad tumbles over; all the friends join in the bumping business. I squeal and RUN as fast as my poor stumpy legs will let me. WOW! WOB-BLE! Everybody flounders after me. I get kicked, trodden, bumped, squashed, mussed, mauled, and rolled about.... THEY ALL LOVE ME....You can see how much they LOVE me by the way they get after me....They all want to CUDDLE me. (Excuse me from CUDDLES.) I make for the nearest Crack in the ICE, or a HOLE between rocks, too SMALL FOR MY FAMILY TO GET INTO. It is COLD and WET and HARD in that HOLE, but, O, it's better than being mussed and mauled and SAT ON by the WHOLE PENGUIN FAMILY. Lots of us Chicks die at times like this, rather than be CUDDLED and "brought up". Do you wonder? There's nothing like a good cozy, muddy HOLE to hide in when all your family wants to CUDDLE you



AUNT·PUFFY·HAS·A·WAY OF INTERFERING.



NOTE: Woggie tells the truth in his own rough way. The Lady and Gentlemen Penguins DO make his life miserable, thinking all the time that they are being VERY KIND. They mean all right, but they always go at Woggie in the wrong way, and it is a wonder to me that a Chick Penguin ever grows up to be a big Emperor Penguin. I think that there must be just ONE thing that keeps him alive, and that is a lot of HOPE that some day he will be a big BIRD too, and then he will have a chance to play Foot Ball with eggs and little Penguins in his turn.



at the SAME TIME. It takes ROOM to cuddle. A HOLE is small.

I suppose it is not RIGHT for me to talk this way about my family, because they mean all well enough; but meaning well doesn't make them any lighter when they tumble on top of me, for I'm little and they are BIG and FAT.

I tell you, Boy, my family is a HANDSOME family, and Dad and Ma and Aunt PUFFY are the best-looking of the lot. (Aunt PUFF isn't as good-looking as Mother, though.) Father weighs ninety pounds, (that's HEAVY). He is four feet tall, (that's TALL). Father's head is all black shiny feathers, like a silk hat that YOUR GENTLEMEN wear. His back and wings are a nice blue color, that looks a little grey. All around his neck and bill the color is ORANGE. . . O, I tell you, he is handsome. But, best of all to make Father good-looking is his breast and the part of him 'way down to his FEET. All that is yellow like GOLD, and smooth and soft as a lady's satin dress. . . Yes, he's HANDSOME. . . I don't look like that when I'm a child, for all YOUNG BIRDS are very plain. But Aunt PUFF says, "He's a GOOD child". I'm much obliged to Aunt PUFF. She isn't as good-looking as some of the Ladies down here, -- I mean the ones that miss stepping on me. . .

That is ALL. John Martin says I must close. I will because he SAVED me from my family yesterday. GOODBYE. I'd like to meet you. They say that you boys up in your country play a game called "Foot Ball". I know all about it, so I think you and I would get along all right.

Here is a GOODLUCK WISH for you - I wish for you a good MUDPUDDLE (but don't get IN it) and I want you to have a WARM SPOT around a COLD corner: then do some SENSIBLE squawking in the good SUN and LAST but BEST, O, du liebe Kind, HAVE FUN, FUN FUN. Excuse me if I seemed crankly and complaining in my letter

Your sincere friend

Wobbly WOGGIE

NOTE. All that Woggie has written is as true as true. When you grow older, you will get a copy of the "Geographical Magazine" for February, 1907, and you can read all about what Woggie has written, only in very BIG words. . . How happy you should be that little Boys and Girls do not have the same hard lives that Little Chick Penguins do, when they are youngsters.

The EMPEROR PENGUINS are very handsome birds, and Woggie has reason to be a little boastful. When I first saw a band of them in this cold grey desert of ice, where everything was so silent and colorless, they made a very beautiful sight with their bright coloring. Woggie told you about that, and I drew some pictures to show you what the Penguins looked like, only I am sorry I can't paint the pictures for you.

TO BE TRULY BRAVE, YOU MUST BE THOUGHTFUL, KIND AND SURE THAT YOUR HEART IS WATCHING YOUR HEAD; THEN BE STRONG AND SILENT AND PATIENT; AFTER THAT, ACT SO QUICKLY THAT LIGHTNING WILL SAY — GEE! WHIZZ!

The Penguins had no fear when we came near them. Of course they knew we would not hurt them. No, they were not a bit afraid of us and they were just full of CURIOSITY. I walked right among them and they never budged. (That was before I saved Woggie.) They looked at us with their bright eyes and chattered and gossiped about us, seeming to say, "Who are these plain, big chaps walking on two legs just like US? O! what homely feathers they wear!" Then they would chatter some more and peck at a button or the handle of a knife, to see what we tasted like. Penguins are very sociable and very nice, except to their children, and they don't mean that, I know.

There dear Boy, that's all now about our friend Woggie. I feel a little hurt myself because he has left no room for me to say anything about my own affairs.

Well, it won't do me any harm to let THE OTHER FELLOW *do some talking. I learn something while I listen, which may come in handy almost any day.*

So I will say GOOD BYE, GOOD BOY. KEEP WELL, BE A BRAVE, KIND LAD. *Write me a letter when you feel like it and always when you want advice from* SOMEONE *who is only a Boy after all. I* KNOW HOW A BOY FEELS.

Ever your true and loving FRIEND

John Martin

I haven't got much room this time to talk about books, but there are two or three that I do want you to know about, because reading books of the right kind helps to make your mind big and broad and gives you the kind of Sight that is called Mind Seeing. You do not have to go to all the places that you read about, but your mind will take you there and life is that much more interesting.



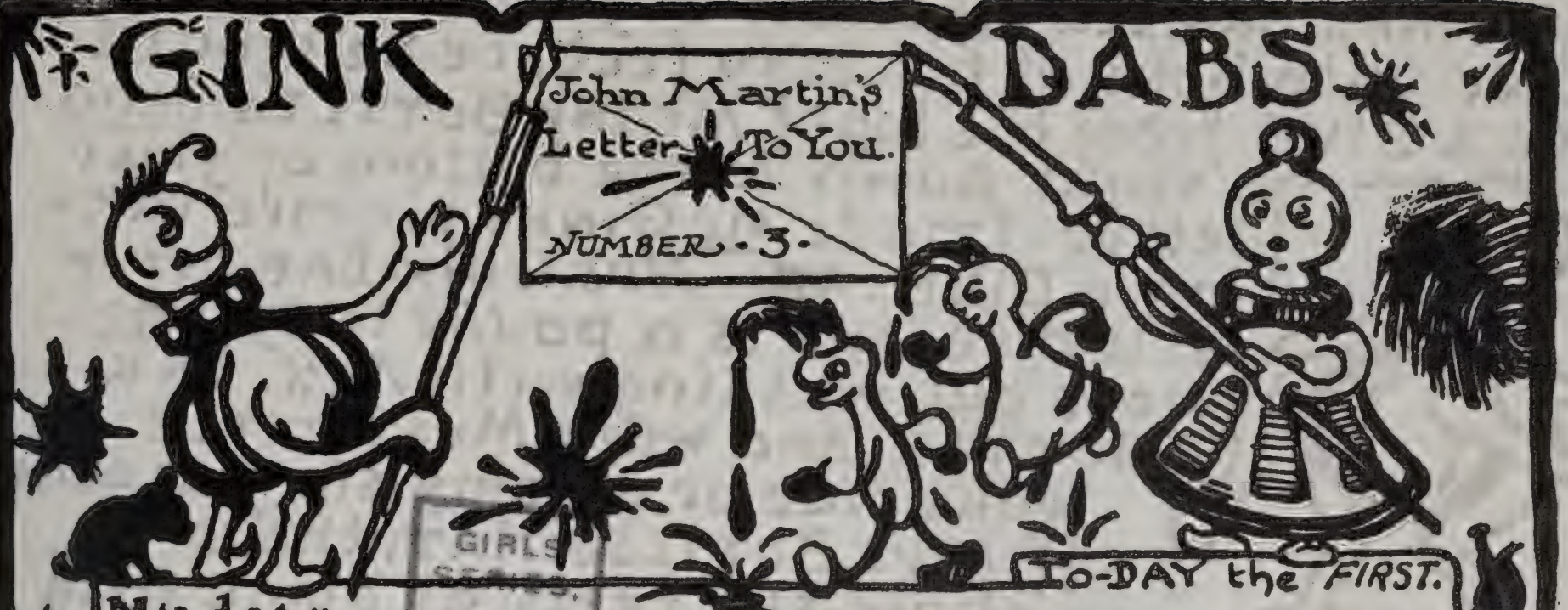
As my letter was all about the Antarctic country, I want to speak about a set of books called ANIMAL STORIES, published by The Century Co., New York. There are six volumes and they each cost 65 cents, net. These books are full of pictures, and the stories are so beautifully, simply, and directly told that you are carried right along with them and seem to be right where it all happens. Sometimes you even step into the hearts and lives of the dumb creatures the stories tell about. As I said, there are six books. They are called: ABOUT ANIMALS; BEAR STORIES, (lots of adventure in this one,); CAT STORIES; STORIES OF BRAVE DOGS, (this is a fine book,); LION AND TIGER STORIES; PANTHER STORIES. Every boy would be happier and know more for having these books.

BANG! THAT BOY CAN TEACH ME SOMETHING.

GINK DABS

John Martin's Letter To You.

NUMBER · 3 ·



GIRLS 5 TO 7 YEARS OLD

TO-DAY the FIRST.

My dear

Mr. Rooster and Mrs. Hen, Mr. Squirrel and even old Mr. William BILL-Goat *tried* to write to you to-day. Mr. Rooster crowed a long, proud crow and he said – *"I will write and tell how the SUN feels when* HE *rises in the morning."* Mrs. Hen said, as she cackled in a nice cozy way – *"I will tell the Little Girl how SUN feels when he* SETS *at night."* (HEN KNOWS ALL ABOUT THAT.) Then came Mr. Squirrel; he chattered and scolded and wiggled his tail like any thing – *HE* said – "I have a *NUT TO CRACK* for that CHILD" – You know, Dear, Squirrel is a little CRANKY at times; he has a good deal on his mind, that's why he jerks his TAIL so. Then came Mr. William BILL-Goat. He wiggled his tail too. --- UP IN THE AIR AND VERY FAST. *HE* said – *"I will tell that Little Girl all about* BUTTER milk – BUTTON holes, BUTTER scotch, BUTTER nuts *and* BUTTER cups". GOAT is very smart but I don't know what he means by all that NONSENSE – Do you, Dear?

All of those people TRIED to write to you, but along came those mussy, dippy, dabby GINK-DABS and every time ANY BODY took his pen in hand one of the

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INKY GINKS bumped his elbow or *jumped* on your letter with both of his inky feet, or he would take a DIVE from the top of Mr. INK BOTTLE'S head right down to the bottom of your letter. I made Mr. GINK'S picture taking a DIVE. *Mrs.* GINK-DAB *never* will dive; she is a po-*lite* lady. She goes out walking with *Mrs.* INK BOTTLE, and when Mrs. BOTTLE looks *blue* or gloomy she just pulls off Mrs. *BOTTLE'S* HAT; that's to show she feels at HOME with her *FRIEND*.

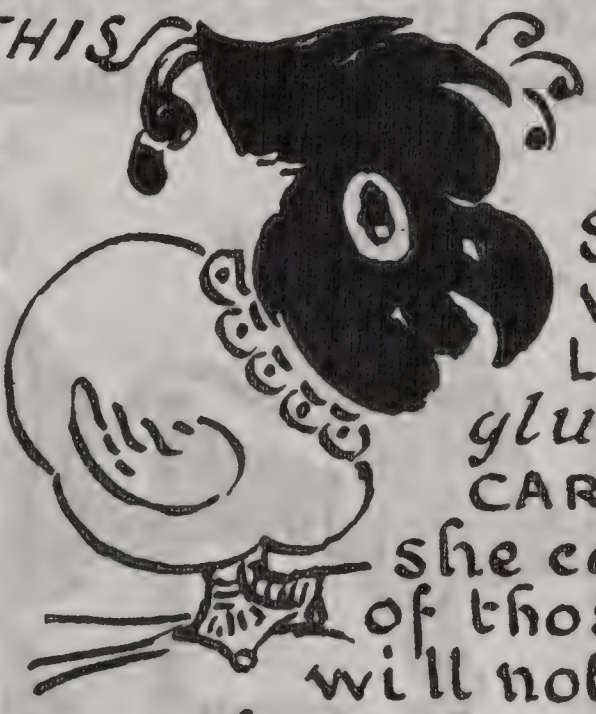
Mrs. INK tries to stop her and gets black in the face with RAGE, but Mrs. *GINK* only laughs, as she keeps on spilling Mrs. BOTTLES ink - Then she runs away, clapping her hands *for joy* - and she leaves BLOTS over your letter, that *I* have up and pictures out of - *I LOVE* to do things for YOU, but I *don't* enjoy clearing up after mussy, CARELESS PEOPLE.

GINK sat down there, so I made a picture of BLACK *Puss* Cat.

MRS GINK tumbled down THERE, SO I made a picture of poor Mister HOWLS.

Mr BOTTLE got angry and threw his PEN at Mr. GINK-DAB.

NOW, you see, Dear, how those DABS behave;- they go almost crazy when Mr. or Mrs. BOTTLE-of-INK comes around, but after all, I must not be <u>too</u> se-vere with them, for they DO make the INKY-BLACK part of your pictures, and all I have to do is just to make some <u>lines</u> like these //// \\\\ (((and THERE COMES A GINK DAB PICTURE - *LIKE THIS*

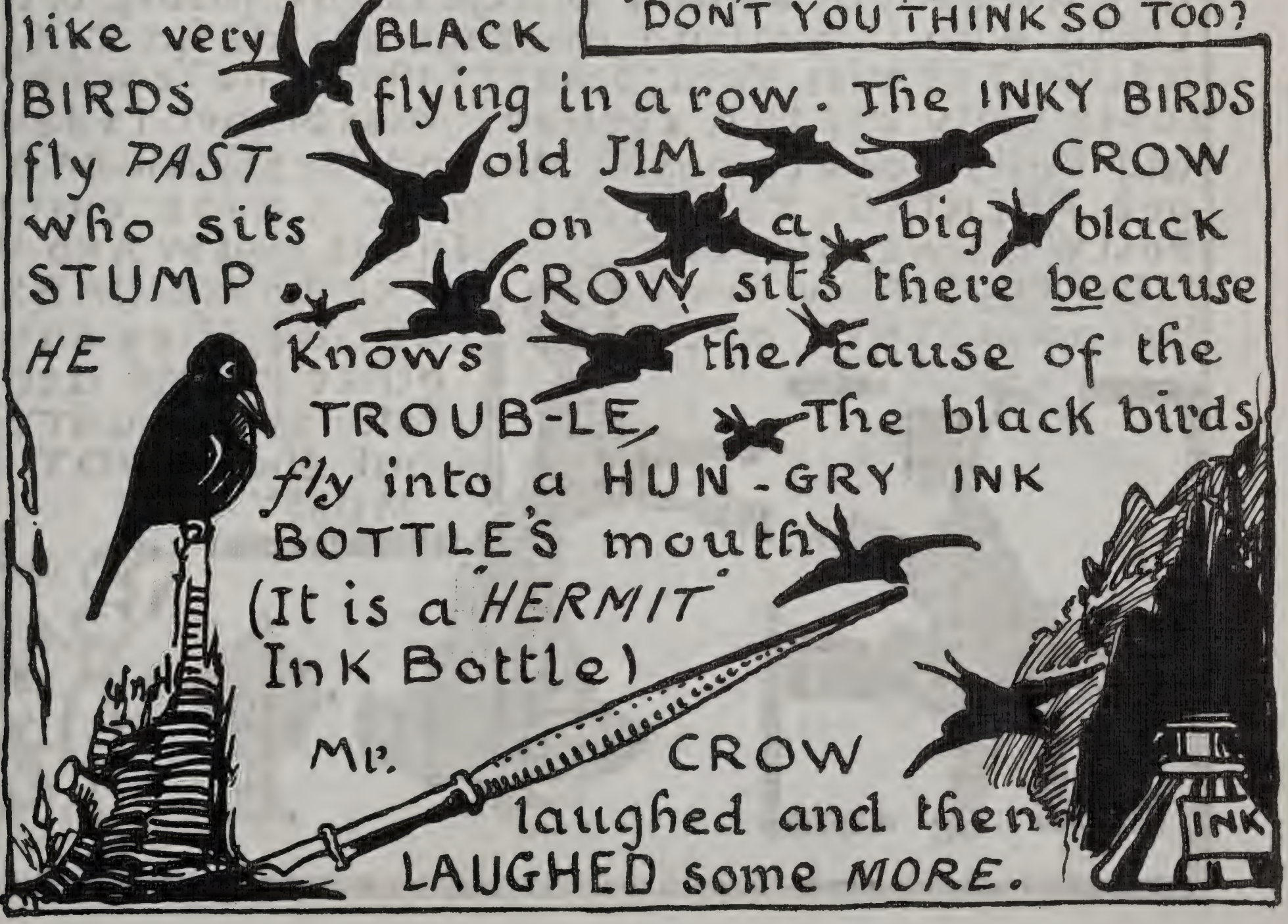


THIS IS A NICE COZY *NOSEY* DO-DO-<u>DUCK</u>. She dislikes WATER, but just LOVES *ink and glue, and nice* SOFT CARAMELS. But as she can't SWIM in any of those things, she will not swim at all; that shows that she is very <u>OB</u>-sti-nate. (She *must get over being obstinate.* DON'T YOU THINK SO TOO?

THEN SOME. TIMES Mr. GINK'S HAT blows off and IT makes INK SPOTS all over <u>your</u> LETTER.



The spots look like very BLACK BIRDS flying in a row. The INKY BIRDS fly *PAST* old JIM CROW who sits on a big black STUMP. CROW sits there <u>because</u> *HE* Knows the cause of the TROUB-LE. The black birds *fly* into a HUN-GRY INK BOTTLE'S mouth (It is a *HERMIT* Ink Bottle)

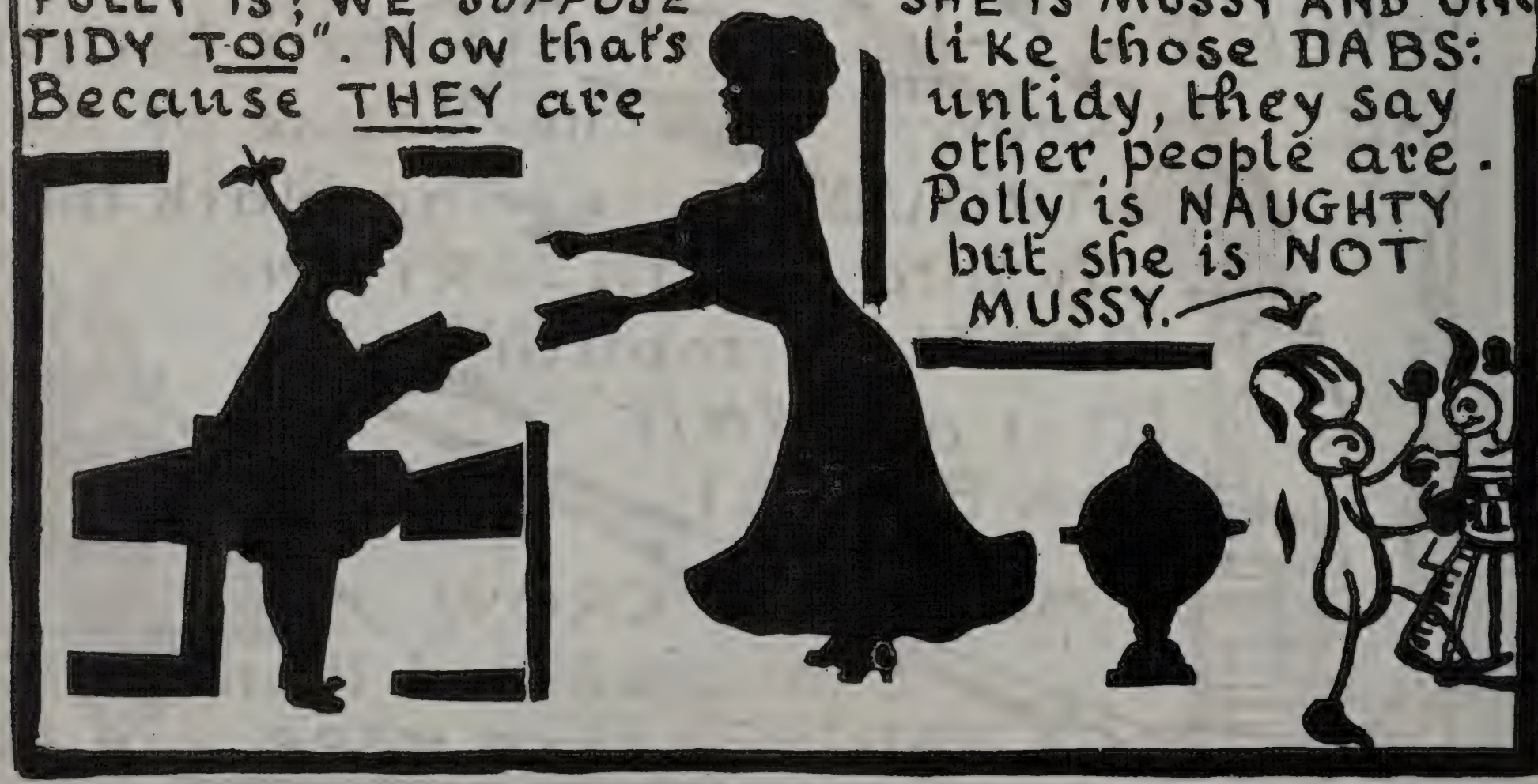


Mr. CROW laughed and then LAUGHED some *MORE.*

O, isn't this an INKY, UNTIDY letter! but I will go on writing just to show Mr. and Mrs. GINK-DAB that *I'm* not afraid of them. I am going to put on your letter some pretty little *BLACK* PAPER Children. A lady who *loves* Children, cuts them with a SCISSORS - she said "Please send some to a little GIRL", So I send some to You. THEY are nice and neat, even if they are BLACK.



Here are the LITTLE *Black Paper Children*: they are at school. Polly Black is the name of the Child who is pulling another child's hair. O! NAUGHTY! Miss Vera Smart (that's the Teacher) takes Polly off to a corner. Miss Smart is telling Polly some things. Mr. and Mrs. GINK-DAB are PEEKING. They *say* - "WHAT A RUDE CHILD POLLY IS; WE *SUPPOSE* TIDY TOO". Now that's Because THEY are SHE IS MUSSY AND UNlike those DABS: untidy, they say other people are. Polly is NAUGHTY but she is NOT MUSSY.



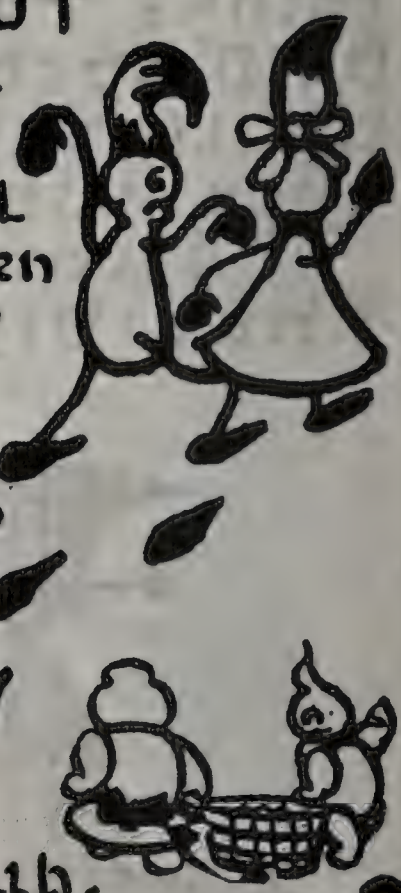
IT WAS a very WINDY DAY when the Children got out of SCHOOL. You can see, Dearie, how the little girls are being BLOWN ABOUT. Mrs. GINK thinks *Polly's* hat and *Peggy's* hat will make "black-BIRD" spots on your letter (*they HOPE so too*); but the LITTLE "BLACK PAPER GIRLS" are very *NEAT*; they just love to wash their faces and hands, because, it *feels* so GOOD to be clean. THEY DIDN'T MUSS UP YOUR LETTER.

DID THEY?



THE CHUBBIES ALL STOOD IN A ROW. TO SEE HOW NICE THE WIND CAN BLOW.

THOSE CHUBBIE CHILDREN ON THAT WINDY PAGE caught the GINK DABS peeking. chubbies *just can't stand* those MUSSY GINK people. So they ALL began to SHOUT and SING and PRANCE *right* **AT** the careless, dirty Dabs. Then they all grabbed SPONGES, SOAP, WASH CLOTHS, NAIL BRUSHES *and* 14 POWDER PUFFS and then they just *TORE, RUSHED, SCAMPERED* **AFTER** those Dabs and you should see them RUN. *They* can't stand being washed. As for being dabbed with a powder puff, why, they turn white with fear and RAGE. AS THE CHUBBIES *RUN*, they sing THIS SONG:



"A rubby-rub *RUB*, two GINKS in a tub.
"Come WASH them all over in WAT—ER.
"A Chubbie rubs *DUDS* in BUBBLES and SUDS
"Because he just thinks that he OR—TER

RUB! Dub, two GINKS in a tub, rub, blub SCRUB!"

O, naughty black GINK, you're all over INK,
"And *CHUBBIES* are clean (but NOT FUSS—Y),
"DON'T wiggle and wink for all of US

think

A WASHING will make you less MUSS—Y.

CHORUS AGAIN

RUB! dub, two GINKS in a tub - rub, blub SCRUB."

When the Chubbies got through singing that SONG, they CAUGHT untidy Mr. and Mrs. GINK-DAB and *gave* them a GOOD *rubby, scrubby* WASH in a big PORCELAIN *TUB*. (the GINKS howled).

Ever after *that* the GINK-DABS were good and CLEAN, Mrs. GINK never pulled off Mrs. BOTTLE'S hat again-!- If You ever meet Mrs. GINK, and You have a black SMUT on YOUR nose, or she *D/S*-covers that your dear little hands are dirty and STICKY, *she* will take out her pretty *lace* handker-*dab*; she will *dip* it in NICE *ICE* water and DAB you good and CLEAN. She did it to ME the other day, so *NOW* I just chatter and shiver when ever she is around.



Mr. & Mrs. GINK looking GOOD and Clean.

I put some little Verses in your letter called "MY GARDEN:"
I made them for a dear little friend of mine, who would keep getting a dirty face. I said the verses to her one day, so now she just *loves* to have a clean *ROSE BUD* face. You see, my little girl didn't want me to make a mistake about *her* face. *HERE* come "MY GARDEN" verses

I see some little dirty spots
Around my darling's nose.
Perhaps I'll find Forget-me-nots
Or maybe just a Rose.

What are those funny dabs o' dirt,
So long and broad and big?
I wonder if a spade would hurt,
If I should try to dig!

Perhaps I see a garden where
I ought to use my hoe,
And plant some tender Smilax there,
Or Pansies in a row.

O yes, my darling's dirty face
Is just a flower bed,
So I'll go hunting 'round the place
To pluck the Tulips red.

But still, my darling's garden needs
Some nice cold water, so
There'll be no mussy spots nor weeds
Where happy Smiles should grow.

O, dear! WHY can't I see you? O, why can't we PLAY? I am always saying "Good bye"; but still, someone's *HEART* sees you and Somebody's HEAD makes up all sorts of games to *PLAY* with you and that SOMEONE and SOMEBODY is

Your loving friend

John Martin

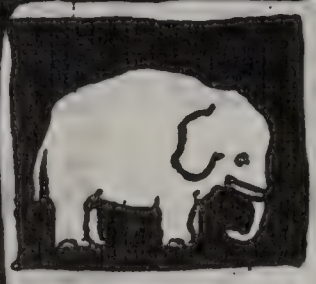
BOOKS - BOOKS - BOOKS



My BOOK is full of THOUGHTS to think,
All printed there with nice black INK.
And sometimes there are PICTURES, too,
Of different kinds all scattered through.

Each time I see a printed THOUGHT
I'm sure a little Girl just ought
To THINK the THOUGHTS Book helps me see,
And learn the THINGS Book shows to me.







Whenever I can, I want to tell you about some good books for you to know about. In some of my letters I haven't room to tell much, but I do not think that I ought to leave out some little talk about books once in a while, because, as I have said before, books are Good Friends. That is, some of them are friends, and I am only going to tell you about such as I think you ought to be acquainted with. Here are a few books I want you to know about.







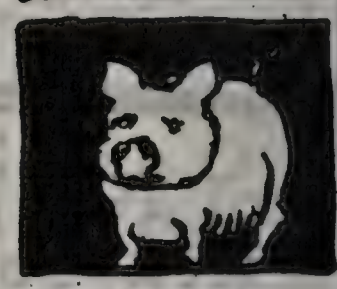






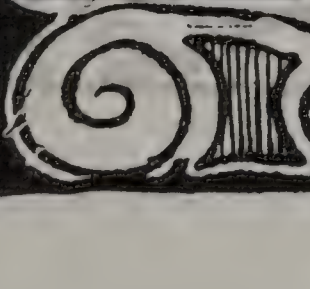




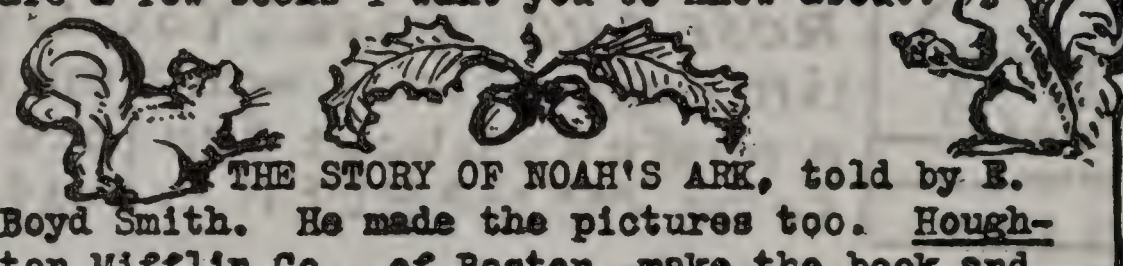




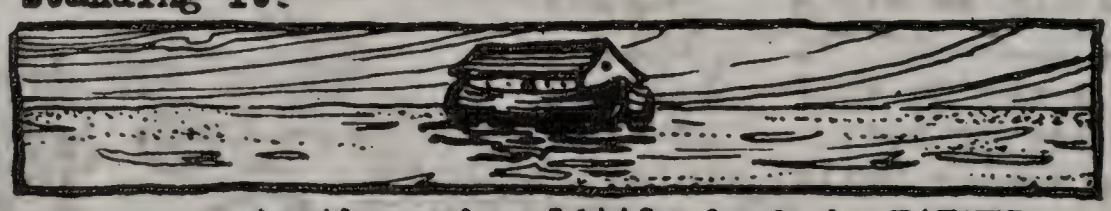








THE STORY OF NOAH'S ARK, told by B. Boyd Smith. He made the pictures too. Houghton Mifflin Co., of Boston, make the book and it costs $1.25, net. This is a big book. I have seen many beautiful books, because I am old and have had a chance to, but I have very seldom seen any that had such beautiful pictures with such lovely colors. The animals are painted in colors just as you would see them if they were near you, and the story is so simple that little boys and girls can't help understanding it.



Another nice little book is FATHER AND BABY PLAYS, by Emilie Poulsson. It is published by The Century Co., New York, and costs $1.25. This book is full of dear little verses and songs and it tells how Father plays with little Baby; how they play games; how Father tells about rabbits and birds; and in one part of the book it shows how to make shadows on the wall with your fingers. You can make an eagle and a polly and a goose, and some other things. The book is for very little boys and girls, but I am sure you would like to have it.



GAYDAY 14th

GIRLS SERIES. 7½ TO 10 YEARS OLD

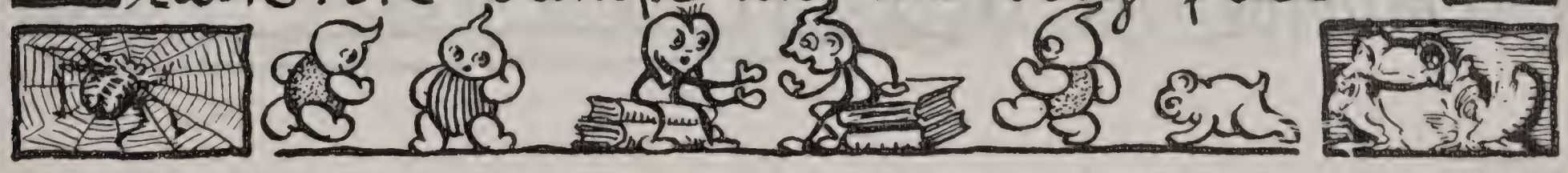
My dear When I begin my letters to you I have strange and dear thoughts in my head and 'way down in my heart I hear and feel nice cozy bumps going on. Then there begins a great ARGUMENT between my HEAD and my HEART.

It is not a quarrel, no, don't think that for a moment— for where you are concerned Mr. Head tries his best to oblige Sir Thumpy Heart and VICE VERSA. ("VICE VERSA" means, in nice old LATIN LANGUAGE —"the first can go last and the last can begin first"—so there is some LATIN you have learned today.)

Now about that "argument"—

Mr. Head says - *It seems to me Mr. Heart, that John Martin's Letters to his Little Girl, should be told by ME. You are all right* IN YOUR PLACE. *Mr. Heart, You are a nice thumpy, bumpy, affectionate OLD THING and you mean all well enough, but when YOU tell Martin what to write, you talk entirely too much about* YOURSELF. *It's FUN, I know, to do that, but don't you think Little Girl would rather read about somebody more interesting than you?"*

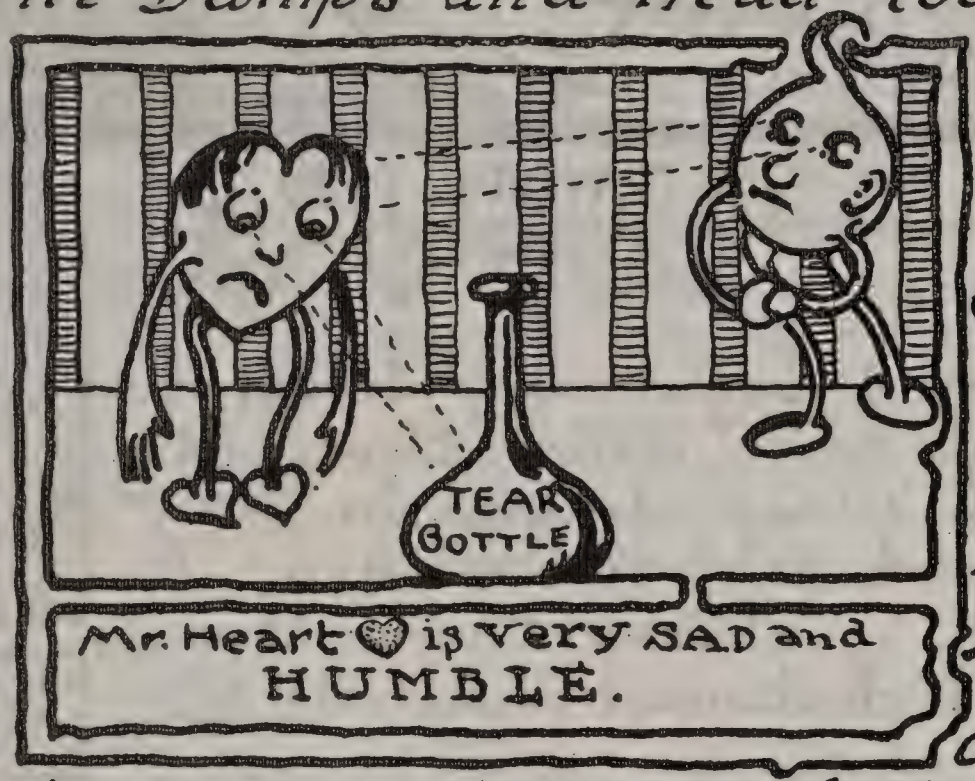
Poor old Heart's breath is taken away by Mr. Head's very plain talk. He bumps in me very fast



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MORGAN SHEPARD, 42 WEST 39TH STREET, NEW YORK

and behaves as if he is ashamed of himself; he replies— "O dear! Mr. Head, all you say sounds as if you were RIGHT and I were all WRONG. I am so sorry, for I suppose you are a very wise and thought-FUL person". Poor Heart looked down in the Dumps and Head looked at him coldly.

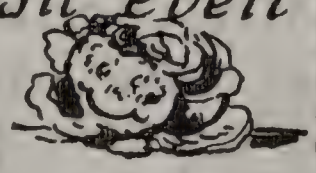


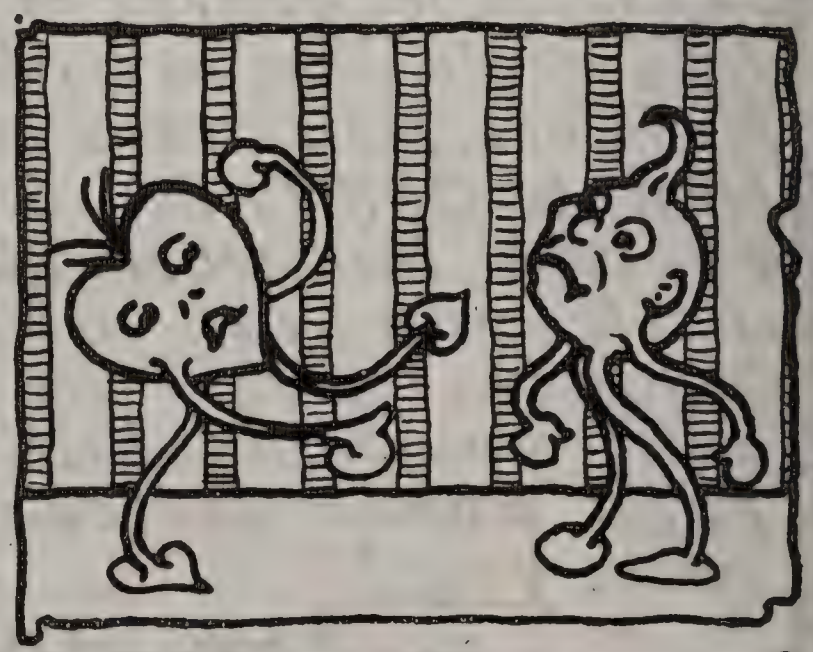
Mr. Heart ♥ is very SAD and HUMBLE.

Mr. Heart shivered and looked earnestly, but sadly at Mr. Head, continuing "But, Sir, can't I talk about myself once in a while? Can't I put some Heart ♥ into Martin's Letters, if only just to make them more cozy, and warm and happy? You see nice, warm-HEARTED letters are better than careFUL, head-strong, thoughtFUL letters are.

O, my dear, you should see the look of pity and scorn HEAD gives to HEART! and you should hear his cold voice as he says — "O, you poor, EGO-TIS-TI-CAL, PAL-PI-TA-T-ING, HUMPY, BUMPY, person! What does the Child care about YOU and your tender 'bumpings'? She wants to hear about something NEW. Hearts are as old as the Hills. Everything has a Heart, even that old Mr. Stone I had a chat with the other day."

Poor old Heart's feelings are hurt. Mr. HEAD makes him almost angry, so he says as quietly as he can say— "I don't understand those long words you use at me, but I can tell you that 'most everything has a Head; yes, Sir, even a CABBAGE Sir".




Mr. HAUGHTY HEAD makes Mr. HEARTY HEART a little CROSS.

MR. HEAD looked a little puzzled, and he looked a little MAD when MR. HEART mentioned a "cabbage". He glared at Heart; his head, first <u>one</u> side and then the <u>other</u> side and then in the <u>middle</u> (that made him LEVEL-HEADED) but all he <u>said</u>, was

"Hump! bump! jump! thump! chumperty! Skidoodle, Sir."



IT CAME NEAR BEING A QUARREL.

Again, poor old Heart can't understand such strange language, but he <u>knows</u> that Head is just making fun of him. He gets crosser and says snappishly —

"You have no Heart, Sir. You just plan and make schemes. You swell up like a big red BALLOON. You are entirely too SMART. You have entirely <u>too</u> many Hair's Why! Sir, if <u>I</u> didn't have a chance to talk to John Martin and if I didn't put some WORDS and THOUGHTS into <u>his</u> head, the Little Girl would NEVER Know what LOVE is, or JOY, or FUN. And she'd never be able to <u>see</u> with <u>her</u> HEART as well as with her EYES; what's more, she would not find out, how much I want her to be HAPPY and WELL and GOOD. O, O, you cold, fussy, story — telling Mr. HEAD. O - O, - I - I —"

Poor Heart, he was all of a fluster. He was very indignant. If he had gone on that way, there surely would have been a QUARREL

but I, your old friend John Martin, stepped up in time to "nip it in the bud" - I said - "You fellows ave getting too PER-SON-AL. You must stop wrangling. (WRANGLES often turn into QUARRELS.) If you "touchy" chaps will be quiet and sensible, I will put some of Mr. Head's SAYINGS in my letter and I will mix in some of Mr. Heart's THOUGHTS and FEELINGS. That's fair. So, settle down in any corner of MY heart you like and I will write to my little Girl as I think best."

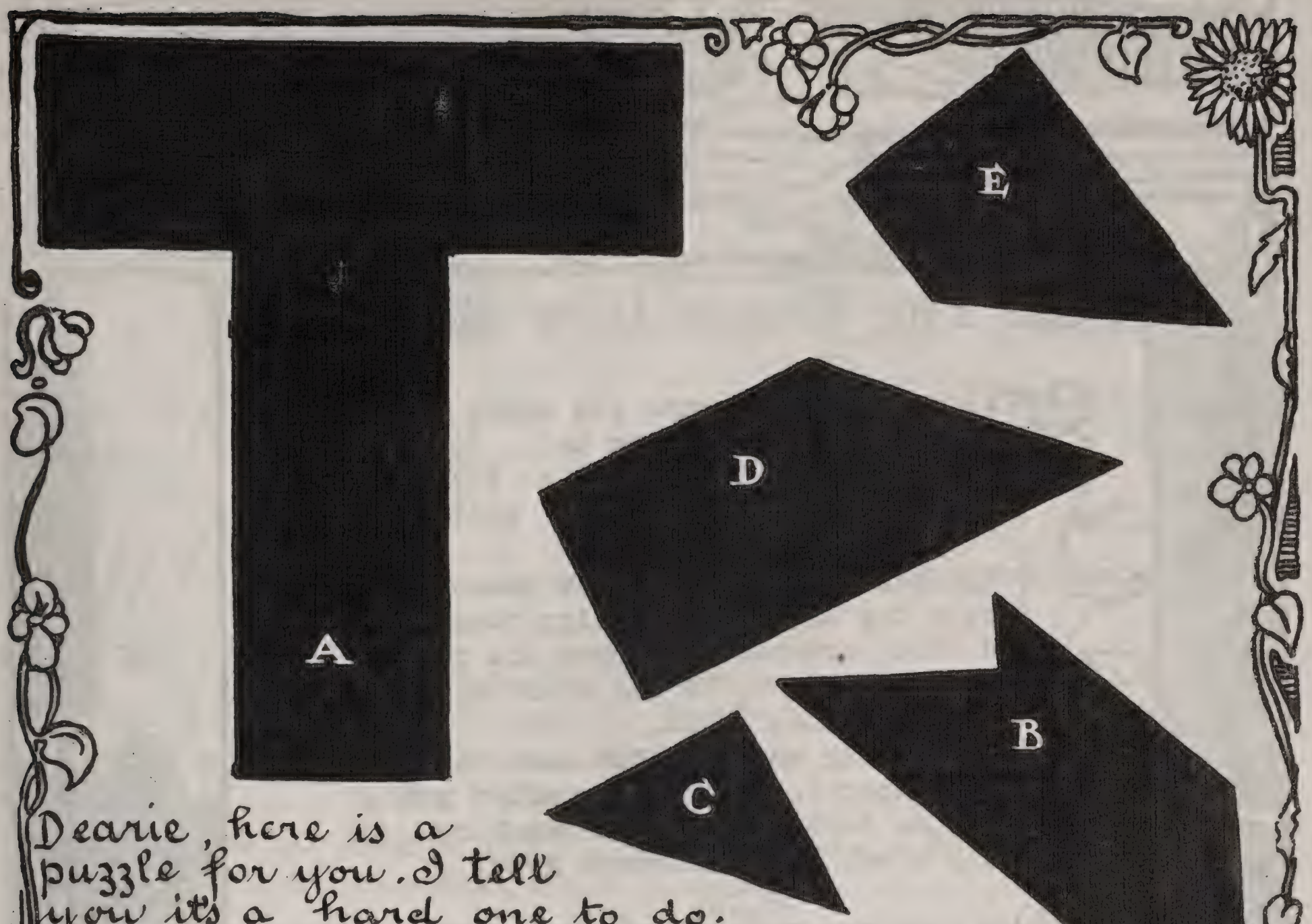


THEY SETTLED DOWN.

Those two fellows looked foolish and sulky but they minded me. I have told you about Head and Heart, because I am just a plain, Kind-hearted man who loves Children. I want the love that is in my Heart to guide you to many THINGS and THOUGHTS, that my Head couldn't tell much about.

My HEAD sends you all the "story" and "picture" letters, my ♡ · ♡ · ♡ · ♡ · ♡ HEART just wants to talk to you, it wants to tell you that it is good to SEE with your heart as well as with your EYES. I want you to get the HABIT of HEART-SIGHT. This is not as hard as you may think; all you have to do is to make believe - good and hard, that you are some BODY, or some THING else. You just forget that you are YOU, then you SEE in a NEW WAY, which makes you twice as wise as you were before. It's just a sort o' GAME; you can be many people and many things, all in a day. I play it LOTS, 'cause it's FUN to forget myself.

I drew that line right there for fear you are getting tired of the HEART PART of my letter. So I write you the two next pages, for fun, and to give you a little rest. You can do the puzzle and read the verses on the next two pages, and then you won't mind reading what is left of my letter, which tells how the HEART GAME IS PLAYED.



Dearie, here is a puzzle for you. I tell you it's a hard one to do.

You see that BIG T that is marked A and the other PIECES marked B C D and E, well, make a very careful tracing on transparent paper of those 4 pieces, then paste your tracing on a white cardboard, then cut out the 4 pieces carefully with a good sharp pair of SCISSORS so that the edges will be nice and even: THEN try to put the pieces together, so they make a BIG T exactly like the one on this letter. If you do it in the right way the pieces will fit EXACTLY over my BIG T. If you can do this puzzle in 10 minutes let me know.

Ofcourse you can cut the pieces out of my letter, but that would make it all holey and RAGGERTY and words on the other side of your puzzle page would be all GONE and I DO want you to keep the pretty verses on the next page, because they were written for you and they tell what happened to "FALLING STAR" I always wanted to know - didn't you too -?



The Water Lily

MY big white star with its heart ashine
Peeps out at me thru the tall, tall pine.
It did not come last night at all
To the open window in our hall.

NURSE said she tho't it flew unseen
Across the sky, like a Fairy queen,
And then perhaps it dropped and fell
All shining down the old stone well.

THIS morning when the Sun came thru
And whispered, "Child, I'm after you",
I ran as fast as the wind can blow
Along a path where flowers grow.

FAR down our well, thru mossy dark,
I never saw the shining spark.
But only just a little ME
That waved its hand so I might see.

I walked and walked to the cat-tail pool
Where all the reeds are tall and cool,
And there, beside the old row-boat,
I found my lovely star afloat.

I am so glad it chose this place,
Where I can softly touch its face;
It makes the pool seem starry there,
And - O - the <u>sweetness</u> in the air!

A good Friend of Children asked me to send those verses to you. I thought you would like them. The lady who wrote your verses is Bertha Newberry - J.M.

HERE WE ARE ON OUR HEART PAGE AGAIN, SO NOW— about that "GAME O' HEART *SEEING*". For instance, it is Spring Time and you go out into the WOODS♡ Big TREES stand up straight all around you ♡ Some happy BIRDS sing little, short "chirpy" songs.♡ INSECTS buzz in a busy way. ♡ GREEN MOSS makes pretty pin cushions on the old gray STONES. Different Kinds of FLOWERS are everywhere, looking like stars and bow-knots and brooches and pretty, merry eyes that wink and blink and shine at you. A gentle little WIND fluffs up your hair and pushes your cheek.

Old SUN gets a little jealous of every thing and slips a golden arm of light down through the trees; he is warm-hearted and everything trembles for JOY because SUN is a little jealous. That's how things are when you play our GAME in the Spring - *THEN YOU BEGIN* by putting your own heart into a BIRD - (that makes you a BIRD). You fly and sing and twitter and hop, then you sing some more to make every one happier and just because you are alive and well - that makes you hope that no boy, with a gun will come along and try to take your life away. After that you turn into a tall silent TREE to see how that feels; and while you are a tree you find out what a good time you can have without saying a word; you are happy to stay in one place and just WATCH and THINK and LEARN and when a little bird picks at your bark, or digs his tiny claws into a nice young branch you have just finished you're "tickled" to see him almost lose his balance as WIND scurries through you; then YOU hope you will not be cut down unless it is necessary for you to make a warm fire for somebody who is really cold. You would rather be cut up into boards if that could be arranged, because you might be made into a house, then you could keep on learning, listening and doing GOOD at the same time - *When you play TREE. Dear, you keep growing very wise and patient and KIND, without any FUSS about it.*

So, if you can be a TREE and a beautiful BIRD, you can easily be a FLOWER ♡ ☺, it's just JOY to be a flower! When you are a Flower's Heart, you learn all the "gentle MAGIC" of the Fairies and you learn SECRETS of Woods and Fields and Brooks -- (☺, the Brooks tell you everything they know, they babble, laugh and chatter so.). Your heart is like a flower, so I don't have to tell you how to be one, besides, I have written you a very long letter. ♡ I don't want you to get tired of me; so I will only say a little more - Of course that HEART GAME has no end like most games (which is the nice part of it) ♡ for, as a dear Friend of Children says - THE WORLD IS SO FULL OF A NUMBER OF THINGS, I'M SURE WE SHOULD ALL BE AS HAPPY AS KINGS" (and I want to say.) AND ALL THOSE DEAR THINGS KEEP THEIR HEARTS OPEN WIDE, SO ♡ CHILDREN CAN *LOOK* AND GO *LIVE* RIGHT *INSIDE*.

Don't you see Dear, - if you play this Game everywhere and everyday, you will soon understand everybody and every THING. In this way you become a part of all the THINGS, *"the world is so full of."* — *How big and wise and "Magic" that makes you.* ♡ Send your Heart on a journey some day to take a look into mine, you'll find a "Treasure Room" there *that is just yours, YOURS* - and

Your loving friend

John Martin

Do you remember that in one of my Letters, I said you might get a letter from Peter Pan? Well, I've been thinking that promise over. I wonder if it will be fair for me to write a Peter Pan letter, when Mr. Barrie found Peter. I don't think it would. I could tell you a story about Peter, but I don't think I ought to write you one, so I am going to ask Mr. Barrie if I can. Perhaps he will let me. Or, I wish he would write to you about Peter. Let's ask him. In the mean time we will wait, and you must tell me who else you'd like to hear from. ♡△♡△ I cannot say much about BOOKS in this letter, but I must tell you about a Book of Plays for Children. It is one of the best play books I have read. (It is strange, but there are very few good plays written for children.) You ought to have THE HOUSE OF THE HEART and Other Plays for Children, by Constance Mackay. It costs $1.10 (net) and is published by Henry Holt & Co., New York. A good play, you know, makes children LEARN and SEE WITH THEIR HEARTS, the same as our Heart GAME does. *THAT'S ALL FOR TODAY*

will be waiting at the door for YOU

JML



BOYS SERIES, 5 TO 7 YEARS OLD

My dear Nonsense Day 3d-of#

Here I am, writing to you again; I am so glad that I can hardly sit still. But I must sit still because I want to make my writing good and plain so you can read it easily - I always try to write carefully for YOU, but © Boy, my "every-day-go-to-work-hurry-up" writing is something TRULY SCAN-TANK-ER-OUS. ♡ I wrote a letter to my DOG that way once and when he tried to read it he almost had a fit - of crossness: he did sneeze and growl, and stand on his head, then he chewed my letter to bits. After that, my dog never would wag his tail at the poor post-man [who wasn't a bit to blame]. ♡

So you see I must love you a lot to write like a Copy Book. [O, my fingers get so stiffy, too.] This letter is going to be just a FUNNY PUZZLE letter and silly 'mixy muxy' things. You see, I am so glad to be writing to you, that I just have to be up to all sorts of TRICKS. The pages of your letter that come after this one are all made of FUN and NONSENSE and SILLY-BILLY-PRANKS.

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MORGAN SHEPARD, 42 WEST 39TH STREET, NEW YORK

MR. ELEPHANT

(LOOKS AS IF HE HAD A PAIN IN HIS TUMMY)



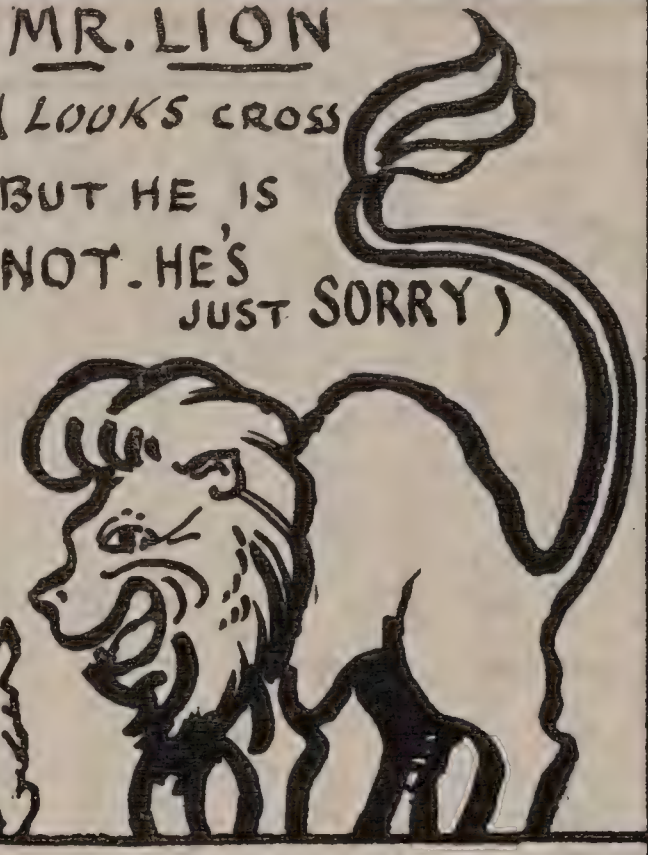
MR. BEAR

(LOOKS AS THOUGH HE JUST COULDN'T STAND BEING A BEAR.)



MR. LION

(LOOKS CROSS BUT HE IS NOT. HE'S JUST SORRY)



MR. HIPPO

(CAN'T BELIEVE THAT THERE IS SUCH AN ANIMAL AS HE - HE LOOKED INTO A MIRROR)



Mister HIPPO was very cross because I forgot to put FEET on the end of his LEGS. He did SNORT in a loud naughty way. *he* said - "Gimme some FEET, *QUICK* I want to STAMP in the **MUD**"

Mister LION growled and howled and he waved his tail in the AIR to cool himself off. *He* said "Gimme some CLAWS on my Paws. I want to paw and CLAW some thing - QUICK." *He* was cross too. O, dear!

Mister BEAR - moaned AND groaned and *grunted*; he was cranky and *impatient*. He was lumpy and GRUMPY. He *said* - "Feet, feet QUICK; I feel like *cuffing* some BODY. Dear, O, Dear! *he's* cross Too, what can I DO?

MR ELEPHANT gave a loud sneeze and a big cough - then he said - "Give a fellow soom FEET, 'cause I want to step on Bear's toes." O, he was CROSS too. He wanted to hurt Mr Bear's feelings! *THIS WILL NEVER DO*

Now my dear boy, you have read THAT PAGE of my letter. All those animals were cross and disagreeable as could be. They couldn't wait for me to get through making their pictures, before they all began to yowl and howl and growl about FEET and CLAWS and PAWS and they all said they were going to *stamp and claw and paw and cuff and hurt* FEELINGS *with* their feet as soon as I gave them some. SO, can you blame me if I give each animal some feet that can't ever hurt any BODY or any THING? That will teach them a lesson. SO I MAKE THEIR FEET ON THIS PAGE. ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS TO CREASE *THIS PAGE STRAIGHT ACROSS ON THE BLACK LINE UNDER HERE*. PRESS THE PAGE *DOWN SMOOTH* AND TURN IT BACK SO THAT THIS OTHER PAGE - THEN YOU WILL SEE SOMETHING FUNNY — ARROW JUST TOUCHES RABBIT'S TAIL ON THE



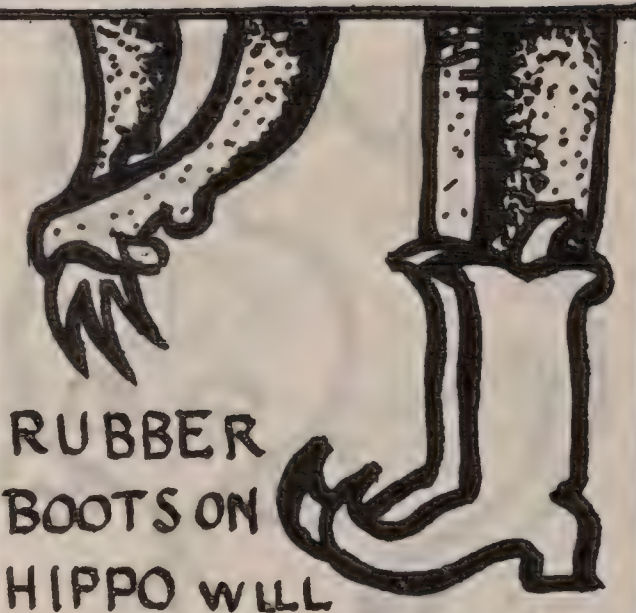
CHICKEN'S CLAWS ON ELEPHANT MAKE *HIM* HARMLESS.



HOW CAN BEAR CUFF ANY-BODY WHEN HE HAS *HOP-TOAD FEET* ON HIM? HE CAN'T.



Mr. LION CAN'T CLAW SOMETHING, BECAUSE I PUT *DUCK FEET* AND PIGEON TOES ON HIM.



RUBBER BOOTS ON HIPPO WILL KEEP HIS FEET DRY WHEN HE STAMPS IN THE MUD.



DINK DONKEY is kind and gentle. He likes to have a little bird stand on his tail and whisper in his big left ear. When I give him some feet he will gallop off and tell his WIFE what bird said - THAT'S MEAN -



FUDGE GUPPIE is very proud of his tail. He asked me to give him nice FANCY FEET, so I did, but I don't see how he can GO WALKING much. Do you? But he does not mind that -



MR ZIM DOODLE is always very good natured. His UNCLE'S name is DOODLE DUM. All of ZIM DOODLE'S family JUMP ROPE to earn bread and butter. O, but they get very hungry. THAT'S GOOD.



ZUZU PUSS belongs to Mister Zim Doodle. ZUZU PUSS doesn't care much about TOPS or MARBLES but, O, he does love to purr and purr; it just TICKLES him to purr. THAT'S NICE - He thinks he's a "sewing machine".

I TOLD YOU HOW TO FOLD YOUR LETTER - CAN YOU DO THIS PAGE

YOU SHOULD HEAR OLD HUMPTY GIGGLE WHEN HE SEES HIS TWO FEET WIGGLE.

OLD KING MEGGS HAS ~~GOT~~ *PIANO* LEGS. HE CAN'T GO. O, DEAR! NO

LITTLE CHUBBIE LOOKS SURPRISED TO SEE HIS CHICKEN FEET GO UP AND DOWN.

THAT LITTLE DOG IS SAD BECAUSE YOU GAVE HIM SCRATCHY-PUSSY CLAWS

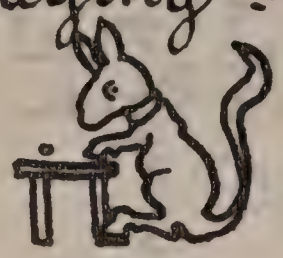
MR. DINK DONKEY WILL GALLOP AWAY. *JUST WATCH HIM*—

FOLD THIS PAGE SO THAT THE POINT OF THIS ARROW→ *JUST TOUCHES* THE ARROW ON PAGE 4 ——

O, what funny wiggly-woggly FEET!

Page 5

Over on the next page is a row of funniy people; they look so smiling and happy, that I feel like saying some silly poetry about them [JUST FOR FUN] *FIRST* I feel like saying :-



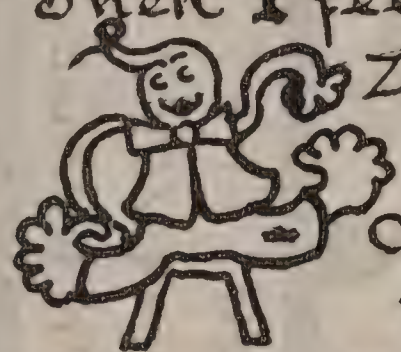
A *DINKY DONKEY* NEVER KICKS
HE SELDOM *SCREAMS* AT YOU,
BESIDES, HE ALWAYS DOES THE TRICKS
THAT *DINKY DONKEYS* DO.

Then I feel like saying ----



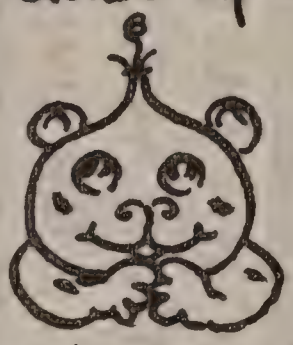
FUDGE GUPPIE NEVER SEEMS TO MIND
WHEN IT'S A RAINY DAY,
HE STICKS HIS TAIL RIGHT UP BEHIND,
AND *THEN* GOES OUT TO PLAY.

Then I feel like saying ----



ZIM-DOODLE SMILES BECAUSE HE KNOWS
HE HAS TWO FEET AND **LOTS** OF TOES.
O, YOU SHOULD *HEAR* ZIM-DOODLE GIGGLE
WHEN *ALL* HIS TOES BEGIN TO WIGGLE.

Last of all, I must say

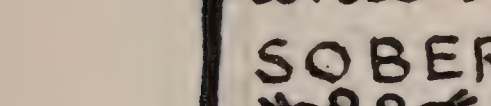


A "ZUZU-PUSS IS VERY NICE.
HE NEVER EATS SOME LITTLE MICE.
HE HAS AN AWFUL APPETITE,
BUT STILL HE *DOES* EX-*ACT*-LY RIGHT.

THERE, Dear, I've said all that poetry so I feel better - How do you feel? I hope you are well. Anybody can tell, by looking at the pictures of *DINK-DONKEY* and *FUDGE-GUPPIE* and *ZIM-DOODLE* and *ZUZU-PUSS* that what I say in my poetry is per-fectly TRUE. Over on the next page are some more funny folks: You can put some feet on them too, if you fold this letter just right in the beginning - It's the same about everything you do - START *RIGHT*, AND YOU WILL GO-ON-RIGHT - AND ALL WILL *TURN OUT RIGHT*.

PAGE 7.



O, dear! this is the seventh page of your letter, and I have written NONSENSE on all those pages. I hope you did not get tired of me - Sometimes I like to be just FUNNY and nothing else - don't you? It makes being GOOD and SOBER-SIDES easier to be - afterwards -  You must write to me now and then and tell me if there are any of my letters you do not like; that will help me to write the kind you do like - besides that, I would like to have you tell me who you would care to have letters from, when I couldn't write - or when you began to get just a little tired of your old friend

John Martin

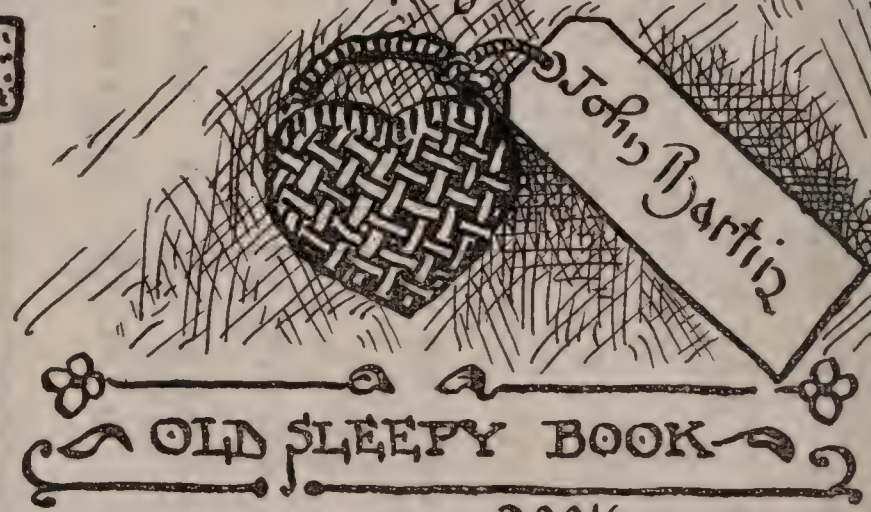
(THERE IS SOME MORE ON THE NEXT PAGE)

Just think dear Boy, I have been silly for 1·2·3 4·5·6·7 pages of letter and I haven't said one teachy-preachy word, so I must tell you about some young CROWS, it is POETRY and I wrote it so it must be TRUE

LITTLE BABY BLACKY CROWS, "CAW" WHEN MOTHER CAWS,
NEVER HIDING MOUTH OR EYES WITH THEIR LITTLE CLAWS.
THEY JUST LIKE TO GO AT ONCE UP INTO THEIR NEST,
FOR THEY KNOW THAT MOTHER KNOWS JUST WHAT'S RIGHT AND BEST.



So do You - Now I will stop my letter little Brother Boy, but I send you a big HEART BASKET FULL OF LOVE AND GOOD LITTLE BIRD THOUGHTS to help take care of you - YOUR



I only want to tell you about two or three books in this letter, and they are such nice books that I can't help telling you about them. First there comes THE HIAWATHA PRIMER, by Florence Holbrook, who was a principal of a very fine big school. Mr. Longfellow meant Hiawatha to be as much for children as for big people, but sometimes children don't understand all that he wrote. This book is made so you can read it from beginning to end and understand all about the beautiful poem and the very interesting story. It is published by Houghton Mifflin Co., Boston, and costs .40 cents, net.

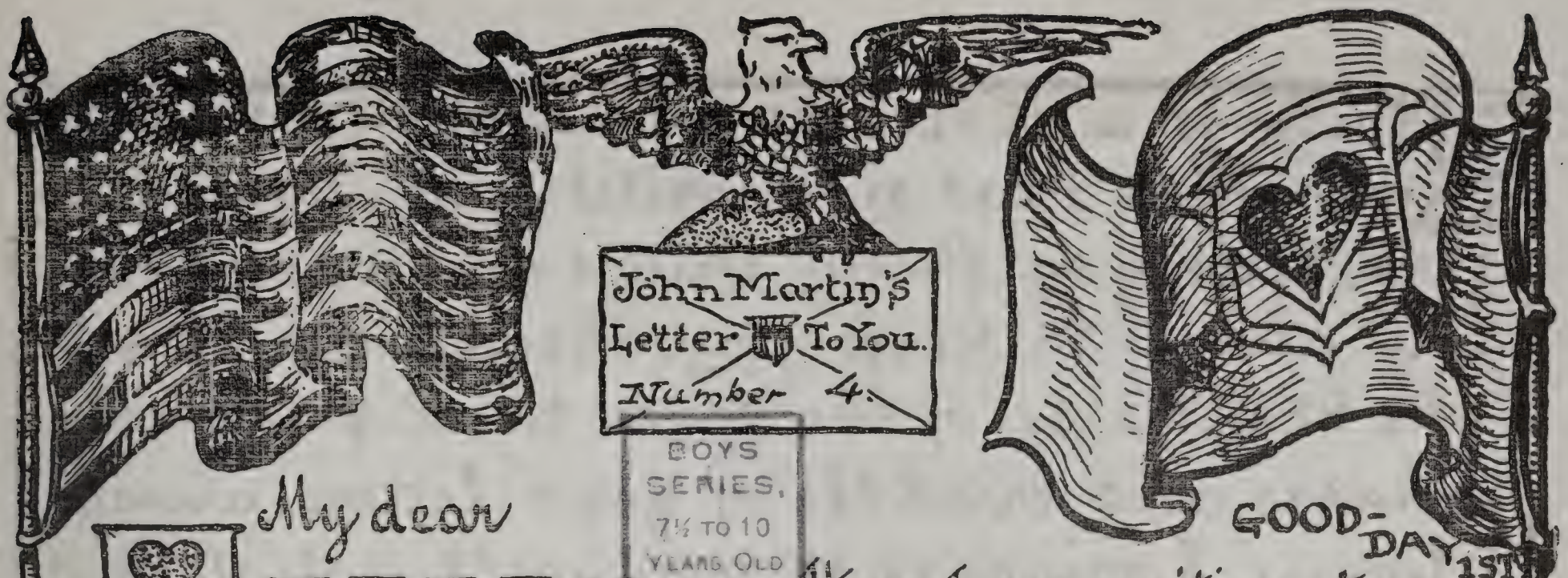
Next comes a dear little book called CAPTAIN JUNE. It is a little boy's book, but I tell you, little girls like it too. It is full of fun and full of adventure, because June was a hero and he went to Japan, and lots of wonderful things happened to him. It ought to be a good book because it was written by Alice Hegan Rice, and she is the lady who wrote that funny lovely book called "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch". I think you ought to have this book. The Century Co., New York, makes it, and it costs $1.00.

OLD SLEEPY BOOK

I LIKE MY NICE OLD BOOK BECAUSE
HE HAS SUCH GREAT, BIG, OPEN JAWS.
BUT HE WONT GROWL, BITE OR SNAP,
HE ONLY WANTS TO TAKE A NAP.
PERHAPS HE BETTER GO TO BED
LIKE ANY OTHER "SLEEPY HEAD."
SO I'LL JUST PUT HIM ON THE SHELF
AND THEN I'LL GO TO BED MYSELF



GOOD NIGHT.
I'M SLEEPY TOO-JM.



My dear

Here I am writing to you again - (I'm glad). How old Daddy Time does get along! Each day he brings us is a NEW DAY; few of us ever see our friend YESTERDAY or the DAY BEFORE again. When I think this over I get a little sad, for those Days were good Days and came just to bring us work and play and Sunshine -- Surely those Days must be hiding behind TODAY to see if we are going on with the good work and play they started for us when they were here.

I am sure they are looking and wishing us well - GOOD DAYS never die.

Dear Lad, I seem to be starting my letter in a very serious way; well, I am serious at times, besides that, I want my letters to be good for you as well as FUN for you, once in a great while - There are different sides of me, just like a cracker box or a coat - There is an inside, an outside, a wrong and a right side; besides all that

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there is a HEAD side and a HEART side of me. That head side writes you Story letters, tells you funny things and capers frisKily about to Keep your head interested. The HEART side of me tries to slip into odd corners and crinKles of your letters, always, always hoping that you will notice Kind "old Heart"; but at the same time he is very much afraid that if you do catch him edging in, you may "s-h-o-o" him off.



MR. HEAD is satisfied with himself.

Poor old Heart, I am often a little sorry for him. because he really means well and he will give you his very last drop of blood, if you asK it. I Know he's dull



MR. HEART is rather timid.

at times -- that's just what worries him. He wants to do you a GooD turn now and then, but is afraid you'll get tired of his earnest and serious manners. (I wonder if you would.) Now listen, dear Boy! If I lived near you, where I could "drop in" once in while, would we always play, or have stories, and scheme and plan just for FUN only? Would n't we sometimes want to go somewhere and be just quiet and cozy -

and then talk, like two good FRIENDS [that we are, I hope] Wouldn't you like me better and trust me more if I told you a little about certain things LIFE had taught me?

I'm sure you would - and I should be a MAN FRIEND of my little MAN and I wouldn't be a bit "teachy-preachy" - So now try to imagine John Martin with you and let him talk HEART-WISE to you about some THINGS I want you to have and to KNOW. I will use my typewriter so the THINGS will be easy to read and plain to see.

SO HERE COMES MY HEART-WISE TALK

FIRST I want to say that I am sure that you are a BRAVE lad, -- you're BRAVE because you are a BOY, -- but I want you to ask yourself if you are brave in ALL ways. BRAVERY doesn't mean that you aren't afraid of a bigger fellow than you are, or that you can stand a lot of PAIN like a soldier, without flinching, or that you DARE to do dangerous stunts when someone is looking on, ready to praise you for doing them. These things are good and help make you a MAN, but they are what I call PLAIN-IN-SIGHT Bravery. What I want you to get at is called OUT-OF-SIGHT Bravery. Only your HEART sees this kind. For instance,-- it's brave to tell the TRUTH when by LYING you might escape a punishment or have things go a little easier. . . . Why? Because, when you tell the TRUTH (without leaving a thing out) you WIN A BIG FIGHT. It's great to win a FIGHT! You have "done up" an ENEMY by the name of FALSEHOOD, and you have come out on top (you know how good that feels) so the next thing is to take your punishment like the MAN you proved yourself to be when you "did up" FALSEHOOD. Every time you LIE, the ENEMY leaves a HOLE in your character; many lies leave many holes, and before you know what's going on there's nothing left of you but holes. Then what are you good for? Can you HOLD YOUR OWN IN ANY BRAVE FIGHT? THINK IT OVER, my dear Boy.

TRUTH TELLING is a fine HABIT to get because nobody can get the best of TRUTH. Truth is smart and strong and steady. . . I once saw a picture of a Boy, called "YOUTH and TRUTH". The Boy was beautiful to look at,- his eyes were clear and pure and looked right <u>at</u> a fellow, without a blink or a wink. The Boy had on a suit of Armor as bright as blue <u>silver</u> all polished in the sun. He had a long SWORD at his side, which was marked "BRAVERY"; on his left arm hung, <u>ready,</u> a SHIELD that bore the words "Right is MIGHT--then FIGHT". On the Boy's <u>head</u>, (which was held UP steadily and FEARLESSLY) there was a HELMET upon which I saw the word "WISDOM", written in golden letters. Dear Friend, it was a splendid picture. I hope you can see it from my simple words.

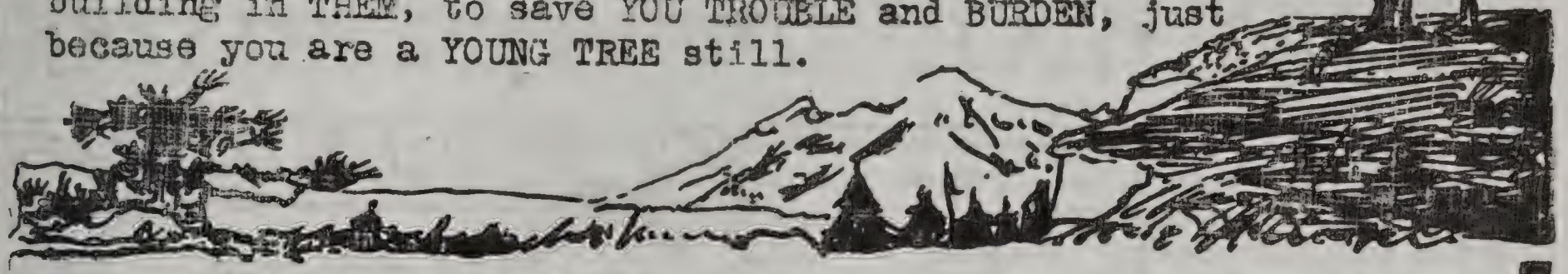
I will not say much more about BRAVERY, except to write a couple of sayings I'd like to tell you, -- like these: "It's BRAVE to wait PATIENTLY when it's <u>easy</u> to FRET." - - "It's BRAVE to be SILENT when talking would be more FUN." - - "It's BRAVE to ENDURE until your <u>heart</u> says it is time to FIGHT." -- And last of all: "It's BRAVE to do LITTLE things for others and yourself until you are BIG <u>enough to do big things.</u>"

Now that I'm having a good Heart 2 Heart talk to you, I may as well go on [all the time hoping that you aren't tired of old Heart] You see, I've got you ALONE. I have a JIU-JITSU grip on your good RIGHT HAND, but when I've given you some GOOD THINGS that are in my system - I won't bother you again for a long time - THAT'S FAIR - ISN'T IT? Well, Son

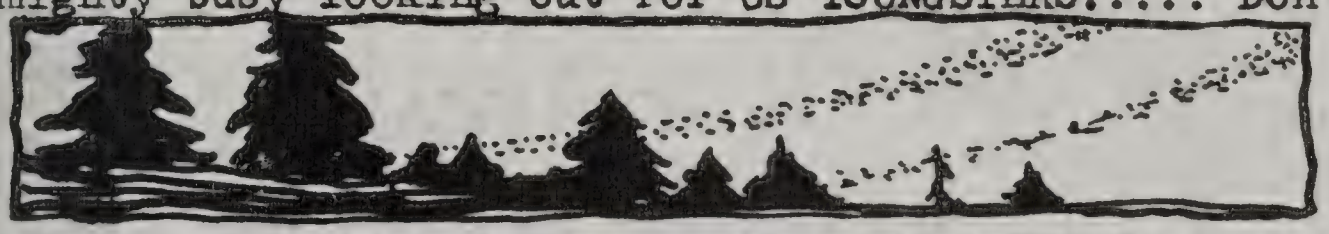


next to BRAVERY -- TRUTH-BRAVERY, -- OUT-OF-SIGHT BRAVERY, -- I think OBEDIENCE comes. It's hard to put the GOOD PARTS of a Boy's CHARACTER in a <u>row</u> and label them No. 1. 2, 3, because those PARTS <u>must</u> change places now and then, but if we <u>do</u> put TAGS on your GOOD SPOTS, I think I would say OBEDIENCE ought to come next to TRUTH.

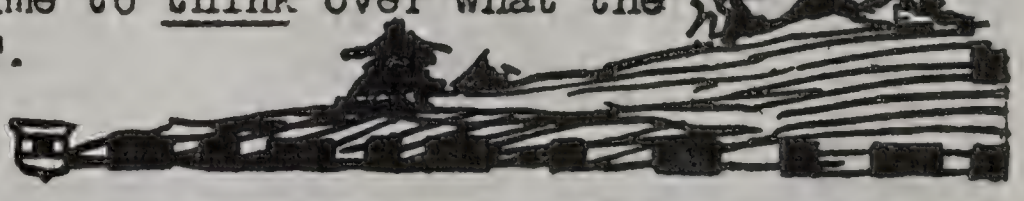
YOU are YOUNG now, dear Lad, so of course you have lots to learn, and you can be proud of that, too. You are like a fine young PINE TREE, who finds out that it is best to grow up carefully, a little at a time, and in the right way. All around you are BIG TREES. These big Trees stop the fierce winds from twisting and slapping you and bending you crooked. They say, "Here's a YOUNG-STER TREE that will be a BIG FELLOW some day. Let's have an eye on him for awhile. So they let the sun in on you at the right time of day, and keep the earth moist about your young tender roots. They take the whacks and slaps that "North Wind" aims at you; they spread their boughs (arms) to protect you; they even tell Mr. Squirrel and Mr. Woodpecker to "Keep off that Boy, -- you can pick and scratch US". They arrange that Mr. Crow and all the other birds shall do their nest-building in THEM, to save YOU TROUBLE and BURDEN, just because you are a YOUNG TREE still.



THE BIG TREES ARE YOUR PARENTS or FRIENDS, whose only plan and hope is to make it easy for you to grow up STRAIGHT and TALL and STRONG. I can't imagine a young TREE being foolish enough to pull itself up by its roots with a WHOOP and a KICK, saying as he did it "I can take care of myself...I know what's better for ME than the BIG CHAPS...Watch ME get out of the tall timbers...I can STAND alone on the bare MOUNTAIN TOP." No, I think it is better for you and me to MIND THE BIG ONES without saying "Why" too often, for they are mighty busy looking out for US YOUNGSTERS..... Don't You think so?



Why, Son, I think it is a rather good STUNT to OBEY just for the FUN OF IT. You never know how things are going to end. It's like reading a GOOD STORY that turns out RIGHT in the end, -- no matter what a hard time the Hero had while the story was going on. But the most important thing about OBEYING is--if you obey NOW you will know how to LEAD and COMMAND when your turn comes. Your turn will come, -- you can be sure of that,--but it will not come if you don't learn to obey when you have a chance to learn how...That CHANCE is NOW. I like to obey and I'm OLD, but I like to just the same for it gives me time to think over what the OTHER FELLOW thinks is IMPORTANT.



THERE MY BOY

my little "Sermon" is done but there are many good parts of Character I have said nothing about. As I have written a little sermon for my boy Friend I might as well add a few LITTLE PRAYERS just to make my letter REAL GOOD to the very end.

I don't think you will need all the prayers I wrote for you, but I thought the extra ones would come in handy, perhaps.

I think it's good to say a prayer because it TELLS A GØOD FRIEND about something that bothers us, or it's like ASKING a Gød Friend to give us something we need, besides, just saying a PRAYER leaves GØOD IN OUR HEARTS.

SO I GIVE YOU THESE PRAYERS

Dear God, you are my Friend, I know,
And You are always near.
Please come into my Heart and show
How I can conquer FEAR.
Please be a kind of SENTINEL,
That always gives me aid;
And when I'm frightened, You will tell
ME NOT TO BE AFRAID.

Dear God, there are some THINGS for me
Too big to understand.
But I am sure that I can see
If You just hold my hand.
Then very soon I will be BRAVE,
Because a FRIEND is here
Who likes to watch, and who will save
My HEART FROM EVERY FEAR.
A M E N.



FEAR

Dear Boy- FEAR takes away our power to think right - it makes our eyes blind. When all FEAR is conquered, nothing can stop us from growing BIGGER, STRONGER and WISER - [and we have more FUN too]

CHIVALRY

O, God, I want to be a KNIGHT,
With armor bright and lance at rest.
I want to go into the FIGHT
And DO MY LEVEL BEST.
But Knights are gone. Perhaps I can
Just "make believe", and I can try
To be a GALLANT GENTLEMAN,
And bravely DO, or DIE.

I know that kind of KNIGHT is best,
For times are changed and different.
But I can go upon a QUEST,
Just as the others went
And Mother, she will watch and see
How I do battle for the RIGHT.
Then she'll be very proud of me,--
Her GENTLEMAN and KNIGHT.
A M E N.

EVIL THOUGHTS.

Dear God, not even Mother could
See all the Evil Thoughts that <u>would</u>
Keep stealing in my Heart today,
When I <u>seemed</u> only just at play.
But O, these Evil Thoughts crept in
Like serpents, telling me to sin.
Those Evil Thoughts all left a track
Across my HEART that made it BLACK.

I am ashamed to look and see
If Mother knows the Thoughts in me.
I cannot watch her dear eyes shine
For Fear she'll see the sin in <u>mine.</u>
O, make my Thoughts all GOOD and PURE
For then I may be very sure
That I have clear and honest eyes
Where <u>not one</u> Thought of Evil lies.

A M E N.





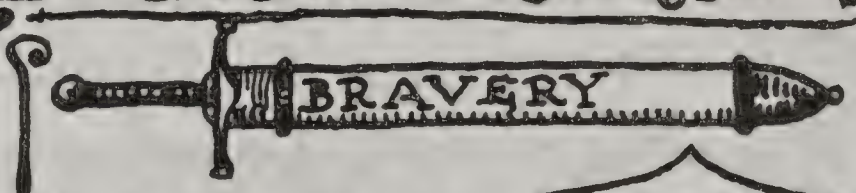
Dear God, I'm sulky now and then;
It's hard to tell what makes me so.
Those sulks get <u>right</u> <u>inside</u> me when
I'm cross or selfish, - then they <u>grow.</u>
I just can <u>feel</u> them giving me
A gloomy face and sullen pout,
So You, or anyone, must be
Uncomfortable when I'm about.

Dear God, I'm sure you know a way
To stop the SULKS, because they're bad.
Please close my heart to them, for they
Make me just <u>miserable</u> <u>and</u> <u>sad.</u>
Please change the look upon my face;
Please teach me that a <u>simple</u> <u>SMILE</u>
Will cure the SULKS, and in their place
Put GOOD looks in a little while.

A M E N

FIGHTING.

O God, I had a FIGHT today;
In rage I punched and hit.
I didn't care in any way,
I even scratched and BIT.
I snarled just like a savage BEAST,
I bunted without heeding.
I didn't seem to care the least
That I was soiled and bleeding.





O God, I know YOU do not care
<u>Who</u> won that <u>beastly</u> <u>fight.</u>
But I know well that You were there
And saw that BRUTAL SIGHT.
O, please, God, teach me <u>better</u> pluck,
Which looks at COURAGE gravely,
And only FIGHTS when <u>blows are struck</u>
DEFENDING <u>OTHERS</u> BRAVELY.

A M E N.

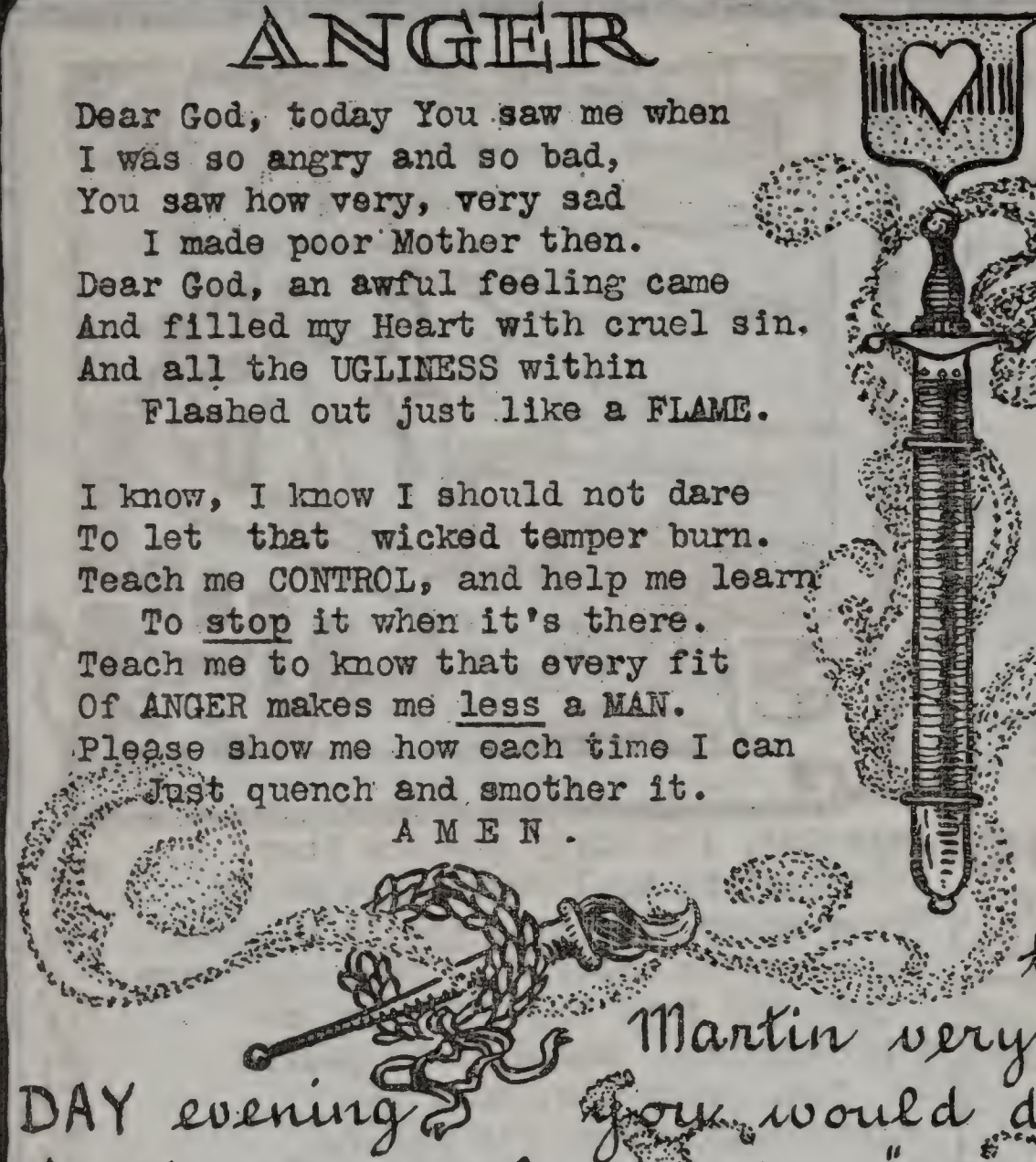




ANGER

Dear God, today You saw me when
I was so angry and so bad,
You saw how very, very sad
I made poor Mother then.
Dear God, an awful feeling came
And filled my Heart with cruel sin.
And all the UGLINESS within
Flashed out just like a FLAME.

I know, I know I should not dare
To let that wicked temper burn.
Teach me CONTROL, and help me learn
To stop it when it's there.
Teach me to know that every fit
Of ANGER makes me less a MAN.
Please show me how each time I can
Just quench and smother it.
A M E N .



THERE, dear LAD, this is the last page of my SERIOUS ♥ 2 ♥ letter and it will be many a long day before my timid old heart will be so bold again. You would make your old "Long-distance" friend John Martin very happy, if, some SUNDAY evening you would drop me a POST CARD, just put on the card a "HEART and TWO CROSSED SWORDS" and YOUR NAME - then I will know that you belong to the BIG BROTHERHOOD of GOOD WORKERS. If you ever think a POETRY PRAYER about anything I haven't written about would come in handy, just let me know and I'll make up one for you. GOOD bye, Brother. -

YOURS FOR FUN, FOR GOOD, for LONG SWORDS AND STRONG HEARTS; for BIG TREES & LITTLE TREES,
AFFECTIONATELY, John Martin

P.S John Martin said he likes the pictures in this letter. John wanted me to tell you who made them for you. I did. My name is STACY H. WOOD. I hope you like the pictures too, because I help John Martin lots, and I enjoy drawing pictures of Knights, Horses, Boats and Animals for your letters. May I draw some more?

Your Friend
Stacy H. Wood.

John Martin's Letter ♡ To You
NUMBER 4

GIGGLE WIGGLE DAY

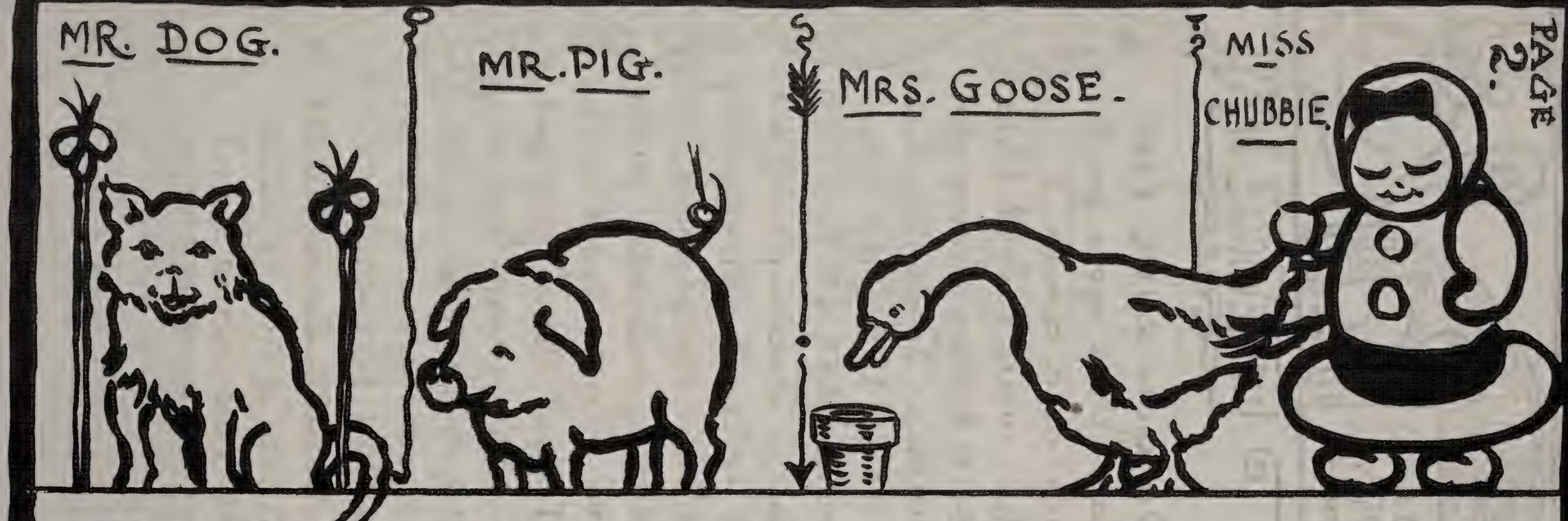
GIRLS SERIES. 6 TO 7 YEARS OLD

MY DEAR

Do you ever feel so happy and so glad that you just can't help jumping up and down? Well, Dearie, that's the way I feel this very, instant minute. ♡ I can hear you say — "What's the matter, John Martin? What makes you so gay? Why do you want to act that way? ARENT YOU OLD JOHN MARTIN?" Then I say — "Hum-p! Old? OLD? O, dear! No, not when I am writing to you, or when I am thinking about YOU. Why, I grow younger every minute, just because I am trying to make you happier - So that's why I feel like jumping UP and DOWN, but, as I can't jump up and down and write to you at the same time, I am going to write you a FUNNY, TOPSY-TURVY, HIGGLEDY-PIGGLEDY, GIGGLEY-WIGGLEY letter and it will be a PUZZLE letter at the same time - (and it will be fun for ME to give YOU some fun) -

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MORGAN SHEPARD, 42 WEST 39TH STREET, NEW YORK



So-here I begin that funny letter. I drew some PICTURES first, of, Dog, Pig, Mrs. Goose and MISS Chubbie. They all began to cry because I didn't give them good, big, long, curly-whirly FEET. I said to them- "Please stop crying - crying does not make a nice sound. Be quiet, all of you and I will draw LOTS of feet on the next page of my Little Girl's letter. If you Keep on being GOOD, perhaps she will give you all the feet you want."

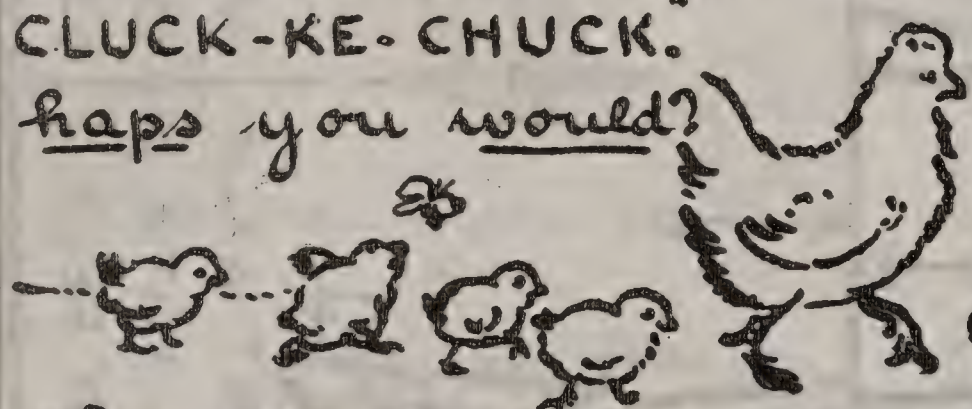
So they stopped crying. NOW YOU CAN GIVE THEM FEET BY JUST FOLDING THE *NEXT PAGE* RIGHT ALONG *THE LINE IN THE MIDDLE* (CAREFULLY). FOLD IT *UNDER*, THEN TURN IT OVER *THIS PAGE* SO THAT THE TWO ARROW POINTS *JUST TOUCH EACH OTHER* - GET "SOMEBODY" TO FIX IT *FOR YOU*.



HIGGLEDY-PIGGLEDY ALL IN A ROW;
HOW THESE STRANGE PEOPLE ALL JIGGLY GO.
CLAWS, PAWS, SLIPPERS AND TOES!
WIGGLY-GIGGLY *EVERYONE* GOES.

NOW, my Dear, what do you think of the strange Goings-On of PAGE 2 and PAGE 3 of my letter to you? By this time you have learned how to put on the different kinds of FEET on the different sorts of PEOPLE. How silly they must feel when they get the new feet tucked on!

JUST STOP AND THINK HOW YOU WOULD FEEL, (YOU, a LITTLE GIRL) if all of a sudden MRS. HEN'S CLAWS were on you, instead of your nice, neat little feet! O, dear! O, dear, I think you would flap your arms, you'd make a noise like Mrs. HEN when she CACKLED, and you would scratch some dirt and say "CLUCK-CLUCK-KE-CHUCK."



Don't you think perhaps you would? —→ AND, suppose, one day when you went out walking, you looked DOWN at the place where your feet ought to be, and O, dear O, you saw some PUSSY-CAT PAWS and some sharp, scratchy CLAWS where little pink TOES OUGHT TO BE. Suppose all that; don't you think, when you saw Dan DOG coming along the path, your back would get up. and perhaps you'd scratch him on the nose, if he behaved in too FRISKY a manner? I think perhaps you WOULD.



So now you can see how all the folks feel about THE STRANGE feet YOU PUT ON THEM

PINKIE CHUBBIE

PINKIE CHUBBIE TAKES A RIDE
ON HER CHUBBIE HORSE.
SHE'S JUST FULL OF JOY AND PRIDE –
THAT'S ALL RIGHT – OF COURSE –
Isn't it Dear?

QUEEN WINNIE

WINNIE QUEEN AND WINNIE'S CROWN
RIDING ELEPHANT.
WINNIE WANTS TO GET RIGHT DOWN,
BUT QUEEN WINNIE CAN'T.

Can she, Dear?

POOR GIRAFFE

LOTS OF CHUBBIES IN A ROW,
ALL ON POOR GIRAFFE.
CHUBBIES CANNOT MAKE HIM GO.
'CAUSE HE WANTS TO LAUGH.

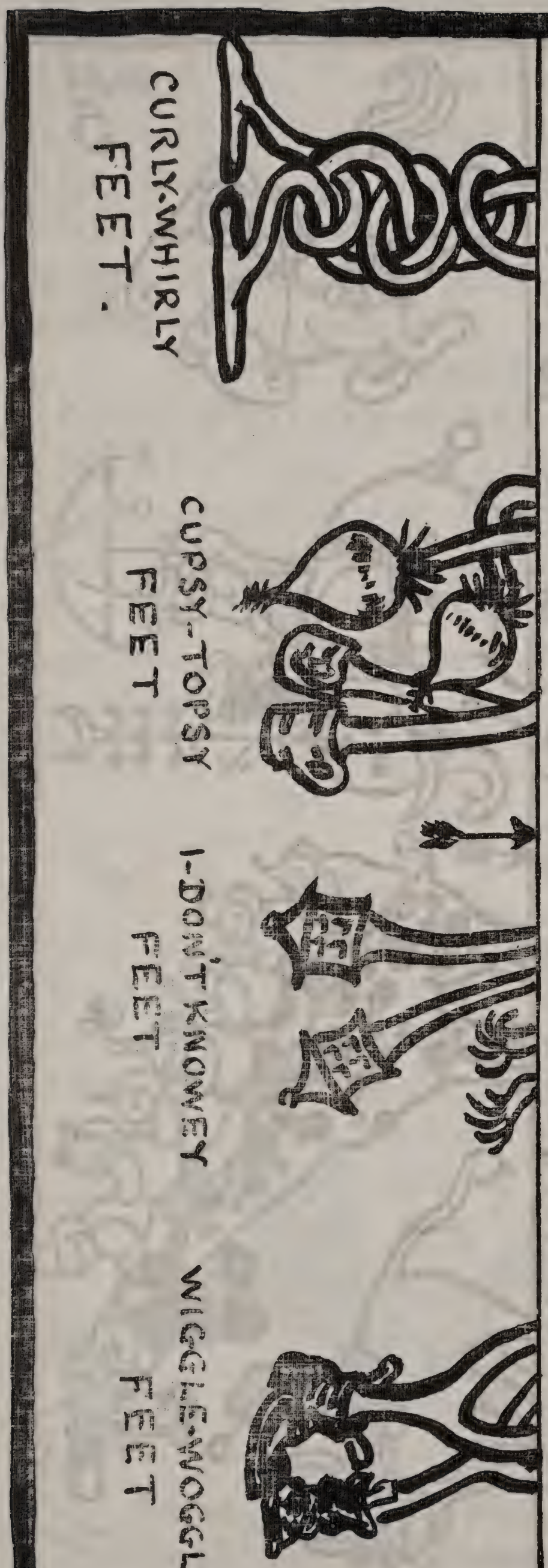
I do too, don't YOU?

MRS. BOSSY COW

NEITHER WILL OLD BOSSY GO.–
WHY DO YOU SUPPOSE?
JUST BECAUSE SHE LIKES TO SHOW
HOW SHE LICKS HER NOSE.

Isn't she QUEER, Dear?





Here is another page
of FEET
All waiting in a
row:
Just crease this page
as neat as NEAT,
And find where they
should GO.
Just turn the page
along the LINE,
Then lift it to the
right;
'T will make those peo-
ple look so fine
And such a funny
sight.
If any of those folks
should KICK,
Or snap or bite, or
howl,
Why, turn this page
away just quick,
And let those
Sillies growl.

But I think they
will say "THANK
YOU VERY MUCH MY
DEAR, YOU ARE VERY
KIND - GOOD BYE, WE
MUST MOVE ALONG"



THIS IS A CRYING *WEEPY-DEE*. SHE SQUEALS AND CRIES ALL DAY SO THAT HER POOR TIRED MAMMA GETS MORE TIRED EVERY MINUTE. *PLEASE* GIVE HER A GOOD TALKING-TO.

You can guess who these two are. When you guess right, be sure you let me Know Dear, because I need to know very badly

THIS IS A RUDE *SNOOZIE SNOOP*. SHE YAWNS AT YOU AND NEVER SAYS-"*EXCUSE ME, PLEASE*". SHE OUGHT TO-DON'T YOU THINK SO?

O, dear little SISTER, I have written such a long NON-SENSE-SI-DOO-DLE letter to you, I hope you will excuse me if you think I have been TOO SILLY - I just have to "cut up", it's like "making believe" I am playing with you - *HERE'S* how I feel about it



TO MY LITTLE GIRL.

I'm sorry you live "far away",
Because I want to talk to you;
There are so many things to SAY,
And O, so many things to DO.
I know a LOT of GAMES to play.
And I would tell you SECRETS, too.
Then maybe you would let me stay
If I would *tell* you just a FEW.
(I would too)

Good night little playmate; it is late at night:
"Somebody" says - "Go to bed John Martin" - so
I must mind, just as You mind -
Your loving
John Martin

HERE ARE TWO GOOD BOOKS.

MARJORIE AND HER PAPA. I do think every little girl should have this book because it is a book that was made by a little girl and her father. They drew all the pictures and the story happened to them, so of course little girls like it. It is one of the kind of stories that you cannot help learning by heart, it is so nice to read and so sweet to remember. The Century Co., New York, make this Marjorie book, and it costs $1.00.

THE STORY OF LIVE DOLLS was written by Josephine Scribner Gates, and it was printed by the Bobbs-Merrill Co., Indianapolis. Of course little girls like to hear about Dollies and what happened to them. This book tells exactly what did happen. It is full of pictures and it is as funny as it can be. It is not a new book but it is the kind that lives a long long time. I am sure you would like it. It costs $1.25.



JUNGLEDALE. FUNDAY 7TH

JM TO U

GIRLS SERIES. 7½ TO 10 YEARS OLD

My dear

This is going to be a very queer letter and a funny one. The last time I wrote, I think I was rather serious; this time I am going to be rather silly and lazy, for I will let some one else do most of your letter. I will tell you how. I have a little girl friend who writes fine COMPOSITIONS; her name is Betty W—[I will not tell you her last name now.] Betty had been reading Mr. KIPLING'S *"Just So Stories"* at school, with all the other Children. The teacher said one day – "I want you all to write a composition that will sound and read like a "Just So Story"; the little girl who writes the best composition shall have a prize." So Betty went home and thought and thought and then she said to herself – "Mr. Kipling never told a story of *how Mr. Bear got his short tail, or why he was lumpy and bumpy all over*; I will write about that" – Betty wrote her composition; it was such a good one that she won the PRIZE at school. One day I asked Betty if I could put her story into your letter; she said – "All right, John Martin, but please PRINT my story so it will look like a BOOK".

So that is what I have done. I hope you will read "THE JUST SO STORIES" sometime, then you will see how good Betty's composition is. I don't think that Mr. Kipling will mind having a little girl copy his WAY of telling a story, do you? I think he will be proud because she tried so hard and won a PRIZE for trying.

Of course I don't get much of a chance to talk to you in this letter, but I will make up for it some other time. May I, Dearie?

So here comes Betty W's story of –

HOW MR. BEAR GOT A STUMPY LUMPY TAIL.



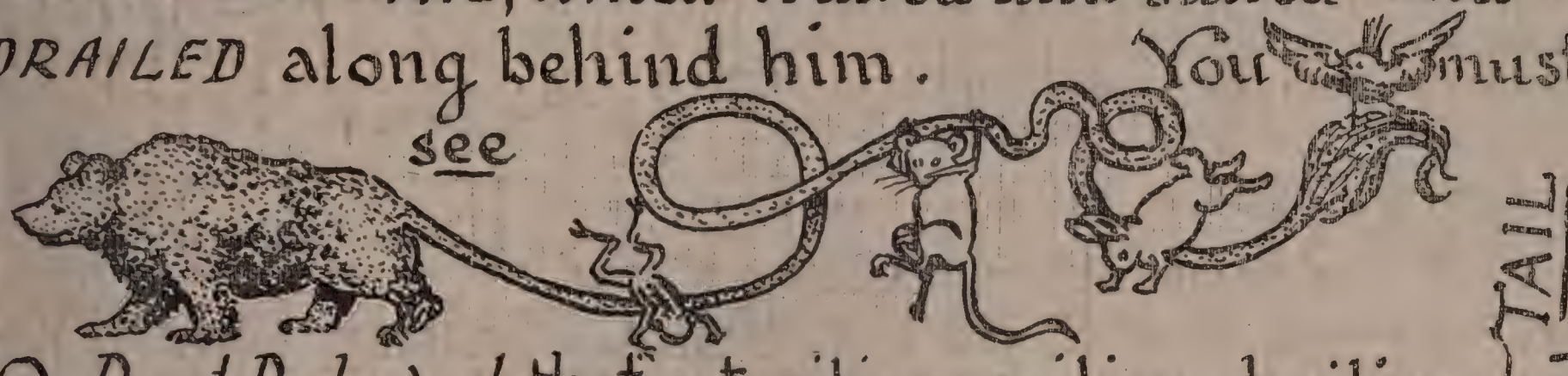
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YOU must Know, O BEST BELOVED, that in the winter time the animals hold their Pow-WOWS or CHOW-CHOWS or what-ever-you-want-to-call-'em. I do not think that those strange words mean much to you or to me, O *Best Beloved*, being plain and simple Two-legged creatures. We are not made after the manner of such-like animals. But a pow-wow, or chow-chow, or what-ever-you-want-to-call-'em, affords the animals so much chow-chowish satis-*fac*-tion that they Keep right on having 'em and they never give us a moment's thought, nor do they so much as mention us in any of their *pow-wowish proceedings*; all of which goes to prove that the animals attend to their own chow-chows and expect us to mind our own affairs. This we very politely DO, for never by any chance do the animals say anything worth listening to [as MR BEAR found out to his lumptious bumptious shame and sorrow.]

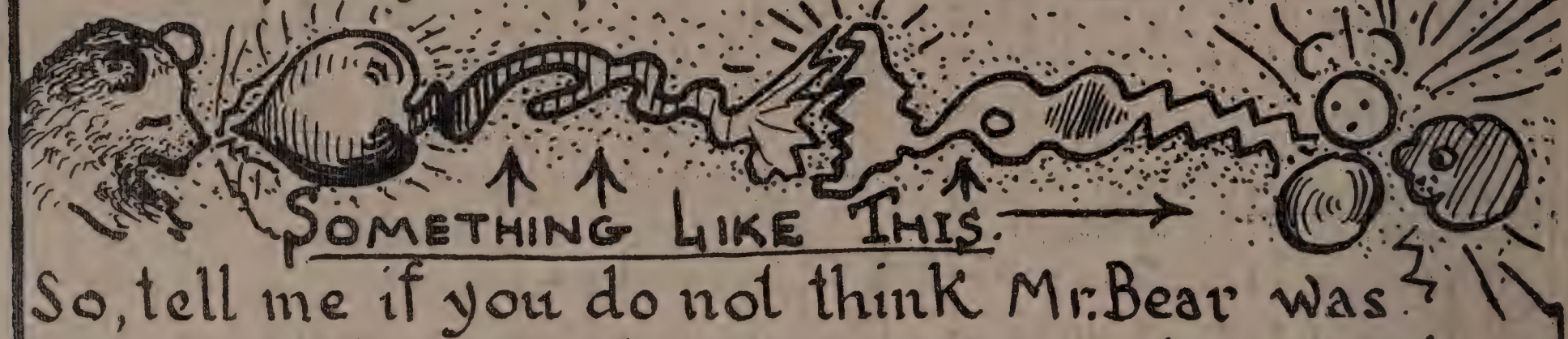
MR. BEAR was in those days a most entirely different animal from the Kind you see in the Park, for then he never, never went fast asleep in the winter and, more important than that, he had a 'stensively-long-pulled-out TAIL, which *trailed and sailed and DRAILED* along behind him.



O *Best Beloved*, that a trailing, sailing, drailing *should* cause many stumblings and not a few grumblings in almost ANY FOREST it happened to trail, sail, or drail IN TO; besides this, Mr. Bear was another great source of annoy-ment to the other animals. Whenever Bear went to a pow-wow, which he 'most always did, being a 'ceedingly duliful beaslie — he would listen very attentively for quite *FIVE MINUTES*, and then, when some one was making a beau-ti-ful speech, that bear would fall FAST asleep, and most *im*-politely, Best Beloved, BEGIN TO SNORE!



THINK of that O BEST BELOVED! Mr. Bear's snore was long and loud and really truly well-snored. for his snoresome, boresome snore was FAT at the BE-ginning of IT, with a *crack* down one side and three funny lumps on the very end of IT.



SOMETHING LIKE THIS.

So, tell me if you do not think Mr. Bear was 'scru-ci-at-ingly and RAM-*BUNK*-siously annoying with his snoresome, boresome, rumbley, grumbley SNORE? And *now*, what do you think happened to that Bear one day, when he snored a par-TICKLE-you-lar-ly snorey snore? Well, THIS happened--



Mr. Elephant was speaking, and between you and me, it was a most tiresome speech, but still I can quite understand his feelings when, just as he finished he heard, instead of applause (which he en-joyed very much), a long, loud, sigh-ing, sorrowful, snorey SNORE!

O Best Beloved! that snorey snore hurt Mr. Elephant's favorite feelings and it bruised his most precious Prides, so, O, O, with one terrible swoop and scoop of his trunk, Mr. Elephant caught hold of Mr. Bear's most 'stensively-long-pulled-out TAIL,

and swung him 'round and round and sideways and hindways and allways until, O *BEST* Beloved, that TAIL JUST BROKE, *Z-I-P!* RIGHT OFF CLEAN and very, very SHORT - and *Z-I-M!* Mr. Bear went spinning away and he fell to the ground with a bumpy bound which hurt most awfully much, Best Beloved, as You would Know if You ever had it done to You.

POOR Mr. Bear! He was lumpy and humpy and *bumpy* all over and he had no Mamma to rub witch-hazel on him or to give a piece of *her* mind to cranky MR. ELE-*PHANT*. But what hurt him most of all was the loss of his lovely and 'stensively-long-pulled-out TAIL that sailed and trailed and DRAILED BEHIND HIM not so very LONG AGO. This made him so weepy that he slinked and slunked away to his HOME in a CAVE and lay down and slept and snored and snored all of his snoresome boresome, rumbley, grumbley SNORES, but nobody heard him so it was all right this time, Best Beloved!

Mr Bear was so lumpy and bumpy and humpy and sor-row-ful and altogether so grumpily gruntily DIS-gruntled, that he just slept all winter long, so that when he woke up it was Spring-time and all the POW-WOWS and CHOW-CHOWS, or *what ever you want to call 'em*, were over, and that was naturally a great relief to Mr. Bear, for *HE* always found them perfectly unbearable.



THEN said Bear to HIMSELF—
"Well! Those shoresome and hore-some and DANGERSOME pow-wows have made me lose my lovely, long stensively-pulled-out tail (which will never sail or trail or drail be-hind me again) and O, O, I am all lumpy and humpy and bumpy and I have no MAMMY to rub me with witch-hazel. O, O, I will never go to one of those pow-wows again"

HE NEVER *HAS*, my Best Beloved, for every Winter, when the pow-wows begin, Mr. Bear just curls up in his cave and he *tries* to curl up his lumpy, stumpy, nubbins of a TAIL; then he goes fast asleep until Spring comes *again and again.*

So that was the beginning of lumpy, stumpy tails for Bears, and that was the END of 'stensively-long-pulled-out TAILS for Bears and

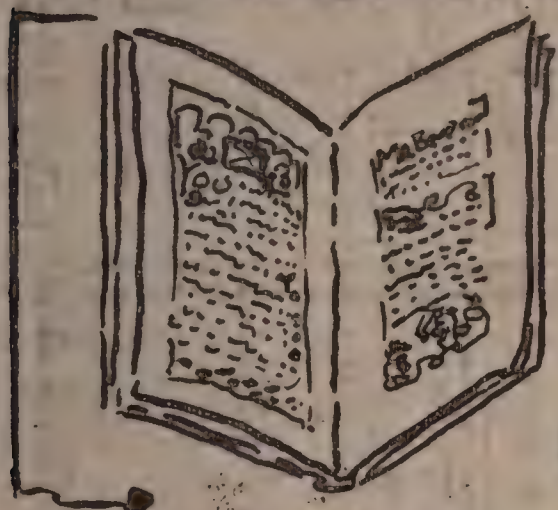
THIS IS END OF *MY* TALE TOO

O MY BEST BELOVED

There, my Dear! if ever a person had tired, cramped fingers I am that very person, and my lips are "scrooged" all side-wise and my nose is all puckered up every way - Why?- - just you sit down and PRINT FIVE PAGES of a letter to me, be careful about spelling and grammar and punctuation marks, - O, O, I think you would "pucker" and "scrooge" too- - But I like to be careful about my letters to you, just because I am writing to you - You know how I feel about

it, I am sure - besides, I was extra-extra careful with this letter, because a composition ought to be as easily read as a book.

Then I had another reason for taking such pains with your Mr. Bear Story: you see our friend, Miss Betty W— wants to be a really truly BOOK WRITER some day, so when I put her "composition" in your letter, I PRINTED IT to make it look something like a BOOK -



Betty W- will be proud when I show her that part of your letter. You know, a good COMPOSITION is, after all, just a BABY BOOK; if you are wise and careful how you educate it, and if you give it PERIODS ⁘ for PILLS at the right time and in the right places, you will see "Composition" grow strong and nice looking. Don't let Baby have too many EXCLAMATION POINTS, just one now and then, when she's a little excited and tries to scream. As for COMMAS, ⁘ - well, give her some when you think she is talking too fast; a COMMA will give her a chance to take a short breath - I wish I had room to tell you all about how a book is made, from the beginning (a composition) to putting on it's nice even COVER - I can tell you, many things have to be done before a

BOOK is "ready". I have great respect for a book, because minds and hearts and hands all have some thing to do in making a good book - 📖📖📖📖📖📖📖📖📖 I wish you would write a Story for me some day, just as our friend Betty W- did; then I would Know the Kind of stories you like best; then I would be more sure about the way to write letters to you. PLEASE DO - wont you? Good bye, Dearie: You will get another letter before very long and while you are waiting, I shall be thinking GOOD THINGS for you and sending GOOD THOUGHTS to you; that's the best I can do when I can't SEE you - BE HAPPY

Ever your loving

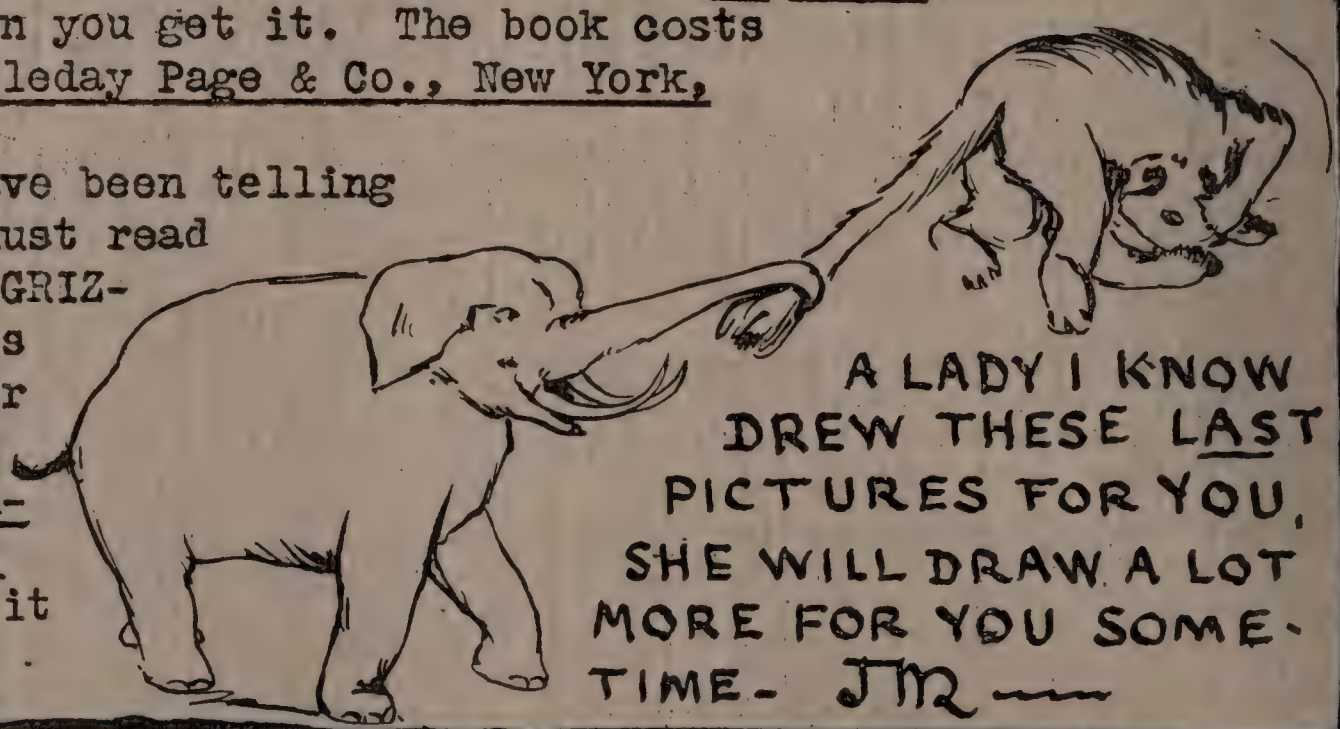
John Martin

P.S. I WANT TO SAY A FEW WORDS ABOUT A BOOK OR TWO SO THAT YOU WILL KNOW THE NAMES OF TWO GOOD FRIENDS OF CHILDREN - *HERE THEY ARE*)



In my Letter, I spoke about THE JUST SO STORIES, by Mr. Kipling. I would like you to have that blessed book; there never was one like it and there never will be. That's the reason why Betty W--- tried so hard to write a story like a "Just So Story". She loved the book so that she almost knew it by heart; and so will you when you get it. The book costs $1.35 net, and Doubleday Page & Co., New York, make it.

As we have been telling bear stories, you must read THE BIOGRAPHY OF A GRIZZLY some time. It's fine, of course, for it is by Mr. Thompson-Seton. The Century Co., New York, make the book, and it costs $1.50.



A LADY I KNOW DREW THESE LAST PICTURES FOR YOU, SHE WILL DRAW A LOT MORE FOR YOU SOMETIME - JM

JOHN MARTIN'S
Letter To You
Number 5

BOYS
SERIES.
5 TO 7
YEARS OLD

Jungle Garden

My dear

For, a long time I have WANTED to write this letter, because it's a FUNNY letter and a sort of FAIRY STORY one— it's a "MAGIC" one too because wonder-FUL things happened - AS YOU WILL SEE.

You must Know that I can turn from John Martin into a LITTLE BOY;- all I have to do is to THINK HARD and WISH a LOT, and get my Heart to *bump in the right way* - and - AND - "Bing, bang, bumperty, *biff*" — *THERE*, I am, a LITTLE BOY, just like You - only I have some good, plain-to-see FRECKLES on my nose and I *seem* to be a tiny bit BOW-LEGGED - just enough to be comfortable - that's all.

Well, one day I went to see my big sister; she has what she calls an ITALIAN GARDEN - I suppose she got the garden in ITALY - [that is where {JULIUS CAESAR

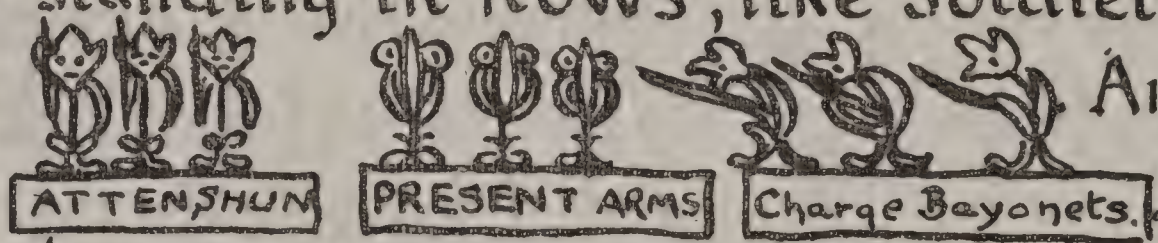
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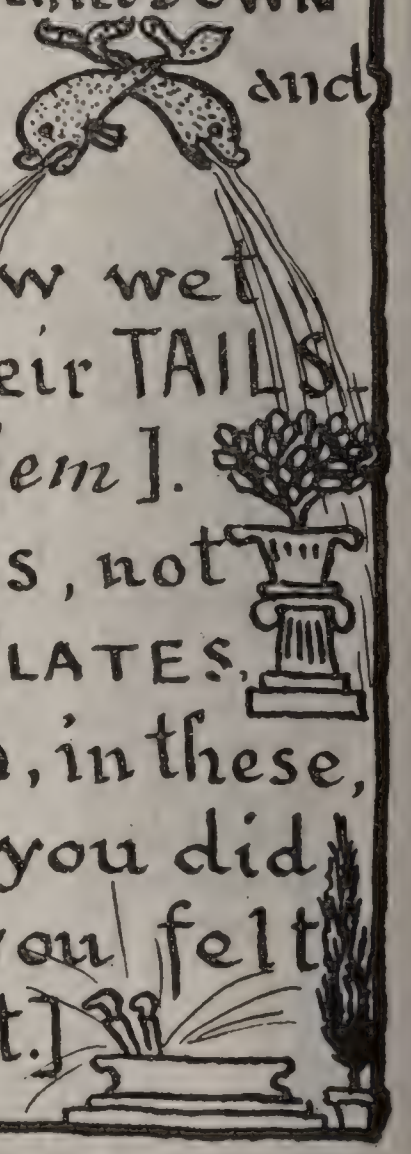
MORGAN SHEPARD, 42 WEST 39TH ST., NEW YORK

2 lived when *he* was a little boy.] Well, my Big Sister's garden was very pretty and it was crowded with all sorts of TREES; some of the trees were tall and thin and waved in the air; others were short and stumpy and would n't WAVE for anything, or anybody - I just wanted to <u>shake</u> them sometimes - I <u>did</u> once, but my sister said "Stop, John, you <u>hurt</u> that tree". Then I said, "If shaking *hurts* him, I'll stop, but I wish he would DO something". Well, besides all the trees in that garden there were flowers standing in Rows, like Soldiers, ready for battle. And there was a VAST JUNGLE of wavy shivery BAMBOO, and there were FOUNTAINS where water squirted UP out of things and DOWN out of the mouths of FISH and DOLPHINS and LIONS; and all their TAILS were in a bad tangle, but nobody seemed to care how wet they got, nor did they worry about their TAILS [*which was very good and patient of them*]. Then there were nice Round Puddles, not very deep, just like big stone SOUP PLATES. There was n't any water going up and down, in these, they were only <u>water</u>, not very deep; you did not <u>have</u> to get wet there, unless you felt like it - [I did sometimes, by accident.]









The most beautiful thing about this garden was the MILES and MILES of *PATHS* all made of crunchy white PEBBLES. The paths wound in and out among fountains and flowers and trees and bushes. No matter where you started you always came to the BAMBOO JUNGLE - Now that's exactly what makes this a 'fairy-story letter - *you just couldn't HELP going to that bamboo jungle; the paths led you there and SOMETHING pushed and pushed you, behind you.* As you went along, funny STONE THINGS "peeked" out at you from all sides - LIONS and BIRDS and GAR-GOOS and DRAGONS and all sorts of SCOWLING, wrinkly, crinkly GRIFFINS and lots of other THINGS *all* made of STONE.



A GAR-GOO.



A GRIFFIN

A PICTURE of the GARDEN GATE

(4) O, such a scowly, yowly, howly LION guarded the Garden, and he straddled a poor little lumpy lamb just to show how savage he was. One day I wanted to walk in that "magic" garden, but when I got as far as the GATE, I stood still, because that scowly, frownsome LION looked at me in a cross-eyed way and looked cross in every other way. - LION GROWLED - I didn't go an inch nearer - Then I heard SOMEBODY say this:

"THIS IS A MAGIC GARDEN WHERE
NO GROWN-UP PEOPLE EVER DARE
TO WALK, OR TALK, OR PLAY -
SO IF YOU DON'T STOP BEING *TALL*,
AND IF YOU CAN'T GET VERY *SMALL*
YOU'D BETTER RUN AWAY.

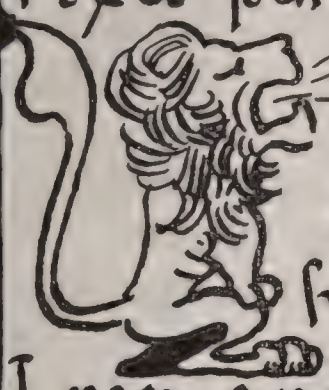


I DON'T KNOW *EXACTLY* who said that, but I think it was a little CHINA DOG who always hid away in the bamboo jungle - That little dog was the most MAGIC of anybody in my Sister's garden - as you shall soon see - The little dog's NAME was "Dudu *FOAR-GET*" and his tail was short and stumpy and here is his picture, BOTH WAYS - After I heard that "VOICE from the jungle", I knew I must get "little", so I *thought hard* and *wished a lot* and *saw* things with a little Boy's *heart* and O, "*hopus wishum crinkle wink i-bus*" I looked down into the MAGIC PUDDLE PLATE and I *saw* a little ME laughing at me



GUARDING THE GARDEN

So I laughed back at that ME in the Puddle Plate and then with a loud war-war WHOOP, I *ran* right through *the Magic Garden Gate*. Then with a howlsome, growlsome R-r-roar, lumpy LION jumped off of his stone post & SLASH into the very wet water. But he crawled out of the puddle with a very disgusted look all over his curley whiskers and he shook his paws like a cross old Tom-thomas CAT & Little LAMB followed LION bleating with shrill savageness - which worried me terribly; all this time LION was r-r-oaring ON just fearsomely and chasing me along the garden paths with nearer and *nearer* dangerness. My hair stuck up in the air I was SO worried. My legs helped me to run away. I heard LION shriek this between his short horried pants



"Come forth ye ANIMALS of STONE, for here's a little BOY ALONE... Catch him! Catch him! Make him HARDEN TO DEC-O-RATE THIS ***MAGIC GARDEN***

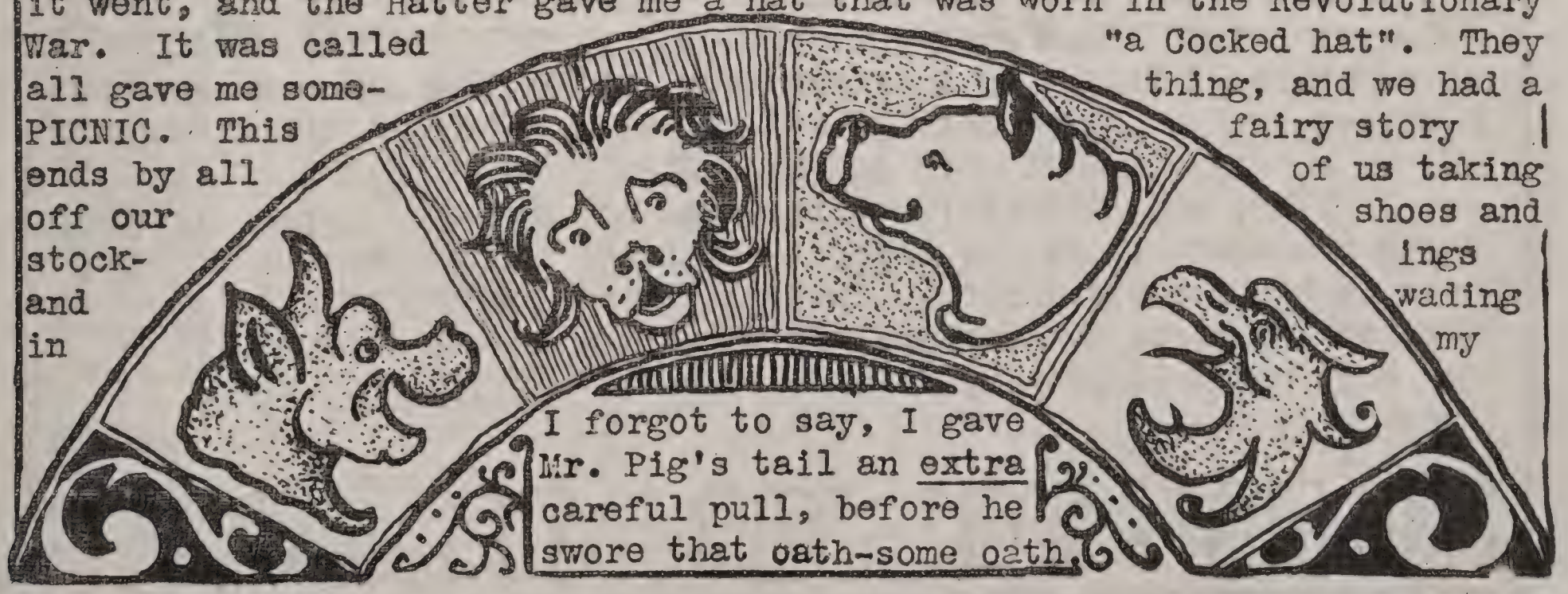
LAMB rebleated those words after LION. He had a cold in his head [he was a "copy cat" too] I ran and RAN. At every turn in the garden path NEW STONE ANIMALS jumped off their seats and joined in the CHASE after LITTLE ME. Everyone howled and yowled and said things as they bumped and jumped and ramped and stamped after ME. *FIRST* came an E-normous grumbly GRIFON, after him came a prickly ROSMARINE then came a GARGOO with one fierce HORN

6 sticking out of his forehead. Then came two PANS with hind legs like my goat. Everybody chased me and I kept running but my legs were short, because I was only a little BOY. Nearer



and nearer panted those stony-hearted ANIMALS; I felt their fierce pants on the soles of my shoes [-*I am so excited that I can't hold my pen; I shall have to finish your letter on my typewriter, IT makes a noise just like my teeth when they chatter.*— SO I knew that something must be done right away, for if I could not get away from these hard-hearted animals, there was no telling what would happen to ME. Lion was so rough and lumpy, Mr. Gryphon was so fierce and grumpy, and Rosmarine was so full of stickers and prickers that of course a little boy should be terribly afraid. As I said, my running was faster and faster. Suddenly I heard a loud fat grunty-grunt. The grunt came out of a fat PIG of a pig. There across my path he ran, right in front of me. Of course I tumbled over him. It was a hard and a fast tumble. I sprawled hands and feet and knees and NOSE right into a tulip bed. In falling, I pulled up a red tulip in my right hand, and a yellow tulip in my left hand. I hurried to get on my feet, and there stood all those fierce animals around me, Everybody howling and growling and grunting at once, Everybody making some plan to ATTEND TO ME. Just behind me, out of the corner of my eye I could see the wavy green jungle. I knew that the little CHINA DOG was there; I knew that if I could get into that jungle I would BE SAFE. But I could not break through so many stony-hearted animals, all of them with their tails flying around like electric fans and their arms moving up and down like pump-handles. So I just sat still and my teeth chattered and my knees bumped together. I was very scared. I felt my hair standing straight up on tip-toe. I listened very hard and I HOPED very hard, and I WISHED that something bad would happen to all those animals. Just at that moment, I heard somebody say from the jungle: "Fight them with the tulips. Hit them on their noses. Tulips are MAGIC, -- whack 'em on their

noses. Make believe that you are a brave Knight and GO FOR those animals just hard and fast and bravely". SO I DID. I just closed my teeth hard, and I stamped my feet; I rumpled my hair up higher, and I WENT FOR those animals BRAVELY. I whacked Mr. Lion on his nose, and Mr. Gryphon on his nose, and Mr. Rosmarine I gave a fierce tap on the nose and on the edge of his prickly whiskers. And what do you think? Those fierce animals got to be just as tame as any lamb or any pussy cat you ever saw. Lion purred all around my legs; Old Pig grunted musically; Rosmarine made a sound like the gentle ocean sea, (I can't tell exactly what that sound was but it WAS an ocean sea); Gryphon tucked his wings under his tail, folded his arms and smiled, and everybody said, "How do you do, Sir, it is a pleasant day". I said, "Thank you very much. I am much obliged to you." So I turned around and walked towards the jungle and all of the animals followed behind. Pig came first, because he had a forceful way about him, -- he always tried to be first. We got into the jungle and there, seated on a little stone chair was the CHINA DOG. I walked up to him and I touched him on the nose, and he said, "Thank you", and he got alive. "Now", said he, "I want to tell you that these stone animals were once nice kind people, but they were bewitched by Mr. Pig here, who went around doing damage to everybody. Mr. Gryphon was once a nice Grocery-man; Mr. Gargoyle was once a very pleasant Vegetable-man; Mr. Rosmarine was once an obliging Hatter. In fact, everybody was once very soft-hearted before Mr. Pig came snooping about this garden. He did a Magic and one day he grunted so fiercely and magic-ly that we all turned into stone, we were so scared and disgusted. So now, little Boy, if you will give all our tails three gentle turns to the North East, and one and a half pleasant pulls to the South West, we will all be much obliged and will TURN INTO OURSELVES AGAIN." I did this, and sure enough, there were all those nice people the little dog told me about. As for Mr. Pig, he swore an oath-some oath that he would go back to his pen and never come out again. He went. So the Grocery-man and the Hatter and the Vegetable-man and little CHINA DOG and all of us had a good time in the jungle. The Gorcery-man gave me a locomotive that I could wind up and it went, and the Hatter gave me a hat that was worn in the Revolutionary War. It was called "a Cocked hat". They all gave me some-thing, and we had a PICNIC. This fairy story ends by all of us taking off our shoes and stock-ings and wading in my



I forgot to say, I gave Mr. Pig's tail an extra careful pull, before he swore that oath-some oath.

sister's pet fountain. My sister didn't like this, but when she saw what a good time we were having, she just turned right around and went in her house. Then the sun set, and everybody was happy. I said "Good-bye" to CHINA DOG, and that is all that happened. O, I forgot to say that my sister had to buy a lot of pitchers and urns and stone baskets to put in the places where the stone animals had been. CHINA DOG IS ALIVE ALL THE TIME NOW.

I send my love and I wish that you would come some time and play in the Magic Garden. The next day after this all happened I had to go back again and get to work, so I turned back again to OLD JOHN MARTIN, but whenever I want to have fun, I just THINK and WISH that MAGIC way and I am a little boy again. It isn't hard to do.

Yours affectionately,

John Martin

P.S. Here is a SONG for you, dear Boy; you must make up a TUNE for it. Your Song is called-

THE MAGIC GARDEN.

J.M

Will write again soon

THIS World is a "Magic Garden",
And we are the Knights and Kings;
And we are the Wise Magicians, too,
Who know how to DO some "Things".
Our Hearts are the "Wishing Places",
Our Heads are for "make-believe",
And so we get "things" to happen <u>right</u>,
But what we don't <u>want</u> we leave.
We <u>all</u> have a "Magic Garden",
Where Wishes and Hopes are grown;
No one would <u>think</u> of bothering us,
For that Garden is <u>all our own</u>.



HERE IS A GOOD BOOK.

AMERICAN FAIRY TALES, by L. Frank Baum. (With fine colored <u>pictures</u> by Mr. George Kerr.) Did you ever know that AMERICA is a "Magic Land"? Did you know that WE have GIANTS and FAIRIES, and Hibby-hob-goblins, and all sorts of <u>wondrous</u> "Things". Well, <u>we have</u>, -- at least so Mr. Baum says in his wonderful BOOK. You are a little AMERICAN Boy, so you ought to know what is happening in OUR LAND. The book costs $1.25, and is made by <u>Bobbs-Merrill Co., Indianapolis.</u>



BOYS
SERIES
7½ TO 10
YEARS OLD

Hunting Dale

My dear

I have been looking over the letters I have written to you and I find that many of them are what we call "SERIOUS"; that is because I try to write to you out of my heart and tell of thoughts and feelings and BELIEFS that grow up in my heart. When I write this "serious way" don't think that I am "preaching"; please don't say I am a "Molly" or an old "SIS" — if I even thought that for a moment, I'd rush out to your house QUICK with my bristles all up and we'd have such a rough and tumble (all in fun of course) that you'd never think "old sis" about me again.

You see, these letters of mine are written to help make you a TRUE MAN in two ways - FIRST, from YOUR HEART OUT - next, from YOUR HIDE IN. It's quite easy for a real Boy like you to get hard muscles, Keen eyes, and steady nerves (that is "HIDE IN" growing). But, to make a Boy grow up to be a TRUE MAN - a GENTLE-man, who sees and feels, with both head and heart, isn't so easy; thats why my letters are not all FUN and NONSENSE. Some day you will say - (when you have grown to be the MAN I want you to be). "Old John Martin had the right idea, I am a better man for the "Serious" letters he sent me when I was a boy". If you say that, Little Brother, I'll ask for very few other blessings to make me perfectly happy - It is a wonderful joy to feel that we have done

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MORGAN SHEPARD, 42 WEST 39TH ST., NEW YORK

something towards MAKING A MAN; if we do so we come very near to GOD

Now about this letter: it is to be about a boy I Know who liked to KILL LIVING THINGS, and about ME when I "Killed" too--for I was a great hunter. It all happened in beautiful California Land

Now here comes my Story.

ONE day I went walking over the yellow hills and up into a dark Cañon (that word is pronounced "Canyon" - It is a deep gorge between steep hill-sides.) I scrambled along a very slippery trail that went zig-zag among tall Redwood trees. Far down below a noisy stream tumbled and rushed. There were few other sounds in that cañon except the babble of the brook.

I loved the peaceful place - my heart was happy, in a quiet, slow-bumping way. Surely Goodness and and Kindness, only, made laws in that place ~ Up in a tree, near where I stopped a moment, I saw a beautiful Gray Squirrel; his eyes were as bright as black beads. He had something good to eat in his tiny paws. His great wave of a tail curled over his back proudly ~ He munched away busily as if there was nothing half so important as eating in all the wide forest. He winked at me now and then as much as to say "We Know what's good - NUTS and fun and faith in each other ~ hey - John Martin?" and I answered "Yes, we Know, little gray Brother, - we Know how sweet it is to just be alive"

That "thought" answer was barely out of my heart when . . . a "zip-zing" "crack!" of a rifle broke the peacefulness of our forest by its cruel noise.

A stinging little lash of wind smote

my cheeK, (it was a riflebullet passing by.)
A dim veil of blue smoke rose from the brush on the opposite side of the canon. My little gray Brother fell through the branches of his tree, limp and lifeless. A piece of lead, an un-thinking heart, had taken a LIFE away which GOD gave. Who had a *right* to do that, except God? I was very angry, so I crashed through the brush down my side of the canon and scrambled up the farther side to where I had seen the blue smoke. I should punish that careless, thoughtless HUNTER who had taken one life and had nearly taken two.

I found him. It was a Boy I Knew. I need not give his name. The rifle was in his hands. His eyes had a frightened look. *"I did n't see you, Sir, until after I fired, I only saw that squirrel."* Well, I gave that boy the kind of talking to that made him see with his HEART, then I said ~ *"Come, let's find the little Thing whose life you took away. He was happy. He was eating his dinner. Perhaps he was on his way home, where his family were waiting. Along you came and stopped the happy little heart, JUST FOR FUN."*

"Dont you ever hunt?" asked the Boy.

I replied - *"Not any more: I did long ago before I saw right with my heart - before I learned a lesson about the "joy of just living" and the "gift of LIFE that God gives" - No - I dont hunt to KILL, I only hunt to LEARN; to make FRIENDS; to find out a lot of fine SECRETS of the woods and fields. I have to be just as brave and strong and wise as you chaps who spoil things by KILLING."*

"But good men do hunt," argued the Boy.

"Yes," I answered "but those men would be more good if they didn't hunt. But came, we will find your "game."

We crossed the canyon to the gray-squirrel tree. I could not see my little furry friend. He had been wounded and dragged himself to die out of sight under some bush. Yes, there he was, a few yards beyond his tree, dragging himself away, his hind legs trailing along the ground. His eyes were not bright any more, for pain made them dull ~ When he saw us he tried to hurry - He was AFRAID (do you wonder?) He had found out that WE could bring death into the beautiful wood ~~~ I had to shoot him, to end his suffering and fear. There he lay, just a little strip of gray fur - NO LIFE was in what was once a wonderful living Creature - "Take it in your hands" - I said to the Boy - "Are you proud of what you hold in your hands?" ~ "No, Sir, I am sorry I Killed him." Boy replied, and I was proud of some tears I saw run down his cheeks. ~

We buried little Gray Brother at the foot of a big redwood tree that looked out, above all the other trees to the broad, blue ocean.

Hand in hand, that Boy and I went deeper into our canyon, far from where we had buried Gray Squirrel. We came to a quiet story-telling place; there we sat down, side by side, like two good FRIENDS which we were, and there I told him of a hunting adventure I once had that broke me of the "hunting passion" -

When I first began your letter, I thought I would write out that story for

ild Things of Desert, Field, and Wood

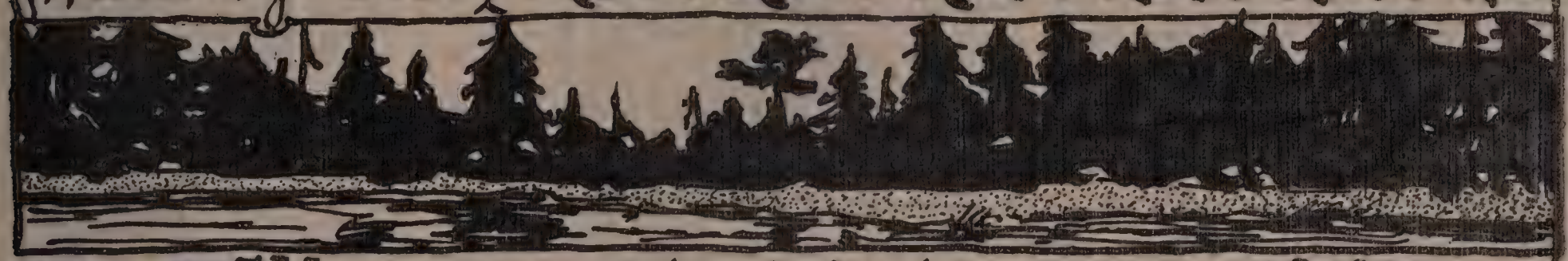
Have beating HEARTS that yearn to give

Us only Love, and Song, and GOOD;

So let them live, O, let them live.

You, too, but as I look over what I have already written, I have decided not to tell any more sad stories. The "Gray Brother" story is sadness enough for one letter.

I will only say - that when I killed God's living creatures, calling it "sport" - I once shot a Deer, only wounding him. Long hours after, I found him beside a stream. He was too weak even to drink. He looked at me and his eyes were so full of prayer, pain and reproach that I never could shoot TO KILL, from that day to this. If I ever have a chance to go to a Story-telling Place with you, dear Lad, (which I hope will be some good day) I may tell you that sad Deer Hunting Story.



WELL, my Boy friend decided after the "Day of dead Gray Brother" that it was more FUN and better SPORT to win the friendship of the wood people, than it was to KILL them.

So he turned over a new leaf and I helped him. We found another quiet forest place where the forest folk hadn't heard about the "Killing affair". There we settled down and waited. Before very long we heard many little "wood noises", such as the crushing of a dry leaf, or a faint "patter-patter" in the brush. At last (O, what luck!) almost like "magic", at the very moment we most wanted to have a Squirrel

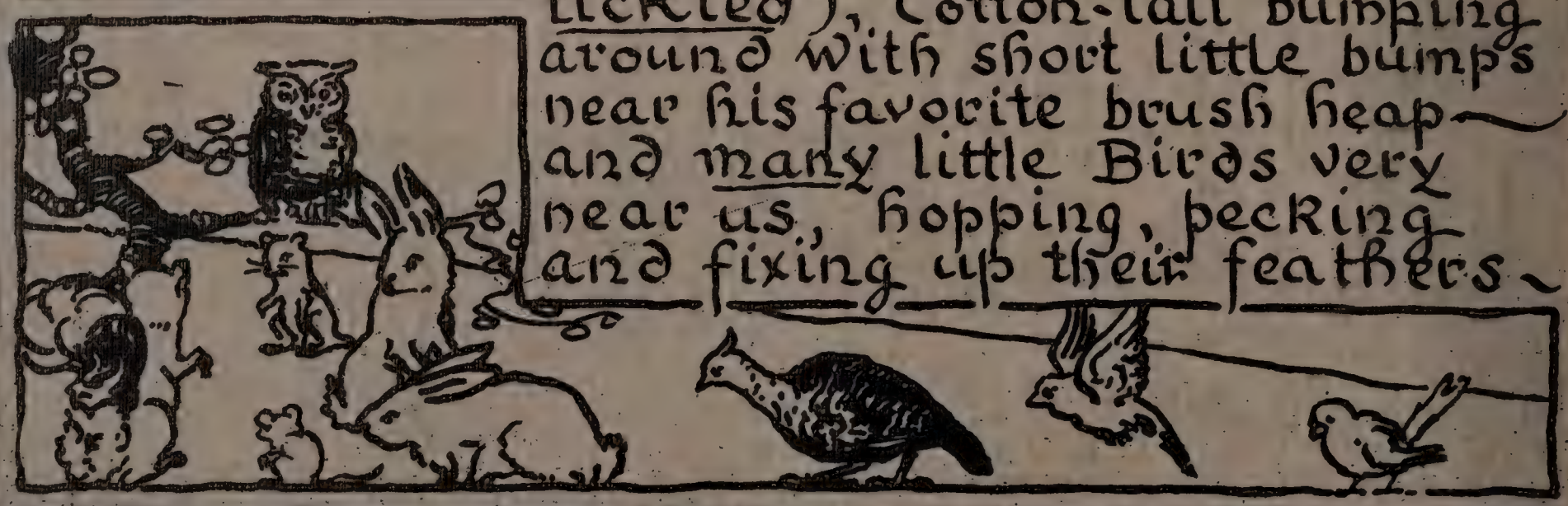


come ~ there sat a beautiful Gray fellow. He chattered, scolded, and wiggled his tail proudly - he was saying in his language ~ "O, you big, white-faced Giants! Are you to be trusted? -- Yes, - no ~ yes, but I'll watch you a while." Master Squirrel hopped a few feet nearer to where we sat, then he made a dash for a pine nut, which he nibbled contentedly. Boy and I sat still as Statues, barely breathing, all the while, Squirrel was making up his mind about US. At last, he scampered up a great tree and we could hear him chattering about us to his friends.

Day after day, Boy and I went to the "Wood Folk Place"; before long new wood people came out to look us over.

Chipmunk made friends easily and in a week's time would eat from Boy's hand, and after two weeks he would dive fearlessly into our pockets and help himself. Then came Cotton-tail Rabbit, he was always rather timid, but we could always count on a short visit. Many of the small Birds followed our little animal friends in our quiet Game of "Getting Acquainted" so that if you could have peeped through the brush you would have seen a pretty picture, for there was Squirrel munching a nut between Boy's feet, Chipmunk on my shoulder making discoveries (he never got tired of poking about my ear, and O, how his little whiskers tickled), Cotton-tail bumping around with short little bumps near his favorite brush heap ~ and many little Birds very near us, hopping, pecking and fixing up their feathers ~

GRAY BROTHER
Making His Report.



Wasn't that a picture worth seeing ? and were not those little Wood People nicer and prettier and much more FUN *alive* than *dead* ?

My Boy friend decided that living "friends" were better than dead "game" and he soon became a splendid Woods-boy. The things he learned about the wild things, he wrote down in a book called "Four Paws and Wild Wings" and here are a few Rules which he found out all by himself -(I print the rules with my typewriter -)

RULES

Walk slowly. Don't whistle. Don't make "hissing sounds" with your teeth or tongue. Move your arms close to your sides. Wear a red handkerchief or necktie about your neck, (the color makes the Wild Things wonder about you). Always carry food in your pocket, nuts, grain, dry crusts of bread. When you get to your "Waiting-Place", sit very quiet and make very slow, round movements with your hands and feet. Don't think the Wild Things are afraid of you, think they are shy. WAIT QUIETLY. Don't try to get acquainted too soon. Let the Things make all advances. "Make believe" that you don't care very much about getting acquainted -- that will make the Things all the more anxious to know you. Always love the Wild Things because they know when their great masters love them. Always leave a little food about the "Waiting-Place", in the same spot, when you go away. Don't scatter it on your path, until you get well acquainted. Don't forget that it takes a very long time to get acquainted, so don't try to hurry the Wild Things. When they come near enough for you to touch them, don't try to catch them but wait until one sits on your knee or shoulder, and then try, little by little, just to stroke the back of its head. Above all, never make any quick movements or sharp sounds. Always watch and love.

My Boy says that you learn new rules and more rules the longer you do this Friend-making business. Every Wild Thing has different manners so you have to change your's to please each one - It is all great fun and a lad has to be every inch a man to

do it successfully. When you are away on a Summer Holiday, just see how many Wild Wood Friends you can make, and why not write it all down in your own Adventure Book?

I have copied for you some parts of a Prayer the Wild things say every evening when the sun goes down.

An Evening Prayer of the Wild Things.

Dear God of Forest, Field and Sky:
we want to live in the places You made. We want to sing, and build, and play, and take care of our Babies. We want to grow up to be what You intended us to be. In our little wild way, we want to learn all the Lessons of LIFE, for You made us because You wanted us to learn them. So, Dear God, show us where to find our daily food. Let us be happy in sun and shade, in water and in meadow. Let us see into the hearts of MEN and find LOVE there, instead of a wish to KILL. Give us a chance to show Man that we know he is made in Your likeness, and so he must be GOOD. Next to our GOD of the WOOD, we want to love and serve MAN. And last -- Let us die when it is Your will.

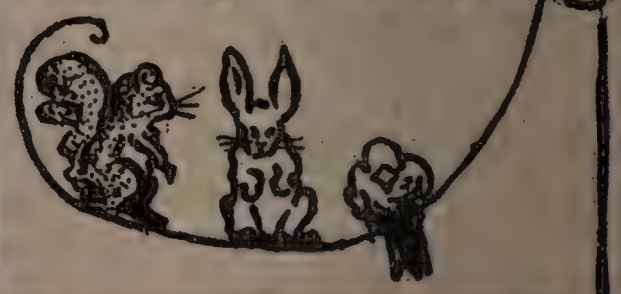
AMEN.

Good night, Little Brother. I wish you and I could have a "Wood Walk and a Good Talk". Can't we bring it about in some way? I will write to you again before long.

With good, true, long-lasting love

John Martin





These TWO MEN had their picture taken SITTING ON A DEAD ANIMAL. They think they are BRAVE and handsome. The Animal tried to save its OWN LIFE, so the "Great Hunters" called it "dangerous". From a safe distance they shot the Animal and then went and sat down on it. Do you think it is a nice picture?

I put masks on the Men's faces for I do not want you to guess who is SITTING on that DEAD ANIMAL.



John Martin's Letter To You. Number. 5.

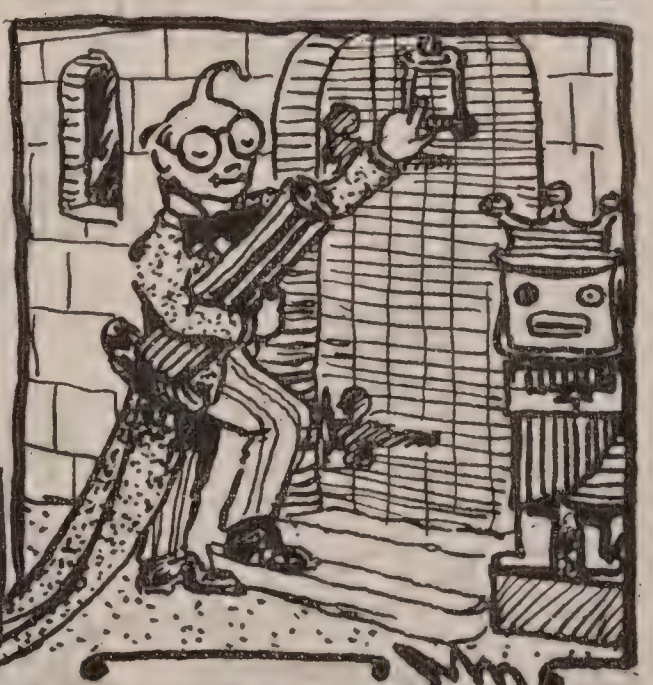
MY HOUSE *Holiday* 2d

Dearie

GIRLS SERIES, 5 TO 7 YEARS OLD

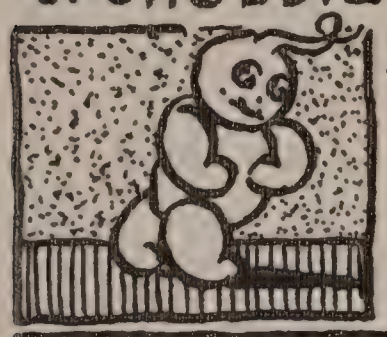
O, here's a pretty How De Doo that I have got to tell to You! BIM—BAM-tid-el-dy WINK! *NOW* what do you THINK? *Pinkie, the Queen of the Chubbies, is in JIP-JAPPY Happy Land, making a nice visit* with Princess "O-Himé ■ Jip-Jap Land is far, far away over the beau-ti-ful Pac-if-ic Ocean-sea.

How do *I* Know? I'll tell YOU—[Its a *secret*]. One day last week, I went to call on Queen Pinkie. I had on my LONG, LONG COAT TAILS and my HIGH-~~HIGH~~ hat and my big, ROUND SUNDAY go-to-Sunday-School Spectacles. I was just beau-ti-*ful*, as you can see by my Picture. [I Know I was beautiful and YOU Know it TOO, so WHO CARES?]



I Knocked at the CHUBBIE PALACE DOOR see

The Chubbie bread-an'-*Butter*-ler MAN came to the Palace Door — "Queen Pinkie IN?" said *I*.— "No-sir-ee." said *HE*. "When will she BE?" said I — "That's *TELLING* YOU". said HE — "Humperty-*hump*!" said *I* with "john-martin-ish" stern-ness — "YEP, Yessir. HUMP-*humperly*", - said he - slamming the door, on my long, long coat tails, [a cold at-mos-phere draft *blew* them in doors] I never knew a CHUBBIE to be so IM-polite - That butler was not a Chubbie, he was a GRUMPY, - a very different sort of person, as you can see by his Picture-



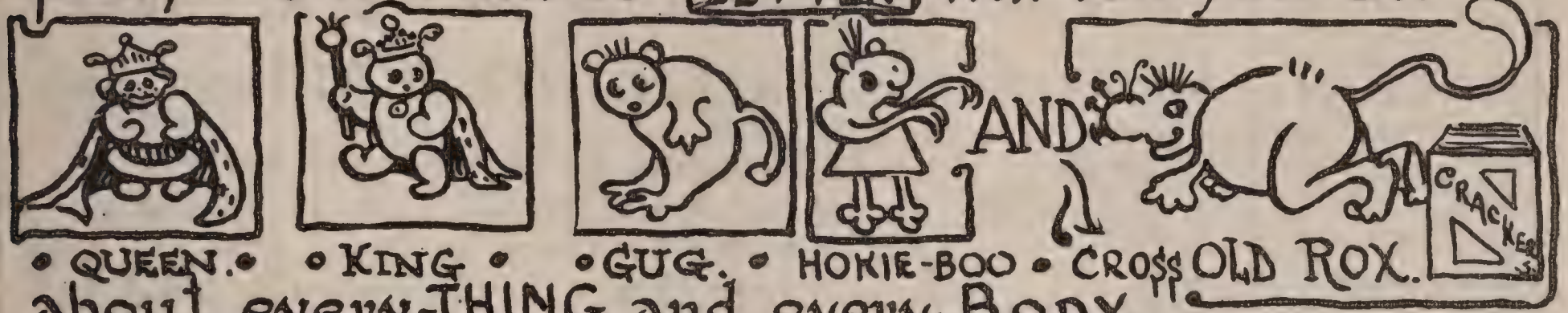
CHUBBIES ARE POLITE

How did I get away when my long-long coattails got SHUT IN THE *PALACE* DOOR? Why - I left my poor old, long-long coat tails *pinched in the door* and then I walked home very sadly, shivering with cold, because GRUMPY MAN was so IM-polite. BUT - when I got HOME, I got happy very sud-den-ly, for — *there* was NICE, FAT, Chubbie POSTMAN with a NICE, FAT *letter, just for ME.*



The letter was from Pinkie, Queen of the Chubbies---- You Know about Pinkie, she wrote a letter to you once SO YOU MUST KNOW *PINKIE*.

TO be SURE: the Queen was in Happy-Jappie Land, so was King WINKIE, her nice brave, royal *hubs-band* & Some Bumptious BIRDS were there too and so was CROSS OLD STRUTTY ROX and Mr GUG and foolish HOKIE-BOO whom you do always laugh AT - besides all these people, flocks and shoals and *hun*-dreds of CHUBBIE CHILDREN went along with the KING AND QUEEN (because they *Knew* some FUN was going to happen) -- But PINKIE'S ~~LETTER~~ will tell you all



• QUEEN. • • KING • • GUG. • HOKIE-BOO • CROSS OLD ROX.

about every-THING and every-BODY.

SO HERE IT COMES

HAPPY JAPPIE LAND.

DEAR O, what a BIG "dear."

SUBJECT John Martin - GREETINGS! How-dee-DOO!

Now aren't you surprised to get a letter from your Queen Pinkie? King and I are in Happy Jappie Land; I will tell you how it all happened, BUT you must promise to COPY my letter VERY carefully and send it to that dear little-girl you write to so often. I love that little girl too NOW you have promised, so this is what happened — King WINKIE is a great FRIEND of KING SEA GULL. THE KING invited us to fly away with him to visit PRINCESS

4 O HIMÉ *who lived in* FIREFLY LAND, - *that Land is in Japan. King Sea Gull said - "Lots of your Chubbie Subjects can go with us" - that made it more fun, so we were gladder. We accepted King Sea Gull's invitation with royal chubbysome gladness and we said - "*THANK YOU SIR" - *HE said - YOU ARE VERY MUCH O'WELCOME" - I will write all the rest of my letter in PO-ET-RY, because it sounds nicer and shows that we did have lots of FUN. I will write on my* ALPHABET MACHINE *because that makes nice* PLAIN *writing.*



So here begins my rhyme-rhyme letter,
Because I think you'll like it better.
A rhyme-rhyme story always goes
Much nicer than old prosy-prose.

We'd just had tea and bread and butter,
When O, we heard a flutter-flutter.
It was the noise of WINGS 'round there
That flapped and flapped up in the air.
For lots of GULLS had come to see
How King and I could drink our tea.
We were surprised and shy, of course,
But not the least bit mad or CROSS.
Besides, we saw the SEA GULL KING,
Which made us glad as anything.
And then we CHUBBIES always knew
That FUN was near when SEA GULLS FLEW.
And so it was, for, right away,
We heard the KING OF SEA GULLS say, -
"Come, come, my Friends, it's time to fly,
So let's get busy, smart and spry.
I want you all to go with me
Across the rolling Ocean Sea;
Each GULL shall take a Chub or two
And sail across the bounding blue."

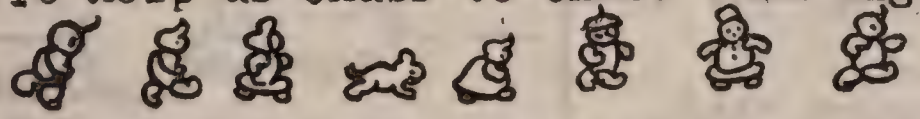




But as King Wink and I are Kings,
I take him proudly on my wings,
And Pinkie Queen, so sweet and prim,
Why, she can sit right close to him!"
That was all King Sea Gull said,
And then he simply scratched his head.

Then all the Gulls cried "Quicky-quack",
And helped each Chubbie Child to pack.
We started then, a merry crew,
And right across the ocean flew.
Some Bumptious Birds and HOKIE-BOO,
And Mister GUG went with us too.
And close behind, -- I hate to tell,--
Old DO-DO-ROX sailed in a SHELL.
Now soon we come to Old JAPAN,
And then, O My! the FUN began.
In nice JIN-RIKI-SHAS we ride,
Two sit in each, just side by side.
And when the sun sets and it's NIGHT,
The FIREFLIES burn their LANTERNS bright.

O, how the Chubbies run about,
And chase the Gulls and laugh and shout
And now and then they think they see
A Fairy peeping 'round a tree.
But Fairy Folk are shy, they say,
And so are apt to run away.
But they were FAIRIES, I declare,
Because I saw their foot prints there.
But FIREFLIES just love a RACE,
And CHUBBIES always like to chase.
You should have seen us Chubbies run
And scamper, -- O, what lots of FUN!
The Fireflies would light a light
To help us Chubs to chase them right.



Then THRONES are made for KING and QUEEN,
And Princess Himé sits between.
Then all take hands and make a ring
And run around like anything.
And here's a SONG the Fireflies SING.





The Fireflies' Song.

HO - TA - RU, HO - TA - RU,
Chubbies want to play with you;
Hide and Seek and Blindman's Buff.
Please come play, we won't be rough.
All the grass with dew is damp,
So it's time to LIGHT YOUR LAMP.
HO--TA--RU, HO--TA--RU,
Chubbies want to play with you.



MR. FIREFLY — SINGING.

Princess HIMÉ

After the Song THIS Happened

Now the Fairies come in flocks.
But that cross old DO-DO-ROX
Flies into an awful pet.
Waving 'round a WIRE NET.
How he tries to catch them too,
Asking help of HOKIE-BOO.
Fireflies and Fairies RUN,
For they cannot see the FUN.
Fireflies and Fairy Folk.
Don't exactly like his joke.

This be-havior, strange and queer,
Made King WINKIE interfere.
Naughty JOKES like that are BAD,
And they made him rather MAD.
So he shouted, stern and loud;
And he LOOKED severe and PROUD.
"Bumptious Birds, come forth", said he,
"NAB Old ROX just in-stant-ly.
He shall never, never try
To scare a single Firefly."
Then King Winkie waved his hand
So we all should understand.
OUT came Bumptious Birds, quite glad
To NAB Old ROX so sly and bad.



They chase him here and bump him there
And give him quite an awful SCARE.
Then, after that, they take Old ROX
And stuff him in his CRACKER BOX.
(O, he deserved it, every bit,
For having such a NAUGHTY FIT.)
So then we all start in again
To dance and sing with might and main.
Chubbies, Gulls, and Fireflies
Are happy, and each Fairy tries
To show us all a Thing or two
That Fairy Children always DO.
Then the pretty Fireflies
Yawn out loud, and blink their eyes.
HOKIE-BOO, -- old Sleepy-Head,--
Says HE'S going straight to BED.
OUT GOES every lantern light,
And EVERYBODY says, "GOOD NIGHT".



THEY STUFFED OLD ROX
IN HIS CRACKER BOX
AND SET HIM AFLOAT
ON THE OCEAN, BUT
HE DIDN'T DROWN, -
O, NO NOT HE.

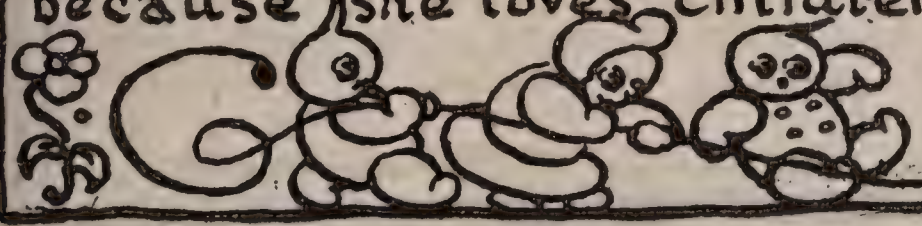
Good bye, John Martin. Give my love and KING'S love to all your little girls. The Sea Gulls are going to FLY us home to Chubbie Land. Be a good man, John Martin; brush your hairs, say your prayers, do your work, never shirk, wash your face with water and some SOAP, do what you ought'er hope nice Hopes and THINK sweet, clean, happy THOUGHTS. John Martin - if you do these thiings I will RE-ward you; if you don't John, I will command OLD ROX to give you a lec-TURE.

Your lovingsome Royalous
QUEEN

PS King WINKIE is a very Handsome Chubbie.

Pinkie Reg'

Dearie. I must say "good bye" too. I hope you liked Pinkie's letter, please let me Know. A nice lady who lived in JAPAN told Pinkie how to write the letter. The Lady's name is Mrs. DORA AMSDEN, - she sends you her LOVE because she loves children.



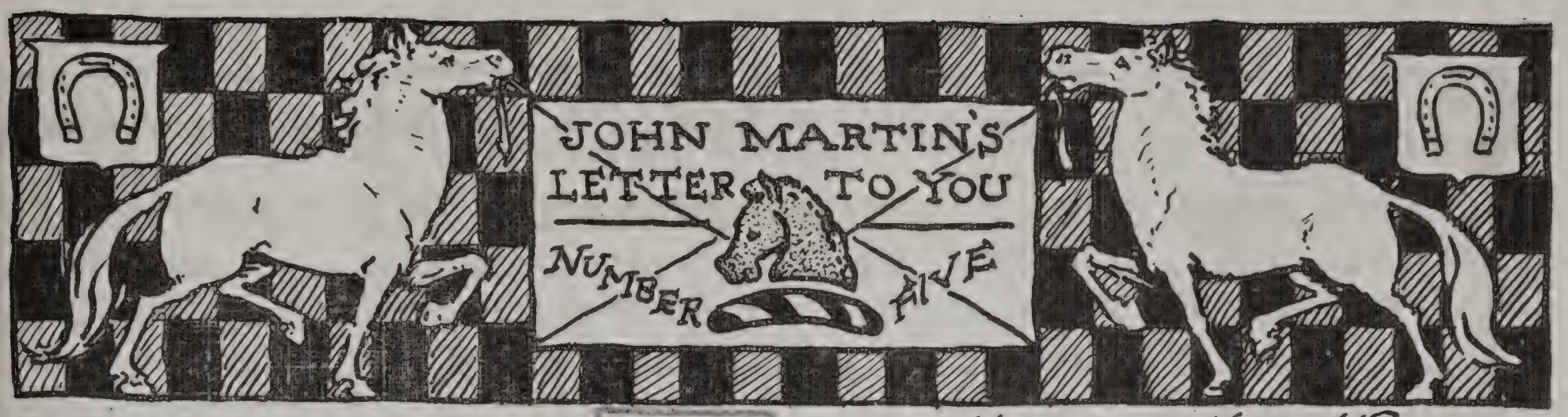
Your loving John Martin

OUR BABY BOOK. This is a very beautiful book. In it you keep the story of all the things that happen to Baby; about what Baby says, and Baby's first photograph, and all such things. Besides this, it has lovely songs and verses in it, so that little girls and mothers will have not only the history of little baby brother or sister, but they will also have very pretty stories and rhymes mixed up with Baby's doings. There are beautiful pictures made by Fanny Y. Cory, and it is published by the Bobbs-Merrill Co., Indianapolis. (Isn't Bobbs a nice funny name? They ought to make nice funny books. They do.) This book costs $2.00 (and it is worth a lot more).

LEAR'S NONSENSE BOOK. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. The Book costs $2.00. I don't see how any little boy or girl -- or big boy or girl, -- can get along without it. It is nonsense, I know, but it takes away pains and aches when you have them in your heart, and makes you forget outside pains. You SMILE all the time you read it, and don't know exactly why. Those are the best kind of SMILES, because they grow up from the inside of us to the outside of us.

THE STORY OF LIVE DOLLS. This is just the book for little Girls who love Dolls, because every little Girl I know makes believe that her Dolls are alive. Well, in this Book every kind of Dolly gets alive, and such adventures they do have! They dance and have picnics, and run, and play "hide and seek". Yes, they do everything that LIVE DOLLS should do. This book is FULL OF FUN. It has lots of pictures. IT'S BIG. It is written by Josephine Scribner Gates. It is made by the Bobbs-Merrill Co., Indianapolis, and costs $1.25.

In this Series there are FOUR dear Books: QUEEN SILVER-BELL; RACKETTY-PACKETTY HOUSE; THE COZY LION; and THE SPRING CLEANING. Of course you know all about Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett and how she goes right into Child Life, and you know, too, how full of Fairy Fancy her mind and heart are. There seems to be no end to the pretty sights she sees and lets US SEE. When she tells a story, your heart is merry and bubbles out a NEW happiness. She has a "magic", too. You laugh because you can't help it (and you don't want to help it). O, these little books are Sunshine, and Fairy Pranks, and Lovely Nonsense. Mr. Harrison Cady has helped make the Books, with his really truly Fairy Pictures. I can't say which Book to get; you must decide. I have them all and you ought to have them too. They cost only 60 cents. The Century Co., New York, make them.



GIRLS SERIES. 7½ TO 10 YEARS OLD

Hayday the 4th

My dear I have been making a few friendly inquiries about you lately (I hope you do not mind.) I learn that all sorts of persons are writing to you. I have listened patiently to a lot of bumptious boasting for some time past from half a dozen puffed up parties. At times I felt like kicking or saying "O, go to GRASS" but yesterday, when "Dominick", our feathery-legged, lumbering old ROOSTER flopped right up on my feed bin and crowed two hooting, tooting CROWS right under my very nose saying - I am great - I am a wonderful Bird - I am going to write a letter to HER ❀ I say when Dominick got so familiar and proud, I decided to do something about those LETTERS everybody was hooting and tooting so much about ❀ So I "chawed" my oats and waited for a chance to get at John Martin who began this "letter business". My chance came this morning. I was turned out in the "old orchard lot". I saw John Martin standing on his two legs under an apple tree, looking at some white clouds that sailed in the sky, (I suppose he was building "Castles in the Air" - I prefer building Hay stacks.) To make things look natural and to get up my "dander" I took a good, "Kicky" roll in a dusty hole. I then cantered up to Martin. He pretended not to see me, but he knew I was around, for the usual LUMP OF SUGAR was sticking

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MORGAN SHEPARD, 42 WEST 39TH ST., NEW YORK

behind his ear, but I wasn't thinking of SUGAR this morning, I was thinking of YOU and letters and that roaring, boasting old rooster Dominick. I don't believe in "pacing around the corn stack" so I came to the point at once "John" said I "what is all this letter writing I hear about? Who is this little girl that gets letters from everybody in the barnyard except me?" When I asked those questions in a hoarse voice, John Martin shifted that lump of sugar to his shoulder. I gave his coat tails a good, quick NIP. "No sugar business until you answer my questions" said I. "Ahem! why didn't you ask if you wanted to write to HER. The other folks asked, replied Martin, stuffing the sugar between my teeth. How could a fellow be mad with sugar crunching in a fellow's mouth? so I said "I suppose it is all right then for me to take the PEN between my teeth and write to HER without more fuss?" "Yes", said Martin. "Go ahead, Brother, only leave me a little place at the end of your letter for me to send my love to HER".

So, dear little Friend, that is how I happen to be writing to you. By this time I suppose you see that I am just your FRIEND, a HORSE. My name is "Folly" (because I'm full of FUN and feelings, I suppose). I am eight years old according to Man's counting, but very much older as we count, for we add up all the SEASONS that come to us and to that number we add one NOTCH for the first good ROLL we have in a dusty hole on a SPRING day. Some poor horses never roll, so they don't get those extra NOTCHES. THEY OUGHT TO.



TALKING TO JOHN



TAKING A ROLL.

Notch after notch has brought me much wisdom, but MEN will insist upon thinking that I have just "horse sense" and nothing more.

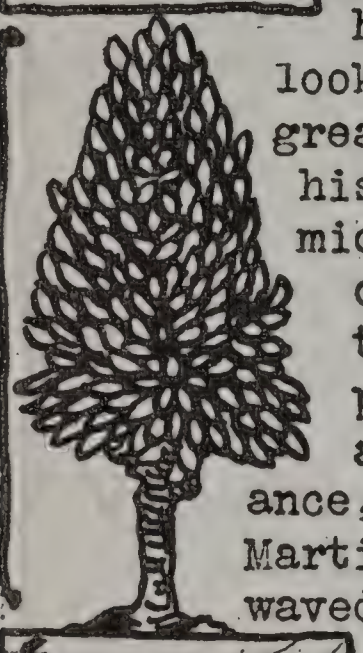
The reason for this is: in the very beginning of Horse Days, we were foolish enough to sell our FREEDOM to Man for oats, hay and bedding. We should have made the same bargain with MAN that the first DOGS made. They said "— Take care of us and we will watch over you, but we must run free". We might have had the same freedom, if we had stood for it in those "Beginning Days", but instead, we have the HABIT of service, and few of us think for ourselves. Hard bits are pushed between our teeth, reins drag, jerk and twist our heads; whips cut our sides, and worst of all, Man has found a strange and CRUEL "check rein" that hauls our noses up until a sharp pain ~~the~~ through our necks and shoulders makes us stupid and fretful. "They" say- it's stylish. - but O, the cruelty! I must not say any more of this for I want to write to you only of happy things but I couldn't help telling you of the cruel "check rein" because, even if you are only a little girl, I am sure you may have a chance some day to help us about those torturing check reins. — So there, I'll talk of no more sad things and go right into the happy part of my letter to you which is to be a sort of HORSE'S FAIRY TALE.

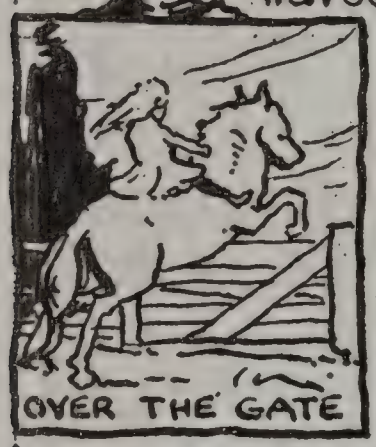
I say "Fairy Tale" because my letter is to be most all about a little girl friend (like you). Her name is Barbara, and surely she is a FAIRY, for MAGIC THINGS always happened when she came about the barn or pasture. (as you shall see)

Dearie, I think I shall have to finish Folly's Story on my Typewriter, I fear it is too long to go in the space I have allowed Mr Folly. He does not object, in fact he is glad to just dictate your letter because he is'nt much of a pen horse - his hoof gets very tired and cramped.



said Bob and Betsey. "Hump! Hump!" said Martin. Dingo barked until he caught sight of my tail, then he wagged his tail and walked around on the tip of his toes very stiff and politely. Jerry the cat said "M-e-o-w, y-e-o-w!" and then hurried up a tree with a big tail, and his voice rumbled and his eyes were round and scratchy-looking. As for Dommick, he drew himself up with great pride and scratched around in a circle with his left wing stiff and scraping the ground. Dommick started a crow, but left the "doodle-doo" off the end of it, for he suddenly decided that I looked queer. He rushed away floppishly and told the hens behind the barn all about me, with an air of great bravery and importance, and the hens believed what he said. Then John Martin got rather familiar and jumped up and down and waved his hat. (Barbara was on my back all this time I forgot to tell you.) John shouted, "Come, Children, let's chase them." I snorted with joy and kicked up my new paws, and away I galloped, with Barbara clinging to my long wavy mane. Over the gate I jumped, light as a feather, and cantered through the barnyard, scaring the chickens 'most to death. I climbed up the roof of the barn to the weather-vane and Barbara made the old "Gold Rooster" spin like a top. Neighbors were flocking from far and near to see a Horse on the top of a Barn. It was very exciting! All the time I kept up the new sounds I had learned to make, for it was fun to try. We soon got enough of the barn-top. So I scampered down, digging my new claws into the shingles. We were almost caught by the crowd as I galloped around the corner where the hay-rick stands. Such shouting, laughing, and clapping of hands! Away we galloped to the apple orchard, and scratch, claw, right up to the very top of an apple tree. I munched apples up there, and Barbara stuffed a dozen or so in her apron. But the folks were after us, so away we went again, around the ice-house and through the vegetable garden. Very slyly and softly we went into Barbara's house and up into the garret; there I tried to catch a mouse, but I was too big to get behind the trunks.











Barbara dressed up in a blue satin gown and put a gold crown on her head. That made her a QUEEN. Then we heard the children and John Martin and Dingo pounding up the stairs, so out of the garret window we hurried, down the roof to the water-pipe, then a long jump and a deep jump, and off we galloped over meadows and bridges, through clover fields and sweet woods, along brown dusty roads and narrow green lanes, up hill and down, faster and faster. The wind went by on both sides of us. Barbara's shining hair floated out behind her like sunlight running in a stream. We galloped on to the Land of the Sky, and there we stopped, for we came to the Blue Wall, and---O! -- strange, strange!-- my "magic" all fell away from me, and I was just a Horse again, just old gentle Folly, and I was very tired. Barbara was tired too; her crown was all crooked on her head, her beautiful blue satin gown was all limp and draggy, and it got tangled about her little feet. You see, we had galloped hard and fast almost to the END OF THE WORLD. The sun was setting behind the Blue Wall. Some little birds sang, "Go home, go home, wee-willow, woo-willow; it's time for the stall and the Dream-time pillow". So home we went, sleepy and happy, and no one seemed to notice me when I stepped into my stall and munched my evening oats. As for Barbara, she told me the next day that she had dreamed a beautiful "tired dream" that night, all about how we two cantered behind the Blue Wall at the END OF THE WORLD. She says she would like to write you about that dream because, in that Land, all the horses were free and happy and were the friends of Children and of MEN. They were gentle, fearless, and kind. A whistle made them come to their Friends, and they served MEN with gladness and LOVE. O, what a happy dream!

GOOD NIGHT
SWEET DREAMS
GOOD LUCK

I hope you liked my letter. It is a strange one, I know, but WE like to "make believe" and do "magic" things, just as you do. Goodbye, little GIRL FRIEND. John says he wants to say a word or two. Your loving and faithful Friend

Folly
the 1st
(a Horse)

My Dear — I asked "Folly" to leave me a few lines, for I knew he would not tell you all he wanted to tell about that CHECK REIN - I don't want to make your letter sad any more than he does, but I feel sure that in just your own way, you can help a FRIEND that THINKS, LOVES, and SUFFERS just as you and I do, but SILENTLY — for he is DUMB.

I have written in plain typewriter-words just what Folly, the HORSE told me one day about the "Check Rein". Here's what he told me —



HOW WOULD YOU like to have your head dragged back and held there, John Martin? Yes, it hurts, and keeps hurting. It tires my head and neck. It does not make us better looking, it makes us awkward, stiff, hobby-horses. It hardens my mouth so I can't tell which way to go when you try to steer me by the reins. Some MEN think it keeps me from STUMBLING — it does not--it makes me fall. In hot weather it makes me dizzy, sick. When I am pulling a heavy load it tortures and bewilders me and keeps me from getting my neck against the collar, from which all the weight should drag. It causes me pain and makes it hard for me to breathe. It frets me and gives me a bad temper and shortens my life. That's ALL, and it's enough. Can't you ask MEN to think for US a while, for we are very faithful servants and want to be loving Friends."

There - I'll say no more about Folly's worries; I leave you to think over things. Good bye for a while, dear little Friend — O, I wish I could see you! Such play, such stories, and O, such SECRETS we'd have - would'nt we?

Your loving

John Martin



WHEN WE ACHE



THREE GOOD FRIENDS

From an old Picture.



WHEN WE DONT ACHE

BE GOOD and HAVE FUN

JOHN MARTIN'S Letter to U NUMBER 6.

BE WELL and STAY SO

BOYS SERIES. 6 TO 7 YEARS OLD

MEADOW LAND.

My dear

This is a Penny-penny Letter. Every penny in my letter means that I send you a nice WISH, and every WISH that I send to you must come true, because I wish them good and HARD, way down in my heart where LOVE lives. You can get wishes that way too, only you must wish inside of you and only say your wish out loud once a week, but do not say it too loud because that takes the MAGIC away and frightens the FAIRIES who help make wishes come true.

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MORGAN SHEPARD, 42 WEST 30TH ST., NEW YORK

Now I must go on with my letter to you. It is going to be a happy, summer-time, jolly-time letter. In the MIDDLE of your letter I am going to put a little song about ONE (1) little TOAD and TWO (2) little FISH and THREE (3) little BLUE BIRDS and FOUR (4) little MUSK RATS and FIVE little (5) HONEY BEES and SIX (6) little CROWS and SEVEN (7) little GRASS-HOPPERS and EIGHT (8) little LIZARDS.



Now all these little people wanted to get acquainted, so Mr. and Mrs. Squirrel invited them all to a picnic under a big squirrel tree. Mrs. Cat Bird said "I think you are making a great mistake, Mrs Squirrel. Those children are sure to quarrel - who ever heard of a hop-toad playing with a CROW?" Mrs. Cat Bird looked very severe and she wiggled her tail.

"Just wait and see", replied Mrs. S; she smiled pleasantly, and wiggled her tail in a nicer way than Mrs. Cat Bird did, which proved that she was sure she was doing right about the

Picnic. So everybody hurried to the picnic-tree, all dressed up as if it was a party, instead of a picnic. Young HOP TOAD wanted to play BALL so he and a young MUSKRAT chose sides. Toad took the 8 LIZARDS. Toad was Captain. MUSKRAT chose the whole GRASSHOPPER family and the oldest CROW boy. MUSKRAT wanted to be Captain, but the Grasshoppers jumped all over him, so he resigned and Crow was Captain.



They played 18 innings because when the grasshoppers got hopping around the bases, there was no stopping them and they counted



Captain TOAD

all the runs. Hop Toad couldn't begin to keep up with them, so the Grasshoppers won the game - and nobody thought of quarreling; the LIZARDS were a little blue however because THEY tried very hard to win. Toad was very proud, and Captain Crow was calm and dignified



LIZARD AT THE BAT.



TOAD WAS PROWD





(4) After the Ball Game was over the two little FISH said - "Lets play "Leap Frog". Everybody just roared when the Fish said that, because you must have at least two legs to play that game. But much to everybody's surprise the little fish played it even better than Hop Toad, for their god father, Bull Frog, had taught them a thing or two. They just balanced on the ends of their tails very carefully, then with a big "flipperty-flop", over they went; no one knew exactly how, (but they did).



LITTLE FISH playing LEAP FROG

After that - the Boys voted for another kind of game. The Toad Boy wanted Squat Tag because it was easy for him to play, but as he was the only Toad at the picnic, his vote didn't count for much. All the 8 long-tailed, lively LIZARD Boys voted for "Snap-the-whip" - they won and such a game you never saw. Those lively young LIZARDS *snapped* everybody all over the picnic grounds and they *whipped* everybody with their long, curly tails. Toad got a bad bump on his forehead, which made his head so heavy, he could not hop

a single hop. The Fish Brothers were 5
snapped so hard that they turned
SOMERSAULTS for almost a mile and a
half. The Blue Birds were so badly
whipped and zipped that they could
not fly straight; as for perching on
limbs— why— they just couldn't, they
were so dizzy— AND
the Muskrats and the Honey Bees, and the Grass-
hoppers were so muddled and mussed up, they
couldn't tell heads from tails, which made all
their Mothers worry some. As for those CROW
BOYS they couldn't CAW at all; they could only
crow like little ROOSTERS, which made their
mother angry. Then all the Mothers called to
their children, saying - "Come Boys, you've had
picnic enough, it's time to go home. So they
all marched obediently away and here is
a Song about the

MEADOW CHILDREN

1.

Over in the meadow,
In the sand, in the sun,
Lived an old mother-toad
And her little toadie-one.
"Wink!" said the mother;
"I wink," said the one:
So he winked and she blinked
In the sand, in the sun.

2.

Over in the meadow,
Where the stream runs blue,
Lived an old mother-fish
And her little fishes two.
"Swim!" said the mother;
"We swim," said the two:
So they swam and they leaped
Where the stream runs blue.

3.

Over in the meadow,
In a hole in a tree,
Lived a mother-blue-bird
And her little birdies three.
"Sing!" said the mother;
"We sing," said the three:
So they sang and were glad,
In the hole in the tree.

4.

Over in the meadow,
In the reeds on the shore,
Lived a mother-muskrat
And her little ratties four.
"Dive!" said the mother;
"We dive," said the four:
So they dived and they burrowed
In the reeds on the shore.

Over on the next page is the tune for your Meadow Children SONG

OVER IN THE MEADOW

BY MABEL WOOD HILL

Moderato

Over in the meadow In the sand, in the sun, lives an

old Mother Toad And her little Toadie one.

mf *p*

"Wink!" said the Mother; "I wink," said the one. So he

winked and he blinked In the sand in the sun.

5.

Over in the meadow,
In a snug beehive,
Lived a mother honey-bee
And her little honeys five.
"Buzz!" said the mother;
"We buzz," said the five:
So they buzzed and they hummed
In the snug beehive.

6.

Over in the meadow,
In a nest built of sticks,
Lived a black mother-crow
And her little crows six.
"Caw!" said the mother;
"We caw," said the six:
So they cawed and they called
In their nest built of sticks.

7.

Over in the meadow,
Where the grass is so even,
Lived a mother-grasshopper
And her little hoppers seven.
"Chirp!" said the mother;
"We chirp," said the seven:
So they chirped cheery notes
In the grass soft and even.

8.

Over in the meadow,
By the old mossy gate,
Lived a brown mother-lizard
And her little lizards eight.
"Bask!" said the mother;
"We bask," said the eight:
So they basked in the sun
On the old mossy gate.

There, that is all of the Meadow Children Song. You see that all those children OBEY their Mothers and I'm very sure you do too. I could have told you more about the Meadow Children if the MUSIC PAGES hadn't taken up so much room. I thought you would like to have the song, so I put it in your letter.

Good bye! dear little Brother, (we are Brothers when we love each other), I think a GOOD THOUGHT for you every day when MR. SUN says "Good Morning".

Your loving
John Martin



The VERSES of your SONG were written long ago by a Lady whose name was Olive Wadsworth. The MUSIC was written, not so long ago, by a Lady whose name is Mabel Wood Hill. We made the PICTURES for you, in my House. So you see, lots of people helped to make your Letter and your Song.



Tunday the 7th.

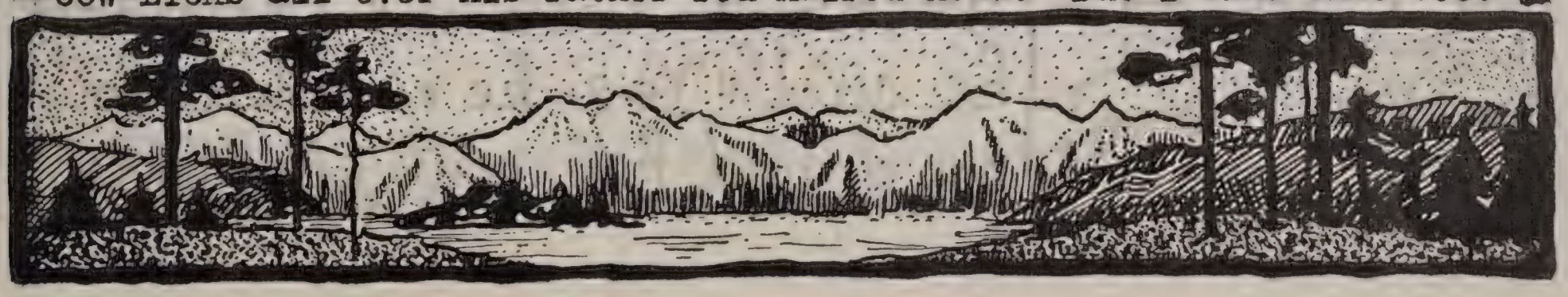
My dear

BOYS SERIES. 7½ TO 10 YEARS OLD

Ever since I have been writing to you, it is funny how many People and Things have found out all about it. The NEWS is handed on from one to another, and I have hard work keeping folks GOOD natured. Everybody seems to be jealous of everybody else. For instance,--Rubber the Dog goes strutting about with his tail stuck up stiff in the air. For days and DAYS after he wrote that Letter to you, he was too "cocky" for words, and his HAUGHTY manner brought about another FIGHT with "Bottles" (my Dog). "Bottles" just couldn't stand the way he tip-toed around him with tail and bristles up. So old "Bottles" tip-toed too, and scratched a lot of dust in "Rubber's" proud face. Then that fight began, and I can tell you it was a dusty one, -- the dust they made was as big as a hay stack. I got into the middle of the dust and SAT ON MASTER Bottles, and I heard him say, "Wowh! if that "Rubber" dog doesn't quit bein' so stuck up -- I'll -- I'll -- " "Hush! Mister Bottles", I said, "Control yourself --- you are a very wobbly seat." "Woof, woof!" said HE. "I'll chew HIM into RUBBER BANDS if he doesn't quit". "O! O! Bottles! shame on you!" Then Bottles wobbled some more.

So you see, Dear Boy, --that's the way things are going on since I began to write to you. Old Robin Hood is the only real quiet person, but that is because he can't write a very good handwriting. He didn't learn in Lincoln Forest, when he was young, -- he was too busy robbing people, (but he has REFORMED) and when he learns to write he will send you a good letter.

When the folks that want to write to you get too PRESSING, I find that it is a good plan to let some one write to you that comes along un-ex-pect-ed-ly, then they ALL pounce on the NEW person and leave me alone. The NEW person is always so PROUD that he can stand more POUNCING than I can. That's how you happen to be getting a letter from TOMMY TUCK. He came along when folks were pouncing like everything, so I said he could write to you, and he POUNCED back. I know Tommy spells very badly and I know, too, that his English Grammar is a little mussy, but he is all right, and I just like that boy. Besides, he has nice, BIG, plain-to-see FRECKLES on his NOSE, and COW-LICKS all over his rather red-haired head. But I like that too.



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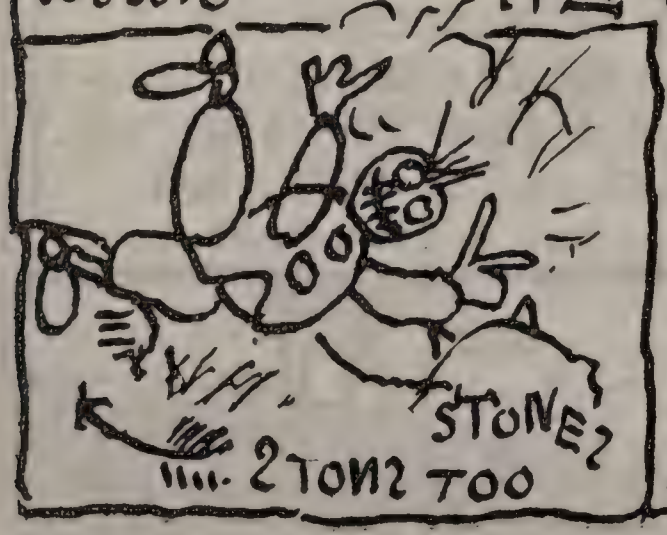
2 So --- Tommy shall write the rest of this LETTER, and you may CORRECT his Spelling and Grammar. (He won't mind.)

But --- you must not make FUN of Tommy, for after all he is JUST A BOY, and I do respect real true BOYS. They make my heart feel comfortable and proud, and they help me to REMEMBER what I was ONCE. (I had fat FRECKLES, too.) I try to keep my heart as much like a Boy's as possible, for then I am sure to be a sort o' DECENT MAN. That's so, isn't it, Little Brother? Tommy will try to tell the truth in his Letter, but if he gets a little EXCITED with his words, you must excuse him. . That's all I will say. Tommy can go on with your Letter in just his own way.

So Go AHEAD Tommy



My dear Friend I thought I would write to you insted of Mr Martin, becaus* I am a little BOY and so are YOU, I asked Mr Martin, he said "Yes" I could, 'caus I did most of what hapened* in this letter. John Martin just follered on behind and WOTCHED* and helped me some and he lafghed when ~~when~~ funny things happened, he acks* just like BOYS, he laughs when he tumbles down and HE ~~dont~~ duzent* get MAD. I gess* he is a OLD SPOART.



So I asked him to go for a walk~~ing~~ with me yesterday, he said "Yes" he wanted to so I and he went walking

we came to a streem and lots of water was in it, the warter went fast and made white soap suds and STICKS just skidoo'd away. John Martin said it was dangerus for me to go acrost the streem by my self, so he takes off his shoes an' stockings ~~on~~ but he pute his EHOES on again be



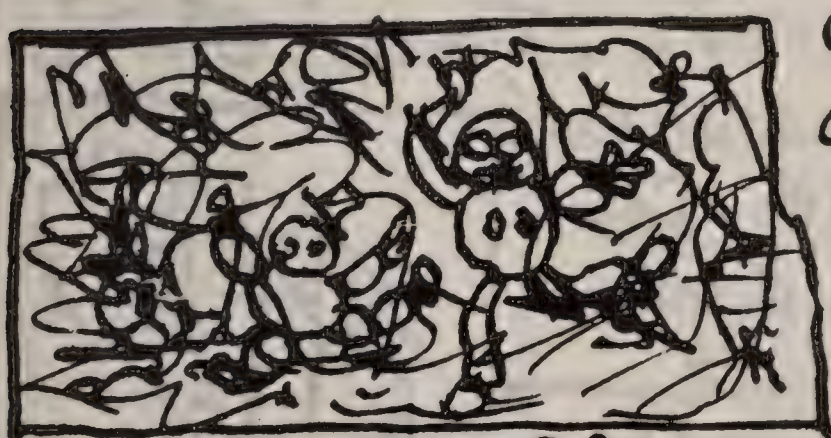
THE 2TREEM

cause the stones in the brook would cut his feet, John Martin put me up on his SHOLDERS, and I straddled his neck. It was sent HIGH up there.



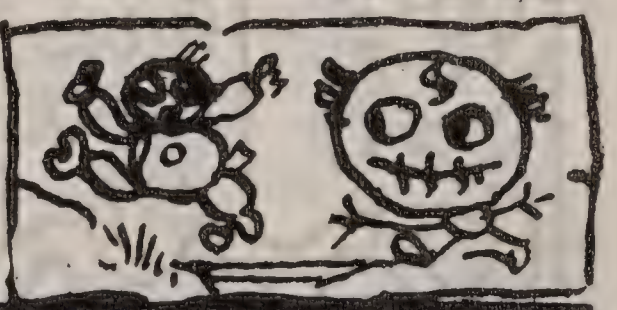
HE AINT SCAR'D

cause he is stumpy. He walked right into the fast warter fast. he wassent ascared. The water wet his pants and some of hie cloze [CLOTHES. JM] but HE didnt' care. Thats what I like about HIM, wet pants don't ~~cut no ice~~ fret him.



IN THE BUSHES

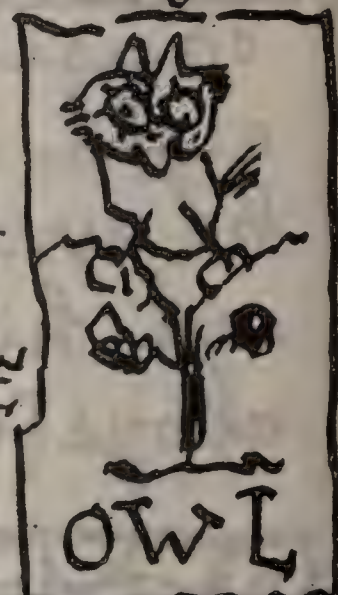
When we came to the other side of the brook it was hard work pushing

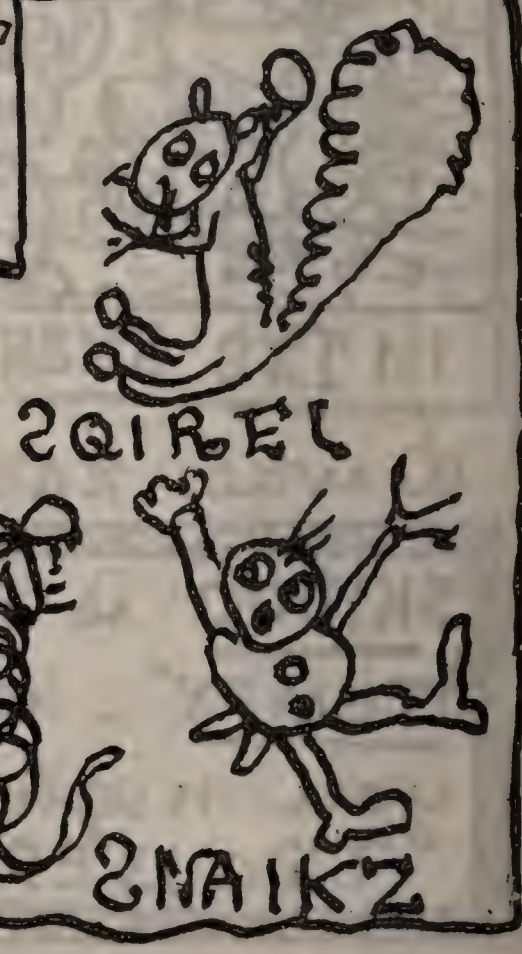


SKIDOO is not polite - don't use that word - "STUMPY" - O dear, I know I am Tommy, but you might have kept it a secret. TROUSERS not "PANTS" Jommy JM

through the bushes and we were afraid we would get lost, but we dident* get LOST, but we got all tore* all over Then we sat on a big ROCK. "J.Martin gave me some CHOCKOLAT*, it was good, he ate some dry OAT MEAL, that wassent even cooked some and he said it was good for him .o. excuse ME from it ,, IT needs too much waeter to get it down. My chockolat* was nice and mushy and it went down with out any trubble. Soon we saw a white OWL on a little tree, he winked at us, and he wassent* AFRAID. He had yellow eyes. Then we came to a squirill*, and his tail wOBBLed and he squeaKed too. after that we came to a big SNAKE he was black and yellow, he was all twisted up in the stones where he was I got ascared*, but JM said not to be cause if we did nt hurt IT, it wouldn't hurt US we hurried up past the SnaKe







"TORE" is not good English Jommy, you should say "we got all TORN

JM

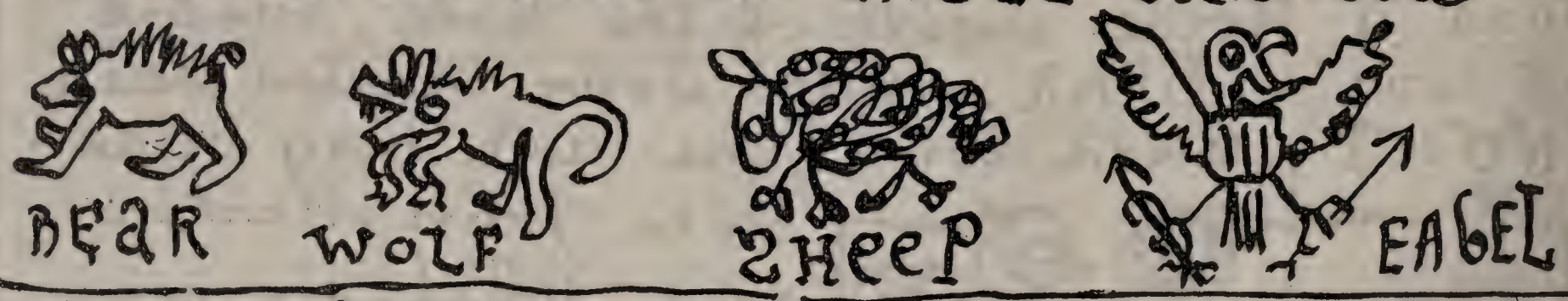
Then we came to a big hole and it was dark inside, it was deep too, there was a noise inside of the hole, mabie* it was a BEAR inside; John Martin said "NO". I peeked down the hole very careful



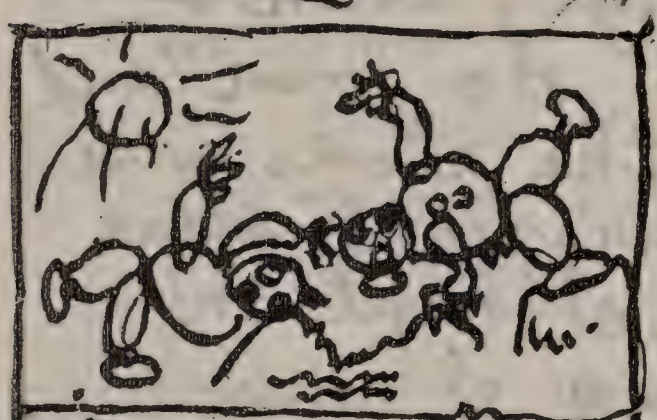
Then John Martin said "What did you want to go walking for" and I answered back, that if we could to the top of the mountain, where the watter came poaring out of; we might see a little MOUNTAIN MAN (he just knows every thing) He might tell me how to make an engin* and a steam boat and WIRELES TELEGRAF?* and a good AROPLAINE, he might give me some of those things, then I might divide up with you. So John M.* and I went on UP the mountain, the rocks were big and high. Mr Martin purspired* some he perpired* a LOT I guese. I kept on climbing. I think I saw a big GIANT sitting on a big ROCK, far off, he dident* see me, I wassent* afraid though.



6 Next, I think I saw a BEAR and a WOLF and a SHEEP and an EAGEL* etcetera —



The Eagel didn't look like the picture I made, I cant draw an eagle when he is flying, can you. John Martin says he can, perhaps he can. after that we went up the mountain some more, then we could hear warter way down under our feet, it was under the rocks and it sounded queer down there, so we put our ears close to the rocks to find out which way the water was coming down. We listened - THE water ~~WAS~~ WAS GOING DOWN HILL. after we found out that, we went up the mountain some more still, and we came to a lot of snow, it was slippery and cold and it got wet when you sat on it, we had to crawl hard to get up on that snow, so John Martin helped me up with a stick and a rope, he stuck a stick in a crack of a rock and tied the rope fast to it, then he hawled and yanked up me and his self. I was frightened, and JM said "WHEW!" and he perspirred* more, but he took his handkerchief and wiped his face like any thing, and we drank some Wolter.


WE LISNED -

Then we Kept on going UP, then wewere at the place where the watter came sprouting out of the Mountain, O! it made a loud noise be cause it was a big WATER FALL. All the water came out of a big hole, But we diddent see the little mountain man, he was away, but a CUP was there, it must have been his cup, so we took a drink and JM left some OAT meal for the little man, but I diddent leave any chocKolate. So you see I can't send YOU anything be cause the man wae away; I'm sorry about it, I suppose you are ~~too~~ also, Mr Martin said the sun was going down and it was time to go home, I diddent want to, but I obeyed "JM" be cause he says he knows best - perhaps he does.

When we went back to where the snow was again, "JM" put me on his lap and we slid down the snow; JM just sat down on his ~~paste~~ trowsers and just SLID down, O, but we went fast, it was almost like coasting, only John Martin was the sled. When we were going down, John Martin said that he ~~guessed~~ thought his ~~pa~~ trowzers were damp I suppose they were, it was late so we did not have time to dry them, besides we were going fast. At LAST we were HOME AGAIN



I was tired. The sun was going down behind the mountain where the little mountain MAN orter be. I ate a big dinner, so did "JN". By and by I went to bed. I am orful sorry I dident get an AROPLANE for you. I hope you are well, Did you ever climb up a mountain where snow was. Excuse bad spelling. I muet cloze now.

Yours trooley
Tommy Tucker

KING 22 That's my MARK. it stands for SOMETHING FINE.

P.S. Dear Boy - I've read Jommys letter, he gave me permission. I see that it is just full of bad spelling, - I have put a mark like this X after each badly spelled word, so that you can make the spelling all right. That will be a good wrky to study spelling, and fun at the same time showing Jommy how finely You can spell. Good bye dear Boy, Jommy wants to finish off this last page with his own pictures. Your loving

John Martin





GIRLS SERIES, 5 TO 7 YEARS OLD

Dolly-Day the 5th

My dear

A long, time ago I asked Mr Martin if I could write to you; he smiled at me in a big wide way and he blinked at me in a queer, foolish, winky way over his specks - "Be patient, Teddy, my dear", he said - Well, I have been patient ever since he said that and I can't bear being patient any more - it hurts.

John Martin is off on a Cloud-Climbing trip; he won't tumble back for quite a while, so I will write you a letter - If John Martin scolds me I will say - "Please excuse me, Sir, BUT patience begins to make you ache when you keep some TOO long" - Then John will say - "Hump! Sir, Hump!" and he will tweak my ear a little bit. (but I won't mind 'cause that feels good) - John Martin doesn't punish much, but he says "Hump" a lot and looks sort o' sad instead I want to write

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about what happened the other day — Some Dolls I know gave a PARTY at a little girl's house; the party happened in the big play room. Two Dolls got up that party. The name of the oldest Doll was Mary Blue, the name of the other one was Sallie Bump. Mary is a proud doll, her nose turns up in the air a lot; Sallie's nose doesn't turn up - it can't 'cause some of it got bumped off one day and the piece was swept up and put into the waste basket. Sallie *tries* to look proud, but I think she looks *funny* — (she's cross-eyed too.)



I wanted to go to the Dolls' party so I asked if I could. Proud Mary aimed her nose up high and said "No, Sir. It is to be a *DOLL'S* party. You are only silly, woolly Teddy Bear. *You* are not invited to our party. So go to bed Sir Ted. *We* are going to have fun, *you* can go to sleep, When our party is over you can help us wash the dishes."



What that haughty Mary Blue doll said HURT MY FEELINGS. [I have lots of feelings, from my little brown *NOSE*, to my little brown TOES]. I cried some. I went away to my box in the corner and tried to go to sleep as I was told

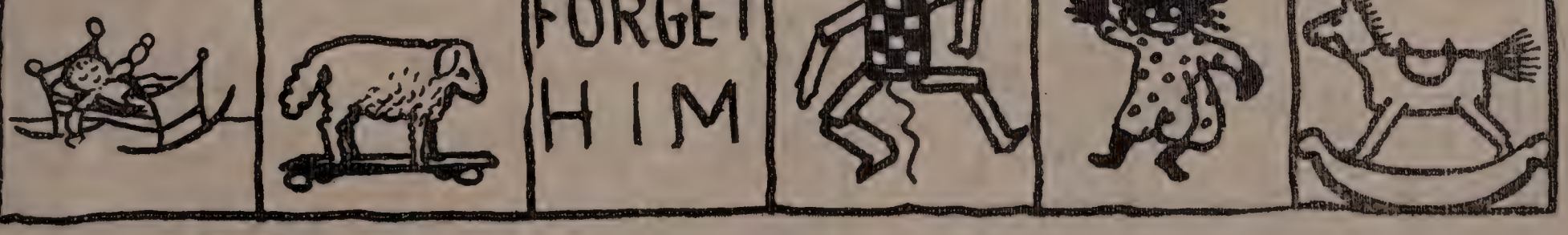
to do, but I couldn't sleep any, because my feelings ached. When I first came to the playroom everybody tumbled over everybody to play with me and to dress me up and to PET me. I don't know what I ever did to make all the Dolls and Toys, and even my Mistress so cold to me. Dear, O, dear! I'm afraid they are all getting tired of me ~ *but* O, O, I hope you love me yet! I hope you are not tired of me! for I always love you, even when you carry me upside down or stuff me into your doll baby carriage with my knees bumping my chin. O, O, I hope you have not taken a fancy to that *common*, *mussy-faced* IMProper BILLIKEN DOLL for he is sure to make trouble in the Nursery and he is sure to tell you bad things 'cause his face has a bad grin on it all the time, Look out for toys and things that grin all the time. If you have got one of those dolls, I'd give him a nice, long, DEEP FUNERAL, then run away FAR and FORGET HIM



BOO-HOO, BOO-HOO-O-O.



TRYING TO GO TO SLEEP IN HIS BOX.



4 He always makes trouble; he made some on the day the dolls had the party. I peeked out of my box at the party.

Besides Mary Doll and Sallie Doll there were just packs more dolls. They played games like TAG and BLINDMAN'S BUFF and BRIDGE (London Bridge) and SQUAT TAG and all sorts of games. Sallie Bump tumbled into the coal scuttle and lost some more NOSE. When she got out of the coal scuttle she looked like THIS.





BILL MAKING FUN OF POOR SALLY.

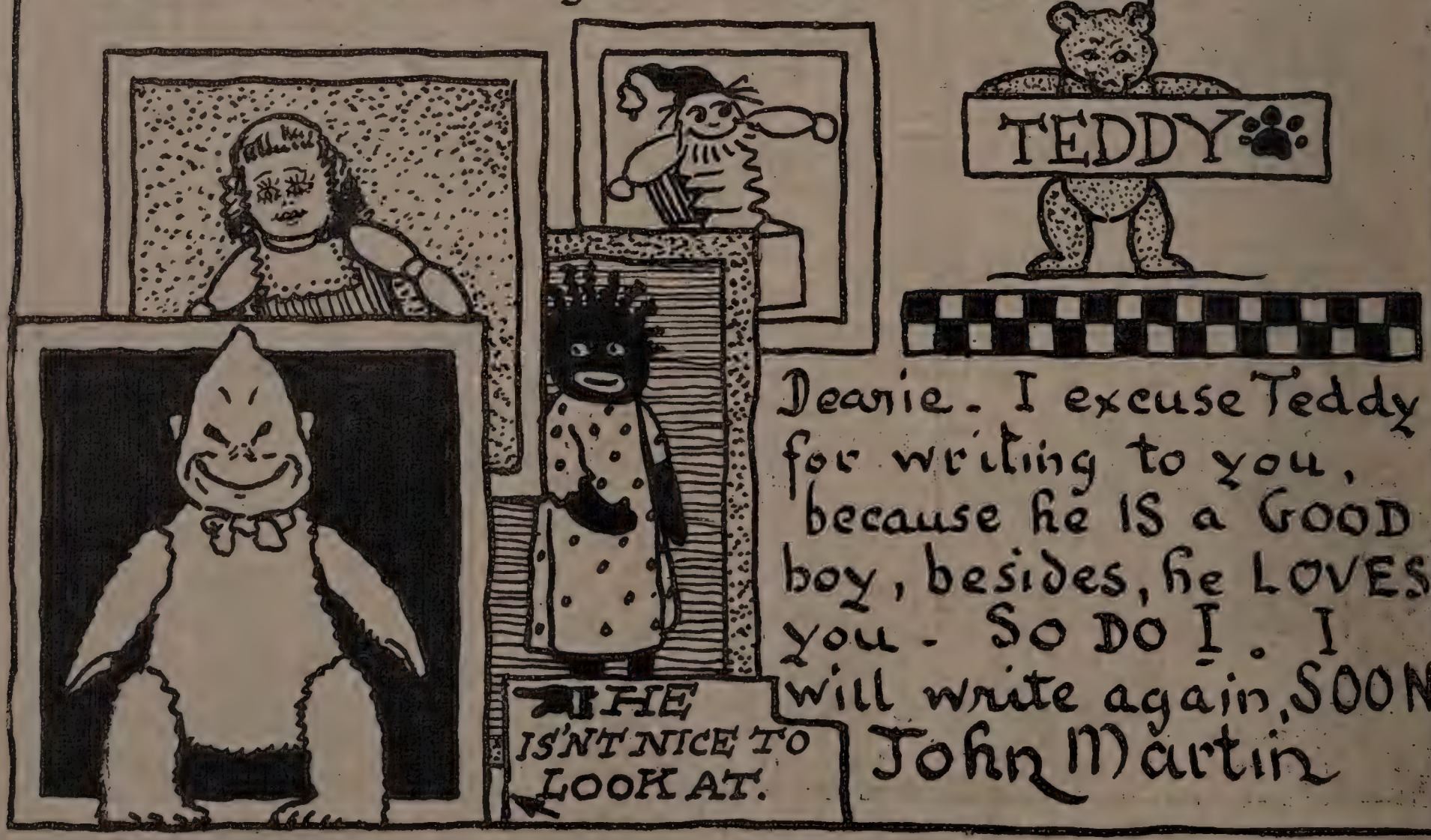
The dolls that did n't get in the scuttle laughed, and Mary Blue Doll said - "Nah - you see, I told you so". And then the other dolls (even Black Betsy Doll) screamed all at once - "Smar-ty - smarty had a little par-ty - got a LUMP - got a bump AT a little par-ty". Sallie Bump cried, for it was very naughty for those dolls to make fun of Sallie - I was sorry for her and I wanted to get out of my box and help her find the piece of her nose that was at the very bottom of the coal scuttle, but I didn't dare. After that the dolls quarreled some, then they made up (which was GOOD).



Then they all sat down around a table and had PINK TEA and crullers. You just should have heard those dollies chatter, and they said things about ME that made me all cross and scrudgey-up inside of me ~ but I could'nt answer back because *I* am a little Gentleman Bear. They said things about IMP-proper, mussy BILLIKEN doll too ~ but I didn't mind that ~ *THEN, O! he was listening, O!* ~ ~ behind the coal scuttle that Sallie Bump lost some of her nose IN ~ Jumping JACK was there too. Billiken MUSS-FACE and Jack jumped up with a noisy shout and ran fast AT all the dollies and they *bumped* over the table, they *pranced* on the dishes and *mussed* up all those dollies SUMFIN JUST AWFULSOME. BUT O, *but!* what was naughtier, THEY wound UP a TRAIN OF CARS and made it GO *run* over everybody

O, O, I could'nt stand that ~ but I'll tell you what I did on the LAST page of my letter

8 I wrote the Song about the Lolli-Pop Lady back there, because I wanted to think a nice thought, to forget about that bad SILLY BILLIKEN doll Well, I jumped out of my box, singing Lolli-pop Lady with all my might. I went right all over that bad doll (Jack didnt count, he got all tired out and lay down) but o,O,O, I gave that BILL a very good, large PUNISHMENT. I won't say what I did - but I DID IT RIGHT. So all the dolls said I was a HERO for saving their LIVES. I felt PROUD. Then we all sang the Lolli-pop Lady Song. And the dolls all promised to invite me to the NEXT party and my little Mistress hugged me a lot. I was happy. Sallie found all of her NOSE and I stuck it on with some SOAP. BAD BILLIKEN DOLL never came back to our house, WE are glad. GOOD, GOOD bye - Your loving



Dearie - I excuse Teddy for writing to you, because he IS a GOOD boy, besides, he LOVES you - SO DO I. I will write again, SOON.

John Martin



DEEP-SEA REEF.
BUBBLEDAY-3rd.

GIRLS SERIES. 7½ TO 10 YEARS OLD

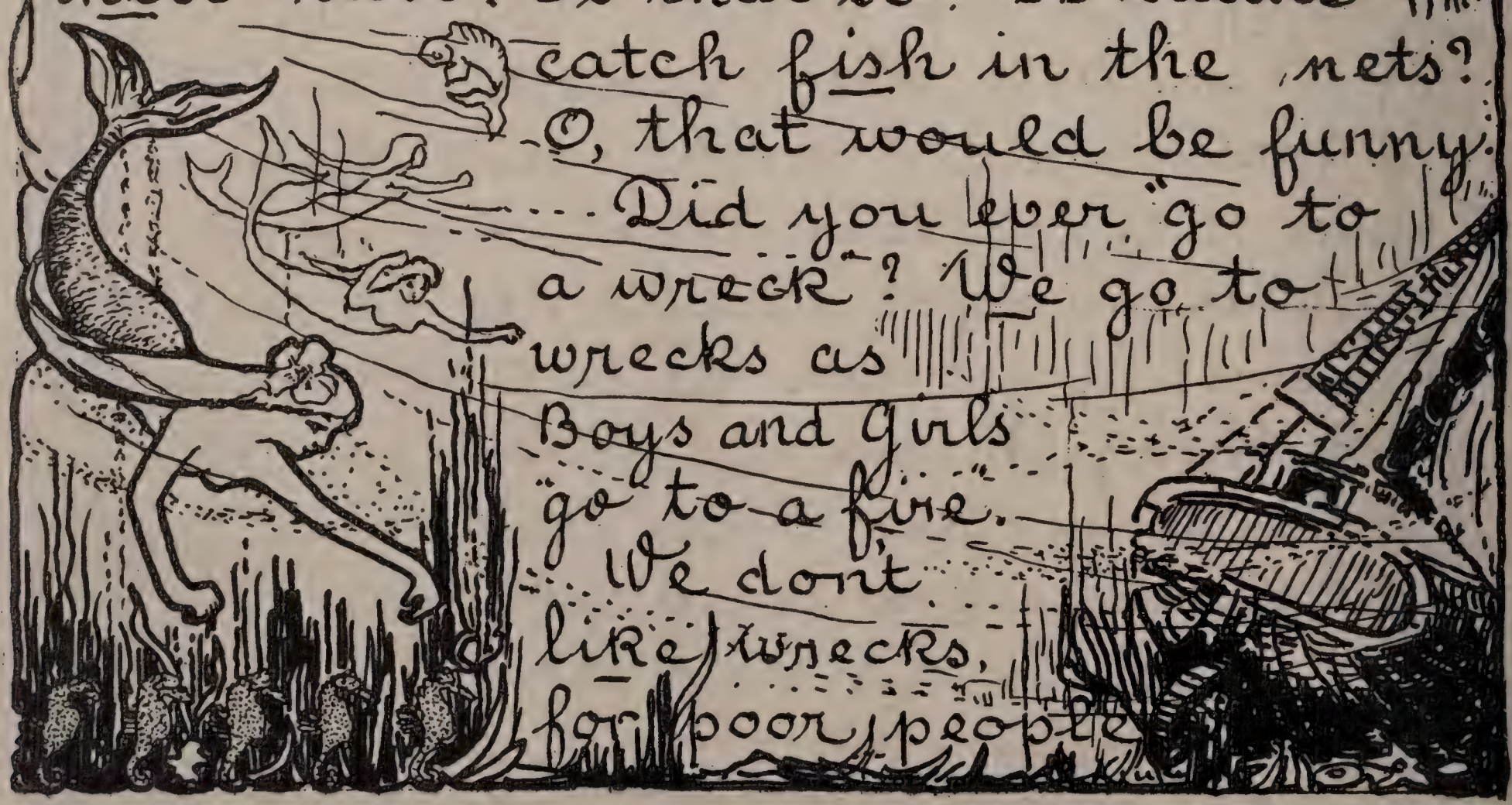
My dear I am writing with a good, sharp, shark's tooth dipped in Octopus-ink. I will try to write very plainly, just like the writing in your Copy Book, and I will try not to make many mistakes in my spelling. It's such fun to write to you that I want to say everything at once. It is the first time I have written to a little Earth Child, so of course I am excited.

I am Alla, the Mermaid. John Martin said I might write; I teased HIM TO LET ME. John Martin is good-natured (most always) so he said I could. I want to tell you "oceans" of things about Mermaids. Most everybody thinks we are very vain and that we sit around all day and comb our hair and admire ourselves in Mirrors. It's all

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nonsense about those Mirrors, - we never saw one until one of your Earth Ladies tumbled out of a boat one day, and spilled a lot of things on top of our house at the bottom of the Bay. We do spend a little time on our hair; you little girls get dirty faces playing on the earth, which is made of dirt - we get tangled hair playing in the ocean, which is made of water and sea-weed. So we get our hair all tangled and mussy with sea-weed and other Ocean bothers, then we comb it out all nice and neat, which every tidy person ought to do. I heard once that Earth Ladies put "nets" around their hair. Is that so? Do ladies catch fish in the nets? O, that would be funny.



Did you ever go to a wreck? We go to wrecks as Boys and Girls go to a fire. We dont like wrecks, for poor people

get drowned, and we weep and weep until the sea-flowers grow up and cover their graves at the bottom of the ocean. We never go to a NEW wreck one that has just happened; we wait until all its "sadness" is covered over with what we call Good Forgetness, then we go, to make discoveries in the good old ship. That is where I first got hold of some fine books so I coued go to a School of Fish. Mrs Shark is Principal of the school and Miss Porpoise gives us singing lessons.

Once I tried to sleep in a Bed I found in an old wreck, but it was'nt a bit comfortable; my scales would not slide nicely when I moved, (Miss Porpoise said I didnt get my scales right) Did you ever wonder why all Oysters don't have pearls? It is because Oysters are very generous persons they give their Pearls away to



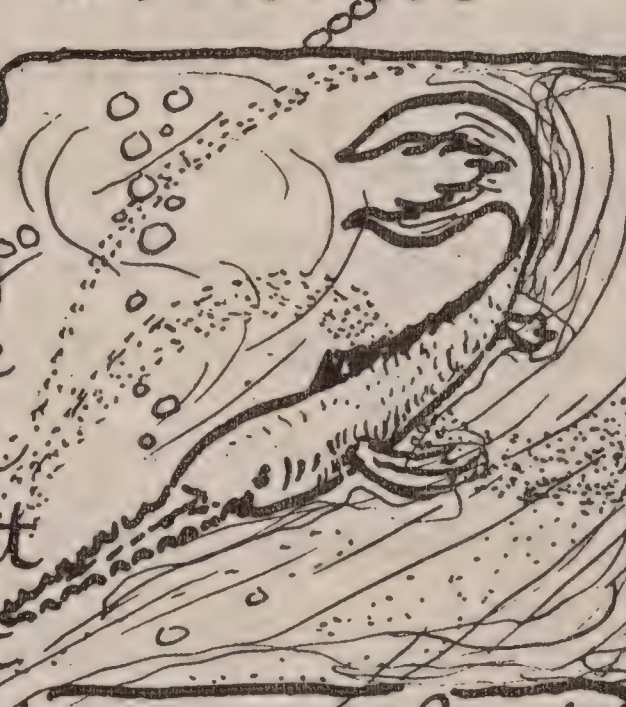


us Mermaids to dress up with.
I wish you could see all the pearls I wear when I go to a Fish Ball - I don't mean a Cod Fish Ball, the Cod Fish "set" does not give very nice parties. My mother has never let me go to a Cod Fish Ball; besides, they always happen when we are at breakfast.

Neptune (he is our King) made a law long ago that the Oyster Family should keep the Mermaid Family supplied with pearls, but the Oysters love all the Mermaid Children so much that they do not call this a Duty - but a Pleasure, so we all get so many pearls given to us that we can't begin to wear them all at one time and besides that, Mother thinks it is not "refined" to wear too many pieces of jewelry. By "refined", Mother means that she doesn't like us

to "show off" - But you ought to see my sitting room I have strings and strings of pearls, mixed with tiny blue shells hung over every place that sticks out and I can tell you, it is pretty to see the strings of shells and pearls swing to and fro when the Ocean breathes ~ and O O, when Ocean laughs on a sunny day it is a sight worth diving deep to see.

One day a young Sword Fish came to see me, he is a rather awkward Boy with a very long nose, which he can't help sticking into things. As his nose is very sharp too, he is apt to damage your best furniture - he just can't keep out of a pin-cushion and he is never satisfied till he has its sand stuffing all over your Sitting Room floor. The day he came to see me his nose got





6 mixed up with my very best pearl portiere. His horrid sharp nose cut all the strings, and down slipped and dripped all the pearls.

Ofcourse he made a long apology through his long sharp nose, but I don't think that mended matters much and I got stiff and cold. He wobbled off saying - "B-r-r-r-h! Miss Alla, you have too many currents around here - b-r-r-r-h! Arctic currents". "Good bye" - said I, "Perhaps you will find Miss Toodles Whale's house more comfortable, - most certainly much more roomy. I was glad when I saw the last of his tail flopping out of our garden gate - I don't want you to think me revengeful, or unforgiving - but, honestly - if he had pinched his tail in our garden gate, I would not have cried a bit. Mother set me right to work picking up after that awkward Sword Fish boy, when I wanted to go and play besides



that she asked me where I got acquainted with such rough boys. I told mother that I met him at Polly Flounder's house - "Well" said mother - "no wonder there is trouble about our house".

My Mother is the dearest one under the Sea; she makes a point of dropping things she is doing to stop and play with us. (Mrs Catfish says she is too indulgent). Mother tells us fine sea stories and she has a way, when she talks about being "good" that makes us want to be. But, I can tell you she expects us to OBEY and tell the TRUTH no matter what happens.— I suppose you little Earth Children do too.



—When we were babies Mother sang Lullaby Songs to us to put us to sleep and the waves kept time for her and would often rock our cradles. Some evening just see how softly the waves rock to and fro — They are helping Mermaid Mothers to put their babies asleep. On the next page of your letter John Martin will print a Rockaby Song some of us loved very much



We Mermaid Children love the Waves and they love us. We have a "romp" game that we play at high tide time around our coral reef - we call it "Billow Bounding". A lot of us float far out, then each of us chooses a wave and we climb on top of the waves—"

Then we say — "One, two, three, FLOAT!" and away we rush and swirl towards shore - O, such a bubblesome rush and

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To scramble; such sputtery giggles and gurgles. The waves are like big green horses with foamy white manes. The child that touches Coral Point first wins the game. Dear me, I have no more room in this letter, and I had such Oceans to tell you. Please let me write again. Your loving

Alla (The Mermaid

The Sea Baby's Lullaby.

Rockabye, Rockabye, Mermi-ma-mie,
There's nothing to frighten you under the sea.
The fish are all sleepy, the waves are all still,
For every one watches and listens until
My wee Baby Mermaid is soundly asleep,
Where blue and green billows are pillows so deep.
The setting sun shimmers and twinkles and gleams
Across the dear rockabye Ocean of Dreams.
So Rockabye, Rockabye, Mermi-ma-mie,
There's nothing to frighten you under the sea.

Rockabye, Rockabye, Mermi-ma-mie,
There's nothing but joy for you over the sea.
So rock in your cradle far out on a stream
That drifts Mother's Baby straight into a dream.
Far out on the billows, all bubbles and spray,
Are thousands and thousands of babies at play.
The place where they frolic is golden and blue;
The Rockabye Children are waiting for you.
So Rockabye, Rockabye, Mermi-ma-mie,
There's nothing but joy for you over the sea.

Rockabye, Rockabye, Mermi-ma-mie,
Let's fall fast asleep on the Lullaby Sea.
Your Mother is watching, your Mother will keep
Her heart busy loving, while Baby's asleep.
So drift far away on the ocean of dreams,
But when the "Good morning" Sun shimmers and beams
And spreads out his Blessing all over the sea,
Come back, O come back, little darling, to me.
So Rockabye, Rockabye, Mermi-ma-mie,
We've gone fast asleep on the Lullaby Sea.

I copied the Sea Baby's Song as carefully as I could. Every Mermaid mother has a different tune, so you can make up a tune of your own. The

writing to room tucked in

Dearie - Alla wrote such a long, long letter in her letter that she hasn't left me room to send you my love - but I do send it, this little corner - J. M.

One copy del. to Cat. Div.

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